HOLIDAY DOUBLE NUMBER 2D.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1099.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

Nothing from us. All from the Public. Remarkable Letters.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Mr. H. G. Bartlett, 129 Queen's Road, Tunbridge Wells, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for upwards of fifteen years, and can fully testify to its good quality. I always have a cup of Vi-Cocoa for supper, and it seems to make me sleep well, and I very often take a cup when I get up, and it makes me work well."

KEIGHLEY.

Mrs. J. Wood, 15 Victoria Terrace, Keighley, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for five years and think it the best we have ever tried, and we have tried them all."

WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Wristbridge, 16 Cedar Cottages, Lower Stockbridge Road, Winchester, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa regularly every week for seventeen years. My husband makes it a rule to have a breakfast cup of Vi-Cocoa every morning, and he also has a pint made for his drink at dinner-time. He finds Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very sustaining. Being a railway carman necessitates his doing a lot of heavy work. Vi-Cocoa seems to put new life into him. My boy, who is not very strong, suffers from dyspepsia, and for this last five years he has had a cup of Vi-Cocoa instead of tea, and there is a great change in him. He does not suffer so much, therefore I shall continue to buy Vi-Cocoa. Vi-Cocoa is excellent."

RUGBY.

Mrs. E. Turner, 73 Grosvenor Road, Rugby, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for a number of years. I find it suits me better than any other. It does not cause sleepless nights. I can recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa as a food beverage, and it stands in front of all others."

CHESTER.

Mrs. M. Chetwyne, 39 Crane Street, Chester, writes:—"I have been a constant user of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for the last nine or ten years and should not like to be without it. I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia, and no other has done me so much good as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which I shall always recommend as the most nourishing and best that can be obtained."

ACCRINGTON.

Mrs. E. Ritchings, 30 Spring Street, Accrington, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for a considerable time, and have found it beneficial in many respects; as a beverage it is excellent. It contains all the elements that nourish the blood."

BLACKBURN.

Mr. T. Harrison, 6 Daisy Street, Blackburn, Lancashire, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for years, and I recommend it to my friends. Some time ago I met with an accident, which gave me a great shock. I was advised to try Vi-Cocoa, which I did, and found that it did me a great deal of good, in fact, more good than doctor's medicine. I also found Vi-Cocoa good for inducing sleep. I always take a cup of Vi-Cocoa before retiring for the night."

SHEFFIELD.

Mr. W. Rollinson, 165 Richards Road, Heeley, Sheffield, writes:—"I have much pleasure in testifying to the benefits I have received from the use of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I have found Vi-Cocoa a most beneficial food beverage. I like the way it acts upon the system, quite different from others. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa's nourishing and sustaining effects are far more durable than the effects of a good meal."

DARWEN.

Mrs. Read, 17 Sandon Street, Darwen, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for several years and I find it very palatable and sustaining. All should try it if only for its sustaining properties."

DONCASTER.

Mrs. A. Lowings, 21 Cranbrook Road, Wheatley, Doncaster, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for years. Vi-Cocoa did my little girl a great deal of good, and she is now two and a half years of age and is very strong and healthy with rosy cheeks and straight limbs, and we feel sure it is due to Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. We all like Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa and take it every night for supper."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Mrs. Maltby, 92 Stone Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for over three years, and find it very refreshing both for supper and breakfast, and would not think of using any other. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is simply delicious."

BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Scattergood, 22 Spring Hill, Erdington, Birmingham, writes:—"Having used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for about fourteen years, I can say that its stimulating properties as a beverage excel all other makes that I have ever tried."

MIDDLESBROUGH.

Mr. T. Batley, 29 High Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbrough, writes:—"I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to be an excellent beverage. I have used it for fifteen years, and can find no other to equal it. I have strongly recommended it to my friends."

BRIGHTLINGSEA.

Mr. B. Wyatt, of 134 Tower Street, Brightlingsea, writes:—"I first used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in 1896, when it was recommended to me to cure indigestion, and I found it cured me, and I have never suffered with it since. I have always kept to the same and would rather go short of anything else than Vi-Cocoa. If the cocoa is boiled after being made it greatly adds to improve it. I always recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to my friends."

DUDLEY.

Mrs. L. Goodyear, 10 Red Hill, Dudley, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for thirteen years, and find it a great aid to digestion."

SMETHWICK.

Mrs. Wright, 477 Bearwood Road, Smethwick, writes:—"I have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for a long time and find it very good indeed."

WORCESTER.

Mr. J. Roberts, 1 May Villas, Waterworks Road, Worcester, writes:—"We have used Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for about four years. We think it is an excellent beverage."

DOVER.

Mrs. Roberts, 26 De Burgh Hill, Dover, writes:—"I have been a user of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for twelve years, and I highly prize it. I have recommended Vi-Cocoa to my friends, who have been very pleased with it, and I still recommend it. I think Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa a very strengthening drink."

SUNDERLAND.

Mr. E. Brewer, 50 Roxburgh Street, Fulwell Road, Sunderland, writes:—"I have been using Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa for the past eight years. Although there are several brands on the market I still cling to Vi-Cocoa."

COCOA: The valuable properties of the finest cocoa are well known.

KOLA: Of extraordinary sustaining properties, preventing undue fatigue or exhaustion after strenuous work.

MALT: Rich in digestive power and easily assimilates other foods.

HOPS: Soothes the nerves, acts as a tonic, and promotes healthy sleep.

All these valuable ingredients are combined in

DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

The most perfect Food-Beverage ever invented.

The Press and Public are unanimous in saying: "There is no Cocoa like Vi-Cocoa."

Do not ask your grocer for cocoa. Ask him for Vi-Cocoa—it makes all the difference.

Every grocer sells Vi-Cocoa in 6d. packets and 9d. and 1s 6d. tins.

A Picnic Goes Well With

the right friends, the right weather, the right place and the right cocoa—"FRY'S," the Prize Winner. This has won more Awards than any other, because special "FRY" processes make its aroma so alluring, its flavour so enticing, its "atmosphere" so comforting. The most correct beverage for out o' doors; easy to carry, easy to make, sure to give the greatest common measure of satisfaction.

Fry's PURE Cocoa

Makers to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen, and H.M. Queen Alexandra.

WHOSE HANDS ARE THESE?

Cash Prizes offered in delightful : and amusing Competition. :

See the August PEARSON'S MAGAZINE.

Now Selling at all Bookstalls. Price 6d.

STORIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

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LARGE HAND B

Just right FOR THE HOLIDAYS

CASH BACK IF NOT DELIGHT

FREE GIFT of Richly SILVERED Eyed LIZARD Brooch to all buying Bags and three Brooches for 3 6

TESTIMONIALS.—The Lady Dawlish, writes: "Please send cheque enclosed."—Mrs. G. Littlehampton, writes: "Received pleased with it. Send on three more have seen mine—amount enclosed

Illustrated Catalogue of Hosiery, Umbrellas, Quilts, Musical Instruments, thousand and one ices POST FREE

BARGAIN CO. en Road, LEEDS

OUR SUMMER DOUBLE NUMBER.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1099. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10, 1911. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. TWOPENCE.

FEELING FIRST CLASS.

SHE was a dear old soul, and she was going down to Brighton by the cheap excursion. And she was feeling very happy in a first-class carriage and thinking how cheap it was for three shillings there and back, when a suspicious collector came up.

"First class?" he asked.

"Well," she answered, "I mustn't complain. And how are you feeling yourself, sir?"

But they had her out of it just the same.

"WHATEVER is the matter with your dog?"

"Isn't he horrid? I sent him to my laundress to be washed, and she starched him."

"PEOPLE say that you married Count Splitzmekovitch for his title."

"It's a base slander. I married him for his money."

"TOMMY always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner," explained Tommy's mother.

"Why do you do that, Tommy?" beamed the visitor.

"'Cos we don't have no pie no other time," spluttered Tommy between bites.

A CLAIM TO DISTINCTION.

SCENE—a London hotel. Enter American stranger, who is asked by the proprietor to sign the visitors' book. He reads several names previously entered, and asks the meaning of some appendages, such as "M.R.C.V.S.," and so on, then writes as follows: "Tom Swan, B.B.B.B.B.B."

Proprietor (angrily): "Don't make a fool of my book, sir!"

Stranger: "Why, that's my title."

Proprietor: "Your what? What does it stand for?"

Stranger: "Well, I'm the Best Blowing Bugler in the Boston Brass Band."

Collapse of proprietor.

EMPLOYER: "What do you mean by taking a day off? I only gave you a half holiday?"

Clerk: "You told me yourself never to do anything by halves, sir!"

MINISTER: "But, Hooligan, can't you live with your wife without fighting?"

Hooligan: "No, sir, I can't. Leastways not 'appily."

DR. CHARGEM: "Your friend needs vigorous treatment; I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him?"

Sympathetic Friend: "That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money."

THE AEROPLANE AGE.

MAUD MULLER, one bright day in June—'twas either morn or afternoon—stood dreaming by the garden gate and silently bemoaned her fate.

A swell came flying down the hill and, spying Maud, he stopped him still.

"Wilt have a drive in my machine?" he queried of this rustic queen. "My car is new, the roads are prime; we will be back by dinner time."

"I'm sorry, Bert," the maid replied, "but I can't join you on this ride. These motors are so slow, you see; there's naught but aeroplanes for me, and Tommy Dart will soon be here—we're going to Mars and back, my dear."

The swell crept slowly down the lane and well reviled the aeroplane. "Alas! Alack! My eyes!" said he, "this age is much too swift for me."

MIGHT HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

THE irate parent presented himself before the culprit. "Young man," demanded he, with the utmost sternness, "have I caught you kissing my daughter?"

If by this he expected to plunge the young visitor into confusion, the old gentleman was greatly mistaken, as the young visitor evinced the greatest calmness.

"I hope, sir," he said, "there is no mistake about it. The lights are none too bright, and I would be much mortified to learn that, after all, I was kissing the housemaid."

CHAPPIE: "How are you, old man?"

Cholly: "Got a beastly cold, y' know."

Chappie: "Hard luck, bah jove. Been going out in the cold without your monocle?"

Cholly: "No. Called on Freddy at his apartments and that wretched Newfoundland dog of his persisted in wagging his tail and creating a draught."

PUTTING IT NICELY.

Her Adorer: "Would you marry a one-eyed man?"
Gwendoline: "Good gracious, no!"
Her Adorer: "Then you'd better let me carry your parasol for you."

PRUDENT MOTHER: "Now, my dear, don't let any man come too near you when courting."

Discreet Daughter: "Oh, no, mother. When Charles is here, we always have one chair between us."

And the mother does not yet know just what her daughter intended to convey.

TOOK NO NOTICE.

THE aeroplane had collapsed, and the aeronaut had fallen into a dozen pies placed out on the roof of the farmhouse to cool.

"Excuse me, madam," he spluttered, as he mopped the mixture from his eyes.

"I'll not excuse you at all," snapped the fiery woman in the red sunbonnet.

"But I couldn't help it, madam. I——"

"Oh, you could help it. Didn't I holler for you to stop when you were half way down, and you didn't pay the least bit of attention to me."

NEVER HIS LUCK.

"AHA!" And he laughed fiendishly as he read from the morning paper: "The burglar shot at the man, whose life was saved by the bullet striking against a button of his clothes!"

"Well," snapped his wife, "what of that?"

"What of that?" said he, as he felt his collar going up steadily to the nape of his neck. "Oh, nothing, except that the button must have been on!"

HE: "My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."

She: "I don't live on the roof."

MR. BECK HALL: "Good afternoon, Miss Annex. Going for a walk? I hope I may accompany you?"

Miss Annex: "Yes. Dr. Sargent says we must always walk with some object, and I suppose you will answer the purpose."

"WHEN I goes a shopping," said an old lady, "I allers asks for what I wants, and if they have it and it's cheap and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it can't be got at any place for less, I almost allers takes it without haggling all day, as most people do."

POWER OF PETROLEUM.

THUMP! Thump! went the motor-car, as it stood outside a railway station. A crowd of rustics stood round, gaping at the chauffeur, and passing remarks that made him smile.

"Say, mister," said one at la t, "what power drives the car along at such a speed?"

"Petroleum, my man," he replied.

"Hear that, Mick?" said the inquirer to his friend, who had just appeared on the scene. "Petroleum shoves her along."

"Uh!" was the reply, "that ain't nothing new. Petroleum shoved our Mary Anne through the back door, an' sent her flying, slap bang, agin the barn. She had been tryin' to light the fire with it."

"WHAT does your husband like for his breakfast?"

"Anything I haven't got in the house."

TRAMP: "You haven't sixpence about you, sir?"

Pedestrian: "How did you find that out? I thought nobody knew I was broke."

GLADYS: "Reggie, dear, there is something of the old-time lovelight in your eyes to-night—something about you that reminds me of those sweet days of long ago. I hope you have——"

Reggie: "Yes, I have a little left. How much do you want this time?"

REAL BUSINESS.

WILDLY waving a flag of truce, the excited stranger rushed between the contending battalions.

"Stop, I implore you!" he exclaimed. "Cease the terrible carnage and listen to me!"

The booming of the Territorials' artillery died away. The Cavalry sheathed their shining swords and quieted their prancing steeds. The patriots checked themselves in their mad rush upon the enemy's guns.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, when quiet had been restored; "pardon this interruption. I merely wish to announce that I represent the One For All Accident Insurance Company, and that I am prepared to write policies on each and every one of your lives at extremely reasonable rates."

Money, Watches, Pipes, Penknives, Cigarette Cases, and Pocket Scissors offered in this week's footlines.

This Week's Little Lot

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

LITTLE TICH has written a book. He calls it "a book of travels—and wanderings," and the wanderings are principally from the subject.

The famous little comedian was travelling by train one Sunday. The train stopped at a big station, and Little Tich, thinking there would be a stop of ten minutes or so, got out to buy some newspapers. Just as he reached the bookstall and secured a bundle of newspapers, the whistle went.

He started back towards his carriage as hard as he could pelt, his papers clutched under his arm. People in the train, he says, gazing at him from various compartments, offered odds on him missing the train. The train began to glide slowly along the platform. Little Tich tore on, still clinging to his papers, and he had all but reached his compartment when a big man grabbed him by the shoulder, bringing him to a dead stop.

"Boy," he said, "REFEREE and LLOYD'S—quick!"

WHISKERS!

ONCE while touring in America, Little Tich and another member of the company, Charles Warren, returned to their hotel at night to find the place filled to overflowing. Offices, bathrooms, corridors, staircases—all were full of sleepers. A Presidential Election was on, and the sleepers were farmers who had come into the town from the surrounding country. They lay all along the corridors, their heads to the wall, their feet projecting into the middle of the floor. When Little Tich and his friend reached the fourth landing, where their rooms were, they had a bird's-eye view of the slumbering ranks.

One thing looked very funny. Nearly every one of them had whiskers—brown, black, red, grey, and every intermediate shade—and the snoring of this bearded and whiskered multitude was like the sound of an approaching typhoon.

A sudden impulse seized the two comedians. They were inspired.

Leaning over the banisters they shouted at the pitch of their voices:

"*Hit the one with the whiskers!*"

And every single farmer leaped to his feet!

ONE AT A TIME.

MR. T. E. CRISPE, K.C., who died with such tragic suddenness while writing at his desk the other day, was one of the most popular members of the Middle Temple. He seemed at all times to have an inexhaustible fund of good legal stories.

One day he heard a man objecting to serve on a jury because he couldn't hear well.

"Are you deaf?" asked the judge.

"Yes, my lord," replied the unwilling juryman, "I can't hear with one ear."

"Oh, that's all right," the judge answered, "we only hear one side of a case at a time!"

CEREMONIAL HASH.

COME, come, Wales! What's all this one hears about the Investiture of the Prince of Wales? You treated the London Police very shabbily; the Sword of State got mislaid; and a dummy address was presented to the King, because the real one had disappeared. But the latest whisper one hears is very funny.

While the Investiture was actually proceeding, a telegram reached the post-office addressed: "Prince of Wales, Carnarvon." It was handed to a boy messenger in the ordinary course and he went off with it and delivered it to the landlord of the Prince of Wales Hotel. The landlord, of course, opened the telegram and read it. He is not to be blamed if he swooned away.

It contained a message of congratulation to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from H.I.M. the German Emperor!

RING OFF!

MENTION of the Kaiser recalls a story that comes to us from Berlin.

His Majesty is composing a wedding march, and every time he hits on a new chord the whole Palace bubbles with admiration. Not content with this, however, the Kaiser has been constantly ringing up Dr. Richard Strauss on the telephone and asking him to come to the Palace and hear the latest bar and give his opinion on it. At all hours of the day and night, so the story goes, poor Dr. Strauss has had to set off to hear his Kaiser strum on the piano.

Frau Strauss has been driven nearly distracted by the whole business, for she adores her husband; and, as she says, a great composer ought not to have to rush away just as he is sitting down to a meal or when he is just retiring to bed.

So she has had the telephone cut off; and Dr. Strauss, who is too much of a dreamer to probe deeply into practical affairs, thinks it is temporarily out of order, and has told the Kaiser so. And now the composer gets his meals undisturbed and his rest in peace.

A SWEET DISPOSITION.

MR. WILL M. CRESSY, who is appearing at the Palace Theatre just now in some of his clever one-act plays, tells a funny story of a small country hotel he put up at during a recent holiday in California.

"The entire working staff of the hotel," he says, "consisted of the landlord and his wife, the wife doing all the work and the landlord collecting the money."

Mr. Cressy wanted to get off very early one morning, so he was knocked up at five o'clock, and as he was dressing he heard the landlord's wife getting breakfast ready. She was singing, "Rock of Ages," as she worked.

When Mr. Cressy got downstairs he remarked to the landlord: "Landlord, your wife must have an uncommonly sweet disposition."

The landlord looked surprised. "What makes you think that?" he asked.

"Why, I could hear her singing 'Rock of Ages,' while she was getting breakfast, and anybody who can sing hymns before breakfast at five in the morning must have a very sweet disposition indeed."

"Oh, yes," the landlord explained, "she always sings that when she's boiling eggs; two verses for soft boiled, three for hard!"

SOLD AGAIN!

MORE changes at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Trench has retired, and rumour has it that Lord Howard de Walden will take a more active interest in the management of the theatre.

The business manager of a theatre never has to go out and look for trouble. It seems to come to him quite naturally. One of his greatest afflictions is the drunken man who insists on going into the theatre. One such turned up at the Haymarket some time ago.

Obviously it was not desirable that he should be admitted, in spite of the fact that he had already bought a ticket at one of the theatre ticket agencies; at the same time, care had to be taken not to offend him.

"There has been some mistake about your ticket," he was informed politely. "That seat had already been sold to somebody else. But we will return what you paid for it."

The intoxicated gentleman smiled in the friendliest way and promptly produced another ticket.

"I—hic!—thought you'd shay that!" he chuckled. "So I bought—hic!—another!"

GETTING NASTY!

ONE is reminded of a story Mr. Sousa tells of a drunken man who lurched up to the concert box-office in an American town.

"Gi' me a box," he said.

"Very sorry, sir," said the clerk, "there are no boxes left."

"Then gi' me a stall."

"The stalls are all sold," the clerk replied.

"Then gi' me a seat somewhere," the man persisted.

"The house is full," the clerk told him desperately.

This didn't satisfy him, however, and as he began to get rowdy the manager was sent for to reason with him. Reason was useless, however, and at last the manager lost patience.

"Look here, my man," he told him bluntly, "you can't go in. You're drunk!"

"Drunk, am I?" retorted the other. "D'ye think I'd want to go in if I *wasn't* drunk?"

TOO PERSONAL.

HE—never mind his name!—has just come back from a week's holiday at a French seaside resort, and he has become very, very French.

The other day he was in a restaurant near the Strand.

"Have you got frogs' legs?" he asked grandly.

The waitress drew herself up haughtily.

"No," she said, "It's rheumatism makes me walk like that!"

? ? ?

The Editor will give 2s. 6d. each week for the best paragraph accepted for this column. To the famous P.W. penknives will be awarded for the paragraph used. If there is more than one good paragraph used the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

The half-crown this week goes to Mr. F. W. T., 45 Islington Road, Southville, Bristol.

THE WEEK'S TONGUE TWISTER.

BRIGHTON'S broiling breezes brown Brown's broad brow.

WISE, TOO.

Two cats—one mouse.
Two dogs—one bone.
Two women—one house.
These I let alone.

A NEAR THING.

CHORTLES rushed into the room breathless and perspiring.

"Do you know why you should avoid the 12.50 train to-day, sir?" he asked the O.C.E.

"No, my boy. Why, is it likely to meet with an accident?"

"No, sir. Only it's ten to one if you catch it!"

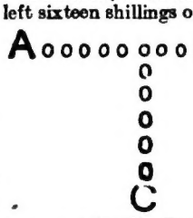
HAVE A TRY.

A MAN once backed himself for a large amount, which he subsequently lost, to move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road.

He failed to move the brick, and no wonder, because it may roughly be estimated that the friction of the cord on the road increased the weight of the brick about seven pounds and cord to a dead weight of not far short of a ton.

A CLEVER THIEF.

A MASTER, in order to test his servant's honesty left sixteen shillings on his table, and laid them out in the manner shown in the sketch.



He counted the coins from A to C, and from B to C, and said: "Now there are eleven each way, so I am sure to know if any are taken." But in spite of these precautions the servant was able to steal two shillings without discovery. How did he manage it?

Solution below.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

CAN you divide £1 between two people, so that one has 2s. 6d. more than the other?

Solution below.

IN A BOOTSHOP.

A MAN enters a bootshop and chooses a pair of boots priced at sixteen shillings, and offers a sovereign in payment. Having no change, the shopkeeper runs into an adjoining establishment, the owner of which gives him silver for the gold piece. Then his customer, having received his four shillings change, and with the boots under his arm, takes his departure.

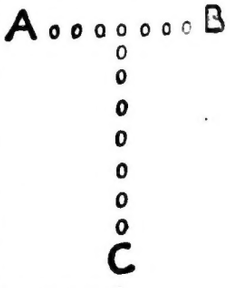
A moment later the obliging neighbour appears on the scene, declaring that the coin he has changed is bad. How much did the boot-seller lose or gain, as the case may be, over the transaction?

Solution below.

Solutions.

A CLEVER THIEF.

THE servant takes two away from A, and adds them to C, and takes two away from B and puts them in his pocket. The shillings, then if counted in the same way will read 11 as before.



THE MONEY QUESTION.

ONE will receive 8s. 9d., the other 11s. 3d.

IN A BOOTSHOP.

IF he were scrupulous and made good his neighbour's loss, he would be a sovereign and the value of the boots to the bad.

If he refused to admit that the coin was bad he would be the value of the boots to the good.

Jones is an optimist. He doesn't believe in ill-luck. One day, passing under a ladder,—

DOING DOWN THE RAILWAYS.

Luggage and Other Swindles you Know Little About.

IN the Black Museum of the Midland Railway Company one of the relics preserved is a bundle of parti-coloured flags such as signalmen use.

These were taken, after a long and desperate struggle, from a foreigner who was found loitering on a lonely stretch of the line.

The man was brought up, but as nothing definite could be proved against him, he was allowed to go free. The railway authorities, however, were convinced that he belonged to a gang of American train-robbers who contemplated "flagging" and holding up the north-bound express in regular Wild West style.

British railways are, fortunately, exempt from robbery under arms of this description, but all the same, they lose heavily at the hands of other kinds of swindlers and robbers.

A paper devoted to railway interests says: "What in the aggregate amounts to an enormous sum is taken out of the pockets of the companies by the petty pilferings of a certain section of the public, through false descriptions of consignments, by frauds in connection with excursion tickets, and through the facilities offered by the railways for forwarding passenger's luggage in advance."

Towels and Soap Stolen Wholesale.

All this is perfectly true. As regards petty pilfering, one of our great companies loses two thousand dozen lavatory towels yearly, and an equal number of pieces of soap, while another had in one year to bemoan the loss by theft of 700 copper foot warmers valued at fifteen shillings apiece.

At present several of the companies are considering the advisability of making fresh regulations regarding luggage sent in advance. Numbers of people make use of this system to send furniture and domestic commodities, especially cases of provisions for holiday use, as luggage in advance. Such things, of course, are liable to ordinary goods rates.

A more recent development of this type of swindle came out the other day when two motorists were tried for cheating a company.

Having more luggage than they could comfortably carry in their car, they booked seats in a south-bound express, at a cost of a shilling each, and showing their seat coupons to the porter got some 400 pounds weight of luggage stowed in the van. Then they drove on and claimed it at its destination.

They saved some ten shillings, but those ten shillings cost them in the end more than twice as many pounds.

The Man who Gets Injured.

Our railways suffer also at the hands of the clever malingerer who pretends to be injured in an accident and claims enormous compensation. But this is nothing to the organised compensation frauds which are worked upon the French companies. There is said to be a regular firm in Paris which specialises in this direction.

The firm has nine members, all nominally commercial travellers. This gives them a valid excuse for being constantly on the rail, but their profits are the "damages" which they extract from the companies.

Here is one of their numerous tricks. Two travellers—of course, complete strangers to one another—arrive simultaneously at a small station and each registers a large trunk (all luggage must be formally registered in France).

Each, however, takes care that he registers the other's trunk, and when they reach their respective destinations, hundreds of miles apart, there is a terrific outcry, each protesting indignantly that the trunk handed over to him is not his property.

He vows that *his* trunk contains all his samples and other articles required in his professional capacity, and that he will be ruined if it is not forthcoming.

The trunk, of course, is not forthcoming, but handsome compensation usually is. And so the merry little game goes on.

Is your birthday this week? If so may I suggest you send something to the F. A. F. to commemorate it?

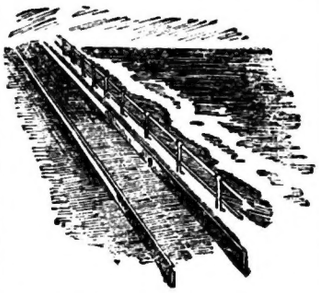
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped addressed envelope is inclosed.

WHAT THE WALLS ARE FOR.

AT some seaside places where the promenade is low-lying and liable to be washed when the sea runs high, the idea shown in our picture has been found very useful.



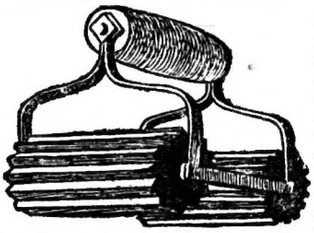
Instead of the ordinary promenade of one wide road, a low wall, or, in some cases, two, about two feet high, are built parallel to the kerb.

This simple plan prevents the whole surface being flooded, and all one has to do when the tide is high is to step into the driest path.

The walls also serve as a breakwater and prevent very rough waves from destroying the promenade.

THE WASHER-SKATE.

THE newly-invented "washer-skate" will be welcomed by women because it will relieve them of much hard work at the wash-tub.



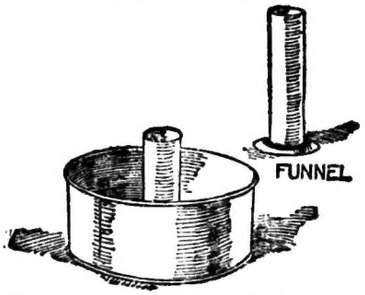
The "skate" consists simply of two corrugated rollers attached to a handle, and combines the advantages of the wash-board and the scrubbing-brush.

When it is rolled over heavy materials it kneads out the dirt, and thus saves much of the effort of washing and incidentally sore fingers. Needless to say, the "skate" must not be used on very delicate fabrics.

USED BY BAKERS.

THE rich mixture required for wedding-cakes is very difficult to cook satisfactorily in the centre, so bakers use the little funnel shown in the accompanying sketch.

The funnel is hollow, and is placed in the centre of a tin, so that, when the cake is in the oven, the heat



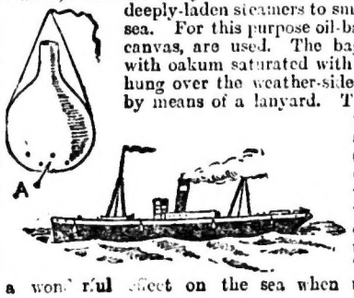
is enabled to rise up, and the cake is consequently being cooked all over simultaneously.

When the cake is cold the funnel is taken out, and the hollow is filled with the usual almond icing.

In a large cake this device means the saving of a great deal of time.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATER.

MOST people know the expression, "Oil on troubled waters," but not many are aware that oil is used on deeply-laden steamers to smooth a rough sea. For this purpose oil-bags, made of canvas, are used. The bags are filled with oakum saturated with oil, and are hung over the weather-side of the ship by means of a lanyard. The oil drips through the small holes (A) in the canvas, and takes off the dangerous crest of the waves. The oil has a wonderful effect on the sea when used in this manner.



STRANGE SEASIDE MISHAPS.

A Bathing Machine Horse ran Amok, and a Lady was once seized by an Octopus.

AN extraordinary accident happened at Clacton the other day. A professor of swimming was giving an exhibition of fancy diving from the pier head, when a boat containing four ladies shot out from underneath the structure, and the diver landed plump in the middle of them from a great height. One of the occupants of the boat was seriously injured, and the unlucky professor was also pretty badly hurt.

An equally curious accident, and one which unfortunately was attended by far more serious consequences, occurred at Yarmouth some time ago. This also was due primarily to the antics of a public entertainer.

A circus clown announced his intention of riding on the water in a tub drawn by four geese. A vast crowd of holiday-makers assembled to see the free show, and, in order to get a better view, many hundreds of them climbed on to a neighbouring suspension bridge. This gave way, and about eighty people, mostly children, were drowned.

No more stolid animal can be imagined than the average bathing-machine horse at the ordinary seaside resort, and when one started to bolt across the sands at Ramsgate he took everybody by surprise.

Cut the Pier in Two.

It was the middle of August. The beach was densely crowded with visitors. Their frightened shouts terrified the runaway to madness. In and out he galloped, overturning chairs and stands, and sending their occupants flying. In a few minutes the place resembled a battlefield strewn with wounded. Fortunately, no one was killed; but quite a number of people were badly injured.

Piers have been prolific in strange accidents. Two or three times ships, becoming unmanageable, sailed clean through Southend Pier, cutting it in two parts, and isolating for the time being the people on the seaward end.

Morecambe pier was once the scene of a dreadful disaster. A huge crowd of excursionists were assembled upon it, waiting to go on board a steamer, when a portion of the structure collapsed bodily, letting them through into the sea forty feet or more below. Many were drowned. Others were caught in the wreckage and shockingly crushed.

It was from Rhyl pier that "Tommy" Burns, most famous of high divers, jumped to his death, with forty thousand people looking on. He had previously dived from moving trains, from the top of the Tower Bridge, and from many other equally dangerous places.

How a Diver Died.

But this exploit at Rhyl was intended to eclipse all previous ones. It was to be the highest dive ever made by man, and to this end a lofty staging had been erected on the pier head.

Burns, who was absolutely without fear, dived as had been arranged. But, instead of going down head foremost, he turned in the air, and struck the water broadside on. The impact was terrific, and poor Burns was fished out dead, with all his internal organs ruptured.

Some curious accidents to solitary holiday-makers are recorded in the annals of seaside resorts. At Southsea, once, a visitor went into the sea to bathe. It was a cold morning, and he was seized with a shivering fit, which caused him to swallow his false teeth, with fatal results.

All along the coast of Cornwall are many "logan" or rocking stones, so curiously poised that the pressure of a finger will in some cases cause them to "log," or rock, from side to side. Some time back an unfortunate visitor, experimenting in this fashion with one of them, managed to get his hand jammed beneath the ponderous mass. It was a lonely spot, the stone held him a fast prisoner, and the wretched man slowly starved to death.

An exceedingly strange and nerve-racking mishap was that which befell a lady bather at Alderney. She was seized by a huge octopus, or "devil-fish," which proceeded to slowly envelope her, and drag her under water.

Fortunately she was not out of her depth, and her cries brought assistance. Five of the loathsome creature's tentacles were wound tightly round her body, and these had to be severed with axes before she could be rescued. She was ill in bed for weeks afterwards, suffering from shock.

—he saw a pin and picked it up. A pot of paint fell on him and spoilt his clothes.

NEW SHORT SERIAL STORY. **BEGINS TO-DAY.**

The Terror in the Train

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER I.

The Little French Maid.

"I DON'T know why I feel so nervous, Philip, but I have a horrid presentiment that something bad is going to happen to me. I had just the same uncanny feeling before my poor father lost all his money and died suddenly, so don't think me fanciful or foolish, please don't."

Crystal Kingston raised a pair of soft grey eyes and smiled tenderly, if a little deprecatingly, at her companion—tall, good-looking Philip Rumford; old Miss Rumford's favourite nephew and reputed heir. The young man had won Crystal's heart in a few short weeks. Nor was this much to be wondered at, for Philip had a way with him, as the Irish folk say, and a voice that could lure a bird from the tree, it was so soft, caressing, and persuasive.

His advent had made such a difference in the Moat House; the big, grey mansion had been half asleep till the young heir arrived to pay his annual visit to his aunt, dashing up in his smart little green and white motor, bringing the atmosphere of youth and high spirits with him, and making Crystal realise that she was only one and twenty, a girl in the full flush of spring.

She had been in danger of forgetting this fact since she had come to Lincolnshire to act as companion to a somewhat eccentric old lady, for though Miss Harriet Rumford was very kind to Crystal, there was no doubt she was peculiar.

She never rose till midday, for instance, nor would have a blind drawn up in her rooms till half-past eleven, nor did Miss Harriet ever retire to rest before one o'clock in the morning, and the old lady kept her young companion in close attendance upon her; she seemed to have an extraordinary dread of being left alone, yet she never entertained or saw visitors; still, her companion must always be within call.

But Crystal had been allowed more liberty lately, since Miss Rumford's confidential French maid had returned from the six months' holiday that the young woman had exacted from her mistress, and Mademoiselle Zara Dubois had appeared none too well pleased to find that Miss Rumford had engaged a companion during her absence—the pretty, delicate-featured fair-haired girl whose father had been a great friend of Miss Rumford's in the old days before Montagu Kingston had made a huge fortune on the Stock Exchange, only to lose it.

It was obvious that Zara Dubois was jealous of the new member of the household, and anxious that no one but herself should be much with Miss Rumford, and she made this plain to Crystal, giving herself airs quite unbecoming to a maid. Not that Crystal was disposed to complain at being virtually banished from Miss Rumford's apartments by an arbitrary, dark-haired Frenchwoman, considering she was being set free to pass long hours in Philip Rumford's company.

"Crystal, you mustn't be so fanciful—so foolish, darling. What do you think is going to happen to you? It is absurd to get nervous."

Philip pressed Crystal's hands as he spoke, and looked at her with deep affection. The two young people were sitting in a secluded arbour in the garden—a rustic summer-house—and the pleasant scent of pinks filled the air, mingling with the warmer, richer perfume of roses.

The old-fashioned garden had a wide path running round it and boasted a deep yew hedge, and no more delightful retreat for a pair of lovers could be imagined, for the silence that reigned there was unbroken save by the song of birds or the drowsy hum of some big bumble bee, and the high yew hedge made an impenetrable fence, bounding the garden from the outside world.

"I know it is absurd." Crystal laughed softly. "And I feel ashamed of my foolish fears, and, besides, I am so happy, so wonderfully happy, for, oh, Philip, it's so wonderful to have won your love!" She smiled and gazed dreamily at her companion, the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed young man who was like a fairy prince to Crystal, and her young prince smiled back at her.

"I should like to know who wouldn't fall in love with you, darling. As for myself, it was all up with me from the very first glimpse I had of you. You were wearing a white dress, I remember, and you stood on the lawn by the old sundial, feeding the pigeons, and I just lost my heart at once. It was a case of love at first sight."

"Oh, Philip!" Crystal flushed happily, then added, faint anxiety in her tone: "What will your aunt say when you tell her our news? Miss Rumford may be angry, for I have no money, and you will be marrying a beggar maid."

"Aunt Harriet will be delighted." Young Rumford spoke with decision. "I really believe that the old lady has been secretly hoping that we would fall in love with each other all along; besides, I am not dependent upon my aunt or anyone else. I possess comfortable means and am my own master, free to marry whom I choose."

"When are you going to tell Miss Rumford that you—that we——" Crystal paused, her shy confusion very pretty and attractive.

"That we are engaged?" Philip's arm stole fondly round Crystal's slender waist. "I thought of explaining matters to Aunt Harriet to-night or to-morrow morning, only that French woman is always with her now. I hoped she had packed Zara off for good six months ago, but the young woman has turned up again. I cannot imagine why my aunt likes the bold hussy. I dislike her intensely myself."

"She frightens me." Crystal spoke in low tones. "Has she lived with your aunt for many years? I don't like to question any of the other servants about her, and Miss Rumford is very silent on the subject—besides, I have hardly been allowed inside her rooms since Zara's return."

Philip shrugged his shoulders.

"I know little more about Zara Dubois than you do, dear. She just turned up at the Moat House about three years ago. I was staying with Aunt Harriet at the time. I had just left Oxford, and I rather wondered who the dark-haired young person could be, but Aunt Harriet never took me into her confidence beyond telling me that Zara Dubois was her confidential maid."

"Zara hates me."

"I'm not surprised at that, darling, for I fancy the young woman set her cap at me in the past, only I very soon let Mademoiselle Zara understand that I wasn't going to make a fool of myself with her. She's a bad lot, I honestly believe, a clever adventuress, only it is no good saying so to my aunt; she firmly believes in Zara, and won't listen to a word against her."

"And was Zara once in love with you?" Crystal looked grave and concerned. "Somehow I thought as much."

"I shouldn't call it love," Philip retorted. "Mademoiselle knew I had money, and it was my money she was after; she doesn't understand the meaning of the word love. But now let us talk of our own affairs. When shall we fix our wedding day? I'll work ever so hard at the Bar once we are married, and try to prove that I'm not an utter fool. I want you to be proud of me in the future." He broke off in his speech. "Hello! Here is Zara Dubois coming down the path."

Crystal glanced out of the summer-house, her eyes fixed on the advancing figure of Miss Rumford's French maid who was walking briskly down the path, carrying an orange-hued envelope.

"This is a telegram that has just come for Monsieur," Zara remarked, as she made her appearance at the door of the summer-house. She handed the envelope to Philip as she spoke, and then stood perfectly still watching him intently.

She was a tall woman with a very full figure, her coarse but abundant black hair framed a strong, masterful face, and her eyes were as black as sloes and oddly defiant in their expression.

She was handsome, but in a very bold, aggressive way, and her mouth was a cruel one; there was something of the wild panther cat about Mademoiselle Dubois, a hint of the feline, and yet to some people she might prove curiously attractive and to others distinctly repulsive.

Philip opened the telegram in a leisurely manner, but his face changed as he read it, and he flushed with annoyance.

"Could you return to town immediately," he read out. "Flat broken into last night.—HUGH PORTER."

"There, that's a pretty state of things," he complained. "A West-end flat burgled—my flat. And I suppose I shall have to take my departure this afternoon; that I must answer this telegram in person. Well, of all the beastly nuisances!"

He crumpled the telegram up in his anger, then turned to Crystal. "I must catch the 3.10 train. I shall have time if I let the car spin along pretty briskly. Explain matters to Aunt Harriet, will you, not? Tell her I shall return to-morrow, if I can, certainly the day after; and take care of yourself, my darling. Mind you take care of yourself."

He walked out of the summer-house, taking no notice of the French woman; but Crystal flushed, and wished that Philip had not let Zara Dubois into the secret, for Zara must surely guess how matters stood, realise what had happened.

"I will come back to the house with you." Crystal rose from her seat, but Zara rather insolently blocked up the doorway, and did not attempt to move out of the way, and Philip, noticing this, called her sharply to order.

"Move back, please; Miss Kingston wishes to pass. Are you blind?"

Zara laughed hoarsely and stepped a little to one side, biting her full red lips, her breast rising and falling.

"I stand in Mamzelle's path, do I—I must move out? Very well, I do so. The way is clear for Mamzelle now."

Crystal hurried away with her lover, and Zara Dubois watched the young couple pass out of sight, an inscrutable expression on her face; and she laughed savagely.

"So he loves her, does Monsieur Philip." The words fell fiercely from Zara's lips. "This yellow-haired girl has baulked all my plans, stolen a march on Zara Dubois; but let her look out, for her life is in danger, did she but know it, for I brook no rival, no interference, and I have the old woman in my power. Miss Rumford will do anything I tell her to do. She cannot help herself. I rule her with a rod of iron."

CHAPTER II.

Dismissed!

"WILL Mamzelle please come to Miss Rumford's room at once? She wishes to see Mamzelle immediately." Zara Dubois burst somewhat unceremoniously into the large drawing-room of the Moat House, disturbing Crystal who was arranging some roses in two lovely blue and white bowls. Philip had been gone about three hours, and Crystal had spent the time that had elapsed since her lover's departure in putting fresh flowers into all the vases and striving—but striving in vain—to conquer the intense depression she felt, a depression that only increased as the hours rolled by.

"I will come at once. Miss Rumford is quite well, is she not?" Crystal spoke somewhat nervously, and a big red rose she had been on the point of putting in the bowl fell to the ground, showering the carpet with petals.

Zara laughed insolently, and put her hands on her hips.

"What does Miss Rumford's health matter to you? I should not say she was feeling particularly well myself. She has had a shock, and is distressed and annoyed, but come and see what sort of a mood she is in for yourself."

Crystal flushed at the maid's rudeness, a rudeness absolutely unjustifiable. But she was not going to enter into a wordy argument with Zara, so she left in cold and dignified silence, walking quickly out of the drawing-room, her little head held a trifle more proudly than usual, and no one could have guessed how fast her heart was beating as she made her way to Miss Rumford's special suite of rooms, the rooms secluded off from the rest of the big mansion by high double doors.

Miss Rumford was sitting in a big armchair in the room that led out from her bedroom. It was a large and rather gloomy apartment, for the curtains were of dark, claret-coloured brocade, and the furniture was upholstered to match. A black oak mantelpiece, very richly carved, added to the general sense of heaviness, and so did the oak writing-table and two massive oak chairs.

Harriet Rumford was a somewhat striking-looking woman. Her face was deadly pale—the hue of ivory—and her white hair was arranged in loose waves under a black lace mantilla. She always dressed in black

Jones merely smiled and said to the painter: "—— ——." Can you tell me what he said?

corded silk, and wore a great many beautiful rings, disliked fresh air and sunshine, and refused either to visit or be visited by her neighbours, was an omnivorous reader, burning the midnight oil, turning night into day.

"You wanted me, Miss Rumford?" Crystal halted rather timidly on the threshold, aware that Zara Dubois had followed her into the room.

"Yes, I sent for you. Sit down, please." Miss Rumford waved Crystal to a chair, then she beckoned Zara forward. "Repeat to Miss Kingston what you have just been telling me," she said, her voice harsh and authoritative. "Then I will hear what she has to say."

Zara shrugged her shoulders.

"There is not much to tell. Mamzelle can inform you herself how I found her with Monsieur Philip in the arbour, and I certainly gathered that they were engaged to be married. I may be mistaken, though; it is perhaps just a flirtation. How can I say?"

"Miss Rumford." Crystal sprang from her chair, her cheeks flamed with colour, her eyes sparkled. "Let me explain matters to you; your nephew loves me, and we are engaged to be married, but Philip only spoke to me yesterday afternoon, and we intended to tell you our secret to-day or to-morrow. You are not displeased, are you? I—I thought—I hoped you were fond of me."

Harriet Rumford caught her breath and gazed at Crystal with dark, pitiful eyes, and it seemed as if she wanted to say something to the girl, only lacked the courage, for she finally turned to Zara Dubois, her face a shade paler than usual.

"You spoke the truth, Zara. Miss Kingston and my nephew are engaged to be married, and I should have been told the news to-night, you hear, if Mr. Kingston had not been obliged to leave in such a hurry for town."

There was no anger in her voice, or so it seemed to Crystal; but Zara darted a furious look at her mistress.

"I am not in the habit of telling lies, Mamzelle, nor of deceiving folk. What I told you was the truth, and now it is left to you to express your opinion. You would not wish me to interfere in the matter?"

Did Zara's words convey a secret menace, a hidden threat? Crystal, watching the French woman closely, was not quite sure, but she was disagreeably surprised when Miss Rumford turned to her slowly, clearing her throat before she spoke, for what was the matter with the old lady, and why did she waver and hesitate?

"You have acted in a very underhand manner, Miss Kingston, in getting engaged to my nephew without my permission. You will leave my house as early as possible to-morrow morning. You understand? You are not to stay on here. I—I dislike duplicity."

Miss Rumford spoke as though she was repeating a lesson, and Crystal gazed at her in silent astonishment for a moment, hardly able to take in the meaning of the words, for was she being sent away from the Moat House in disgrace?

"You hear what my mistress says. You are to leave here early to-morrow morning. Shall I help you pack your boxes—your big trunks?" Zara smiled maliciously, a cruel, evil smile, but Crystal turned proudly from the maid, and moved to her employer's chair.

"Miss Rumford, you have no right to dismiss me in such summary fashion just because your nephew has asked me to marry him, and I have accepted Philip. What have you got against me except my poverty? You knew my father before his marriage; you were a great friend of his—and—and I thought you were fond of me. You gave me every reason to think so."

Tears started into Crystal's soft grey eyes, and she held out appealing hands, but the old lady in the big chair compressed her lips tightly together, and took no more notice of the suppliant.

"Is the carriage to be ordered to take Mamzelle and her luggage to the station to-morrow morning?" The crafty Frenchwoman bent towards her mistress, who nodded her head in grim acquiescence, but Zara's malicious interference was more than Crystal could stand.

"Be fair to me—be just, Miss Rumford," she cried. "Remember I shall be your nephew's wife one day, so do not turn me from your doors as if I were a pilfering servant—a detected thief. Besides, what right has your French maid to interfere—this is none of her business."

"Are you so sure, Mamzelle?" retorted Zara. "I am very much in my mistress's confidence if it comes to that, and I know for a certainty that Monsieur Philip will lose a fine fortune if he marries you, for my mistress has made other plans for him, and if those plans fall through—well, she will not be pleased."

"Is this true?" Crystal demanded. "Am I interfering with any matrimonial plans you have made for Philip. Please speak frankly to me!"

Harriet Rumford hesitated for a second and clutched sharply at the handles of her chair, her knuckles standing out like white ivory, then she nodded her head.

"It is the truth if Zara says so." She hesitated, her words coming slowly and with difficulty. "You must leave the Moat House early to-morrow. I will write you out a cheque in lieu of longer notice, and send it round to your bedroom to-morrow morning, but you must be out of my house by twelve o'clock."

"Oh, don't send me away like this," Crystal interrupted, clasping her cold, trembling hands together, an agitated expression coming over her face. "Why, I don't even know Philip's address in London. Let me stay here till he returns, and then we will both tell you how dearly we love each other, and you will want us to be happy, for why shouldn't Philip marry me if he wishes to?"

"You must leave my house to-morrow morning, as I said before," Miss Rumford repeated slowly. "You understand this?"

She spoke in tones that admitted of no further argument, and Crystal realised that it would be no good appealing to this strange old lady, yet she could not help feeling that some strong influence had been at work, and she turned passionately on Zara.

"I owe my banishment from the Moat House to you," she cried. "You hate me, Zara Dubois, and you need make no attempt to deny it. You have turned Miss Rumford against me, and I know why."

"So you think, Mamzelle," the Frenchwoman answered readily, "but perhaps you are making a mistake."

"I stand in Mamzelle's path, do I?" hissed Zara. "I must move out? Very well, I do so!"

"I am making no mistake," Crystal retorted, stung almost beyond endurance by Zara's sneering manner. "You are jealous of me because you tried to make Philip Rumford fall in love with you once and you failed; that is why you hate me and have worked on Miss Rumford to send me away to-morrow."

"You shall suffer for this, Mamzelle. You shall pay, and pay heavily, for what you have just said." Zara spoke in low, menacing tones; then she half closed her eyes till they became two gleaming slits. "I did care for Monsieur Philip in the past perhaps, and if he had returned my affection it would have been a good thing for him in every way, for I shall not always be Miss Rumford's confidential maid; the day may come when I shall be as good as the mistress here."

"Hush," Miss Rumford sat up erect in her chair, a faint flush of colour crimsoning her pale cheeks. "Do not let your tongue run away with you, Zara, and as for you——" She turned her head and looked searchingly at Crystal. "Go and get your packing done, for what I have said I mean. You leave here to-morrow morning. This roof shelters you no more!"

Crystal bowed her golden head and walked slowly to the door, and as she closed it behind her she heard Zara Dubois give a low, mocking laugh—a laugh expressive of evil triumph.

CHAPTER III.

The Terror.

"THERE, I can do no more packing to-night! I am absolutely dead-beat—exhausted. What remains to be done, I must finish in the morning."

Crystal flung herself wearily upon her bed. She looked very pale, nor was this much to be wondered at, for she had been packing for the last two hours, making ready to leave the Moat House on the morrow, very vague in her own mind as to what the future had in store for her, horribly depressed.

She hated to feel that her lover's aunt was turning her away as though in disgrace, putting her in a humiliating position, and she was afraid that mischief might be made between her and Philip before she had a chance of meeting him and explaining all that had happened, for she did not know Philip's address, and it might take her at least a day or two to discover it, for she fancied that he rented his flat furnished, and she was not even sure of his club.

To add to the poor girl's difficulties Crystal had no relations or friends in London to whom she could go and ask for hospitality for a week or two. The few relatives she possessed had made it pretty plain to her at the time of her father's death that they did not feel it their duty to look after a gambler's daughter, and the friends who had only been too ready to drink Montagu Kingston's wine and smoke his big cigars in his days of prosperity turned a cold shoulder on his penniless girl.

It was to London that Crystal intended to make her way, however, for she thought she must lose no time in seeing Philip, and she decided that she had better take a room at some quiet hotel, but she felt very lonely and unhappy. She had honestly believed that Miss Rumford was really fond of her, and Crystal had some reason for this belief for Miss Rumford had written to her at the time of her father's death, suggesting that Crystal should come to her as a young companion. "I hear that you are left very badly off," so the old lady wrote, "so you may be glad of the dull asylum I offer—a lonely home with crabbed old age, but I shall be glad to do anything I can for you; your father and I were good friends in the past, and it would give me considerable pleasure to help his child."

So Miss Rumford had written, and she had certainly been as good as her word. She had treated Crystal with great kindness ever since the girl's advent at the Moat House, in fact no one could have been kinder, and Crystal had got the idea firmly fixed in her head that the old lady would be quite ready to welcome her as a niece, for Miss Rumford had thrown out several hints to that effect since Philip Rumford had come to stay with her; it was only after Zara Dubois' return that Miss Rumford had appeared unwilling to have much to say to her companion, and constrained and uneasy in Crystal's presence, it was as if she went in slavish fear of the black-browed Frenchwoman, yet what possible reason could she have to be afraid of Zara, it was all very inexplicable and mysterious.

Crystal rose slowly from the bed, it was no use lying there and brooding over the situation, her head ached horribly, and the best thing she could do would be to undress, brush out her hair, and then get really between the sheets.

She glanced at the clock. It was late, getting on for one in the morning, and, oh, how tired she felt, how worried and depressed. She slipped out of her dress and put on a loose comfortable muslin wrapper, and was just about to let down her soft, wavy hair when the handle of her door turned very gently, and, much to Crystal's surprise, the door opened slowly, and Miss Rumford walked into the room.

The old lady put a finger to her lips as though to beg Crystal to be quiet, then closed the door very softly behind her, and there was something extremely mysterious about the way she had crept into the room, for was she not the mistress of the Moat House, and free to come and go as she chose?

"Miss Rumford, what has brought you to my bedroom at this hour?" Crystal spoke in low, astonished tones, pushing a big armchair forward, and the old lady sat down at once, then glanced up somewhat nervously.

"I couldn't help myself this afternoon, dear. I was obliged to tell you that you must leave this house to-morrow morning. I—I dare not risk having a quarrel with Zara, and she does not like you. She—she is jealous of you."

"I suppose so," Crystal answered thoughtfully, then she looked hard at Miss Rumford. "Why do you allow a rude Frenchwoman to dictate to you? Can you not send Zara away? Are you obliged to put up with her insolence? Forgive me for asking such questions. Only this afternoon——" She paused and did not finish the sentence.

"My dear, I don't blame you. You are naturally puzzled by my strange behaviour in not ordering Zara out of my room when she spoke as she did to you, but I am powerless where that woman is concerned. She has a hold over me—a claim."

"I am sorry—so very sorry to hear that!" Crystal

murmured softly. "Would it ease your mind in any way if you took me fully into your confidence? You can trust me not to repeat anything."

Harriet Rumford shook her head, her face quivered.

"No," she whispered hoarsely. "I cannot tell you anything—my secret must be my secret till I die, but I am glad you are going to marry Philip, though I had to pretend to be angry this afternoon, and I have brought you in a wedding present. But listen, Crystal, listen—no one is about—you can hear no sound?"

She glanced up anxiously, just as if she expected to hear footsteps coming down the passage, but everything was quite still, silence reigned supreme—the silence that broods over a slumbering house.

"Ah, there is no one about!" The old lady drew a deep breath of relief, then she put her hand inside the bosom of her dress and pulled out two worn and somewhat shabby leather cases. "Take these baubles, Crystal, they are a wedding present to you, my dear. She shall not have them any more than she has got Philip."

Miss Rumford snapped her lips tightly together and her eyes grew as hard and determined as two pieces of blue grey slate, nor did she hear a very faint sound outside the door, just such a sound as a woman might make crouching very softly by the side of a keyhole, a cunning and stealthy eavesdropper.

Crystal heard nothing either, but then she was far too excited, for the shabby cases on being opened revealed to her astonished and delighted gaze a fine pearl necklace—a necklace of great value, and a beautiful emerald and diamond comb with a brooch and long earrings to match—jewels so perfect in their Empire setting, and such fine stones in themselves that a queen might have been proud to wear them.

"Oh, how lovely! How very, very lovely! But do you really mean to give me such a beautiful present? Am I to keep these jewels?"

The girl turned impulsively to the strange old lady who, after ordering her out of her house a few hours earlier was now showering rich gifts upon her, and the surprise Crystal felt revealed itself in her eyes.

"Of course you are to keep these baubles. They are my wedding present to you, as I said before. They are very valuable, and you must promise never to part with them, for they are heirlooms. My great-grandmother brought them into the family, and each bride of the house has worn them in her turn, and now they are going to belong to Philip's wife—my dear nephew Philip."

"It is most good of you, most generous and kind." Crystal bent her head and kissed Miss Rumford's hands. "And I know now that you are not sending me away because you are annoyed with regard to my engagement, and I am so glad—so thankful."

"Child, I am delighted that you are going to marry Philip." Miss Rumford spoke very earnestly, and no one glancing at her face could have doubted the old lady's sincerity. "I may as well tell you," Harriet Rumford added, a faint flush of colour dying her cheeks, "that I loved your father in the past, and he loved me—only circumstances prevented our ever marrying." She hesitated for a second. "I cannot tell you more, and do not ask me any questions, but I want you to do something to please me."

"I would willingly do that," Crystal answered, fondling Miss Rumford's hands lovingly. "I do want to help you badly."

"Then leave this house at dawn, dear, taking the jewels with you; they are worth several thousand pounds, and if Zara Dubois discovers you have got them there will be trouble. I have also written to my lawyer, and I want you to take my letter up to town with you, and hand it over to Mr. Melton yourself, and then you must see Philip at once, and tell him all that has been happening here."

"But I don't know his address," Crystal answered. "Will you give it me? Philip departed in such a hurry."

Harriet Rumford smiled, then wrote down an address on a piece of notepaper and handed it to Crystal, also the letter for the lawyer.

"Here you are, my dear, and now give me your word that you will catch the train that leaves Silchester Station at 6.30. You can walk across the fields, take the jewels with you, of course, and I will send your luggage to you as soon as you write, and give me an address, and Crystal, you may be back here before long, for at last I intend to take legal steps to rid myself of a persecution that has become positively unbearable. Zara Dubois has overreached herself this time; the worm has turned at last. I have stood her grasping rapacity, her abominable insolence, too long, put up with rudeness in private, but now that she has tried to show her power over me publicly—well, the end has come."

The old lady spoke with a certain decision and rose from her chair.

"Good-night, little Crystal," she said softly, "and God bless you! May you and Philip be very happy together. And now I must make my way as quietly as possible to my own bedroom. Promise me that you will leave by the early train to-morrow morning, though, for I am afraid of Zara doing you mischief. I shall breathe far more easily when you are safely out of the house."

"But I don't like to leave you," Crystal protested. "Let me stay with you; we can defy Zara Dubois together."

Miss Rumford shook her head.

"No, dear, you will serve me better, far better, by taking the letter I have entrusted you with to my lawyer; that is the charge I lay upon you—a charge I know you will faithfully carry out."

"You can trust me," Crystal answered solemnly, and then they kissed each other, the old woman in the winter of her days and the young girl, and as they kissed, the eavesdropper who had been listening to the conversation on the other side of the heavy oak door, rose softly to her feet and made her quick way down the dark corridor, having heard and seen enough.

* * * * *

"Thank goodness I've caught the train!" Crystal, panting and breathless, had just time to jump into an empty third-class carriage as the train that she had so nearly lost steamed out of Silchester Station.

She had taken a so-called short cut across the fields, but it would have been better if she had kept to the road, for Crystal had twice lost her way, and if she had not run during the last quarter of a mile she would never have reached the station in time, and now her heart was beating violently as the result of her exertions, and her limbs trembled.

She was glad to have the carriage to herself, for she felt very tired, having risen at dawn, and she thought it would be nice to snatch an hour's sleep if she could, besides, she was carrying the jewels that Miss Rumford had given her in a small suit case, and she would not like to have closed her eyes if other folk had been in the carriage, and so run the risk of having her valuables purloined.

Crystal settled down comfortably into a corner seat, and very soon began to nod, nor was this much to be wondered at, for she had spent a very wakeful night, worrying her head as to why Miss Rumford had allowed Zara Dubois to gain such a tyrannising influence over her, and hoping that the old lady's lawyers would come to Miss Rumford's rescue. Indeed, she had been most unwilling to leave the Moat House, only she felt convinced that the lawyers would be able to do more in the way of getting rid of the overbearing Frenchwoman than she could. But the whole situation was baffling and hopelessly puzzling, for Miss Rumford was strong-minded and decided by nature, the very last woman in the world to be ruled by an arrogant adventuress, or so it appeared.

Crystal closed her eyes, the rocking of the railway carriage was very soothing, almost as restful as the slow, monotonous rocking of a cradle would have been, and before long she fell fast asleep, the little leather suit-case resting lightly on her knees.

The train stopped at a small wayside station, but Crystal did not wake, indeed, she slumbered on peacefully for quite another hour, the train rumbling its way through the quiet, peaceful fen country, past grey meres and long dykes.

All at once the girl started—some deep sense of horror, of overwhelming horror had pierced her sleep, disturbed and broken it; she was conscious of a sensation of wholly unexplainable terror, fear of some nameless, formless evil chilled her young blood.

Crystal opened her eyes; everything looked dim and misty for a second; sleep was still so heavy upon her, then she realised, with bewildered dismay, that she was not alone in the railway carriage, though she had entered an empty carriage at Silchester.

Something crouched in the opposite corner, a huddled-up shape with the back turned to Crystal, and a curious limpness distinguished the figure, an unnatural stillness, and what a strange, sickly smell there was in the carriage—a smell too oppressive and heavy for words.

Crystal leaned forward, her heart beating with suffocating force, and beads of perspiration stood out on her forehead. She was the prey of acute terror, afraid of she knew not what; and then, as she gazed with dilated eyes at the huddled up form opposite, a sudden lurch of the train caused the figure to fall forward and Crystal caught sight of a deathly pale face, and she shrieked aloud, then covered her eyes with her hands, shuddering from head to foot, held fast in the grip of fear!

(Another long instalment next week.)

WHO WANTS A SMALL FARM?

A magnificent prize and an easy competition do not usually go together. The bigger the prize to be won the harder a competition generally is, but for once in a way one of the biggest prizes on record is offered in an easy competition in which all can participate. The Editor of the SMALLHOLDER is making this splendid offer, which consists of three acres of land, an eight-hundred gallon cow, two pedigree pigs, and three pens of prize fowls, in addition to £1 a week for 52 weeks.

Full particulars of the competition will be found in this week's SMALLHOLDER. One Penny, every Thursday.

SPARKLETS

The BRIGHT NEW Competition.

£50 IN PRIZES GUARANTEED.	£25 FOR A SENTENCE. £25 IN OTHER PRIZES.

When we publish special double numbers we like to give you something new in the way of competitions. This week's summer double number is no exception, and here is a bright new competition which everyone of you can do and which we have specially named "SPARKLETS."

Making "SPARKLETS" you will find is both simple and easy. No matter where you are on Bank Holiday you can make them, whether waiting for breakfast in your boarding house, travelling in the train, sailing on the deep blue sea, sunning yourself on the beach, or enjoying the shade of a spreading tree in the country.

This simple and easy competition is as follows: We give you the name of a topic. This week it is "Holiday." On this name we wish you to make a sentence of seven words, each of which must contain a letter of the word "Holiday."

Here is an example sentence, which must not be used, which will show you how to make your sentences:

***H**arry w**O**rks fierce**L**y **I**n Gar**D**en **A**ll da**Y**.*

You will see at a glance that the letters of "Holiday" need not be the initials of the words of your sentence, a fact which simplifies your task considerably. At the same time the words of your sentence should contain the letters of "Holiday" in their proper order.

This week we guarantee to distribute £50 amongst the successful competitors; half of the amount available, which will be at least £25, will be awarded to the competitor whose "SPARKLET" is considered the best by the adjudicators, and the remainder will be distributed amongst those other competitors whose attempts come next in merit.

Now start at once and let your wit "sparkle" about the subject of this week's contest. That £25 must be won by someone. Be ambitious. Try to be that someone yourself.

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach a *postal order for sixpence*, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
3. Mark your envelope "Sparklets No. 1" in the top left-hand corner.
4. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, August [illegible].
5. Everyone who enters must send a postal order for 6d. with each entry form. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and must be crossed "& Co." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. When a P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.

6. Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.), one half will be awarded to the sender of the Sparklet considered the best by the adjudicators, by whom [illegible] of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more than one of a Sparklet thus selected by the adjudicators, this half will be divided amongst all such senders.
7. The remaining half will be awarded in gifts by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show next [illegible].
8. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to [illegible] or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with [illegible] competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may [illegible] this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM. **SPARKLETS No. 1.**

No. of Postal Order ....

HOLIDAY.

....

....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on [illegible] understanding, and I agree to abide by the printed conditions.

Signed ....

Address ....

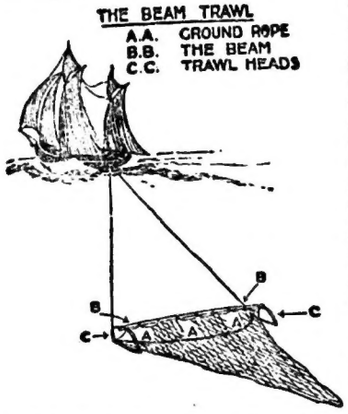
A GOOD IDEA: When sending your Sparklet, include a contribution for the Fresh Air Fund, please!

Tricky Trawling Traps

Some Clever Deep-Sea Devices that Capture Fish in Thousands.

ALL around the coasts of the British Isles the deep-sea fisherman follows his healthy but dangerous profession, which is one of our most important native industries. Take the North Sea, for instance, and we find that England yearly draws over five million pounds' worth of fish therefrom, while Scotland benefits to the extent of one million and a half of pounds.

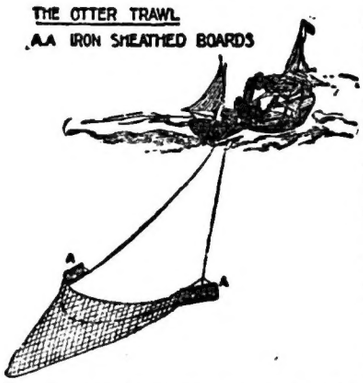
Of the numerous methods employed by fishermen for reaping the harvest of the sea the most effective is the trawl net. The beam trawl shown at work in the first picture, is used on board sailing smacks at such places as Lowestoft, Ramsgate, and Brixham.



A Beam trawl at work. It is used by sailing smacks, off Ramsgate and Lowestoft.

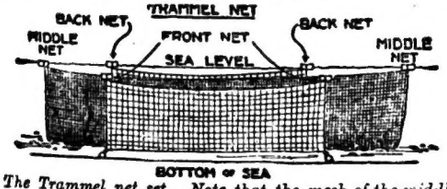
It consists of a triangular-shaped net, the broad end of the triangle forming the mouth. Along the upper part of the mouth runs a beam of wood about forty feet long, B B in picture, and at either end of this beam is fixed a piece of curved iron, called a trawl head, C C in picture. Then along the lower side of the mouth the ground rope is stretched, A A A in picture.

Now, if you look at the drawing once more you will see how the net works. The beam and ground rope keep the mouth open; the trawl heads act as wheels as the net is dragged forward along the bottom of the sea, and the fish pass into the net between beam and ground rope before they know what has happened. On the steam trawler a different net is used, in which there is no beam, but, instead, a couple of iron-sheathed boards (A A in the second sketch), which fly outwards and keep the mouth of the net open as it is pulled through the water. These boards are about ten feet long, five feet broad, and three inches thick; but to work the Otter trawl properly a regular speed must be kept up by the boat, and, for this reason, it is unsuitable to sailing smacks.



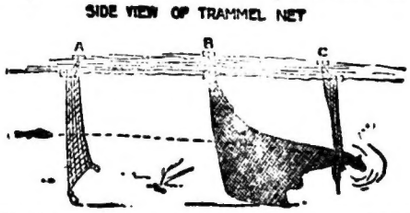
Steam trawlers favour the Otter trawl. The mouth is kept open by the iron sheathed boards, A A, which fly outwards.

Another method of taking sea fish is by means of the trammel, which is laid down as a sort of trap in which the fish entangle themselves. The trammel consists of three long nets that are laid down one behind the other, as shown in the third illustration. Of these the two outside nets have a mesh of about five inches from knot to knot, but the middle net's mesh is only about one inch, and this net hangs loose along the sea bottom.



The Trammel net set. Note that the mesh of the middle net, which hangs loose along the bottom of the sea, is much smaller than the mesh of the two outside nets—

Now glance at the fourth sketch, and you will see how the trammel works. In this sketch we are looking sideways at the three nets. The fish passes through net A, but then strikes against the smaller mesh of net B, and gets entangled. However, he sees the big mesh of net C on ahead, and so makes a dash for that, hoping to shoot through into safety. But, of course, the stronger his dash, the more firmly is he caught in net B.



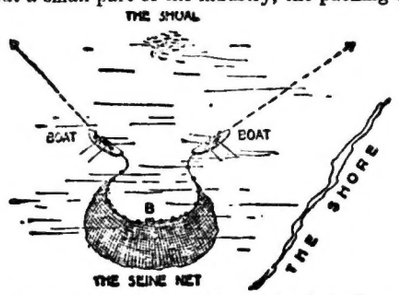
—Mr. Fish passes through A, gets caught in the close mesh of B, makes a dash for C, but only gets entangled tighter.

Picture No. 5 shows the Seine net at work. This is used at St. Ive's for pilchards, and has a half-inch mesh and a length of some 190 fathoms.

Two boats, each with one end of the net on board, row out at right-angles to each other, thus spreading out the net as they proceed. In the centre of the net a big bunch of cork is fastened (B in picture), which serves as a guide to its exact position. The shoal of fish is thus gradually inclosed, after which the boats draw in close together again, and then proceed to the shore with their catch.

Deep-sea fishing may, in fact, be roughly divided up into two sorts, in one of which the nets hang about under water until the fish come into them, while in the other the net sweeps the fish in while drawn through the water by a boat. The drift nets take herrings and mackerel, while the trawl nets account for turbot, brill, plaice, sole, dabs, flounders, halibut, skate, cod, ling, hake, red mullet, and many others.

Needless to say, the actual catching of the fish is but a small part of the industry, the packing and dispatching of the various catches being a source of employment to thousands.



This Seine net is used for catching pilchards in Cornwall. It has corks along the upper edge, and a big cork, B, in the centre, which tells the fishermen just how and where the net is lying.

At such times as Good Friday, when it is holiday season, and there is also a tremendous demand for fish, the railways have their work cut out to cope successfully with the holiday traffic and also to get off the fish with the least possible delay.

HE MET THE FIGHTING EDITOR.

THE young man was convulsed with sobs as he stood in front of the newspaper office gazing anxiously at the editorial entrance.

"What is the matter, my man?" inquired a kind-hearted passer-by.

"It's m-my brother," sobbed the young man. "It's my poor, misguided brother!"

"Dear me," said the benevolent one. "Is he in trouble, then?"

"Alas, yes!" replied the sorrowful one. "This m-morning he s-saw an insulting paragraph in this p-paper, and he thought it was about him. S-so he came up to knock the stuffing out of the editor."

"And hasn't he come out yet?"

"N-not all of him. He's c-coming down in sections. Parts of h-him have been c-coming for the last half-hour. I don't know when the bulk will arrive. Oh, dear!"

MY YARD-WIDE EYE.

Seaside Secrets Seen in a Camera Obscura.
By GEORGE SCAMP, of Ramsgate.

(Most visitors to the Isle of Thanet know Mr. George Scamp, the enterprising showman who for many years past has "run" a camera obscura a contrivance that reflects in miniature on a white sheet inside a small house that which is going on outside—not to mention scores of other popular attractions—at Ramsgate, Pegwell Bay, and elsewhere along the coast.)

ONE sees strange sights in a seaside camera obscura.

Not only does it show everything and everybody on the front, in their proper colours and motions, but it peeps round corners, and into places where the human eye cannot easily penetrate.

By its aid I once detected a runaway wife in a cave in the cliffs, and was instrumental in restoring her to her husband. In similar fashion I have "spotted" literally hundreds of lost children. Indeed, it became quite the recognised thing at one time in the height of the season, when the beach was crowded with holiday-makers, for anxious mothers to solicit my aid in searching for their offspring, and very rarely indeed did they do so in vain. In like manner dog-owners came to me to seek for their strayed pets.

Once, too, a young man came to me in great distress at the loss of a bicycle. It was a brand-new machine that he had borrowed that day from a friend. He had gone in to bathe, leaving it standing against the sea wall, and when he came out of the water it had vanished. If he could not find it, he explained, he would have to buy his friend another one, and that would cripple him financially for months to come, for he was only a poor journeyman baker.

Hidden Under a Bathing-Machine.

Well, I set the camera to work, turning it this way and that, and very soon we located the bicycle hidden beneath a disused bathing-machine in so cunning a manner that to detect it with the naked eye in the ordinary way from outside would have been impossible.

I wanted him to wait awhile and watch for the thief to come back after it, as I felt sure he would do sooner or later, but the young man was too overjoyed at having recovered the machine to wish to make any further bother.

Children are my best customers. One day a little girl clapped her hands gleefully at something she saw reflected on the table. "Oh, do look, Mr. Scamp, at the funny way this man is behaving in the water!" she cried.

I looked, and there was a bather drowning before my eyes.

He was out of sight of the people on the beach behind a row of machines, and as he was the only bather in the water at the time—it was late in the season, and a cold day—he would certainly have been drowned if the camera had not revealed his plight to us. Of course, I lost not a moment in raising an alarm, and he was rescued, but only just in the nick of time.

'Tecs Watch from My Room.

Pickpockets would be well advised to refrain from practising their art at any seaside place where there is a camera obscura, for as the whole stretch of even the longest beach or promenade is reflected in it in miniature, they can be easily seen "at work."

So well is this fact known to the police that I have frequently had detectives stationed in my dark-room for hours together watching suspects. Of course, I was not supposed to know who they were, or what they were there for, and they paid their pennies for admission the same as any ordinary sightseer, but naturally I soon got to recognise them.

Once, I remember, two plain-clothes men from Scotland Yard came down specially to try and arrest a couple of clever London pickpockets who were known to be "working" a seaside resort where I was exhibiting. The detectives made straight for my camera obscura, quickly spotted their men, and, after waiting and watching a little while, saw enough to justify them in taking them into custody.

The thieves were tremendously astonished for they had their "crows" out all along the front, and they were quite sure that the detectives had not been anywhere near them while they had been "at work." Nor, of course, had they.

These are all exclamations of surprise. They are hackneyed. I want a new one. ☛

The Story of a Clever Ventriloquist.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

"THE Great Voco," that exceedingly popular ventriloquist who, in private life, was known as Mr. Peter Flick, was taking a well-deserved holiday from "the halls."

Possessed of a whim for nautical adventure, he was wishful to hire a small yacht for a week or two, and, to that end, he had travelled to the little maritime town of Shorehaven, to explore the harbour in hopes of finding a suitable craft. His quest proved vain and, at last, abandoning the search in favour of a rest, he entered the "Jolly Ropemakers."

Three mariners there present nodded him a good-day and continued their conversation.

"If it wasn't that the *Jane Gladys* was a comfortable boat," said an elderly sailor, "I'd leave 'er to-morrow, after this."

"So'd I, Sam," agreed a seafaring gentleman in vivid yellow trousers.

"I must say I was surprised," continued Sam. "The skipper's all right, as a rule. I've never known 'im carry on like this before."

"When I 'eard about it," confessed another, a very stout man, "you could have knocked me down with a feather!"

"'Im and the mate was such pals, too!" said Saffron Trousers, in tones of wonder. "And then for them to quarrel!"

"They've quarrelled 'undreds of times before," said Sam. "Only then they never remembered it next morning. You'll 'ardly believe it, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Flick, "but our mate's got the sack!"

"No!" said Mr. Flick, politely assuming incredulity.

"Ah, I knoo 'e'd be surprised," said the stout mariner.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Flick.

"You see, sir, it was like this," explained the mariner, "our skipper and the mate 'ad a row last night. I don't know what it was all about, and, what's more, I don't think they knows either. And this morning the skipper says to the mate, 'Don't forget you leaves this 'ere boat to-day. You 'anded in your resignation last night.'"

"I 'eard 'im 'anding it in," observed Sam. "My! that mate can talk when 'e's roused."

"Struck all of a heap was the mate, when 'e 'eard the skipper say that," continued the cook. "You see, 'im and the skipper was such pals, and they'd sailed together for years. But the skipper was feeling a bit off colour. 'Yes,' says he, 'you leaves to-day by your own wish—and goo1 riddance!' The mate was feeling a bit nasty, too, and he just packed up his things, and marched off the boat."

"A nice chap, the mate," supplemented Sam. "As nice a chap as you could want. We shall miss 'im."

"Skipper's sorry for it already, I believe," remarked Saffron Trousers. "But the mate's gone 'ome to Folkestone, and now the skipper's looking for a new mate."

"What I says——" began Sam, when he was interrupted by the sudden advent of a fourth mariner.

The newcomer, shakily selecting the fullest mug, drained it, and collapsed on to a seat.

"I wanted that!" he exclaimed. "I've 'ad *such* a shock. I've just 'eard—'eard it from the skipper's own lips 'oo the new mate is to be. 'Oo do you think it is? Why, old George Mogg!"

For a second there was a dismayed pause. Then the crew of the *Jane Gladys* broke out into loud and unfeigned cries of aversion. From their disjointed ejaculations, it was apparent that Mr. George Mogg was the most repellent specimen of humanity who had ever obtained a mate's job.

"Mr. Mogg," observed Mr. Flick, "appears to be unpopular."

"Mr. Mogg is a——" began Sam. "Well, 'e's no gentleman," he concluded, weakly.

"Look 'ere," said the newcomer, "I'll tell you one thing. *I* ain't going to sail under 'im. I'm going to 'ook it."

"Don't be a fool, Bill," urged Sam, uncomfortably. "Why, we sail to-night!"

"Then you'll sail without me," said Bill, definitely. "I've been under George Mogg before—five weeks of George Mogg, and seven of 'orspital to follow, I 'ad. 'E said it was only a haccident, but I knoo better, though I didn't give 'im away."

"Skipper'll 'ave to find a new 'and then," said the cook. "'E'll 'ave all 'is work cut out, if 'e lets it be known 'e's got old George Mogg as mate."

"I wonder," said Mr. Flick, "if he'd take me. I know a bit about the sea, and I'm in want of a trip."

"Speaking respectful, sir," replied Sam, "don't you be a blooming fool!"

"I think," continued Mr. Flick, thoughtfully, "I should enjoy the trip."

"Well, if you're silly enough to want to come," said Sam, "it'll be easy enough. You be down at the wharf to-night at eight when the *Jane Gladys* is due to sail. Then, when old Bill 'ere don't turn up, you come aboard and ask for a job. Skipper'll be glad to 'ave you then. But *I* wouldn't *come*, if I was you. You see, us chaps is used to roughing it, and we shall only stick it till we gets 'ome to Greenwich."

"Unless, of course," said Mr. Flick, "Mr. Mogg is dismissed."

"What do you mean?" asked Sam.

"Nothing," replied "The Great Voco"; but there was a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Shortly before eight that evening Mr. Flick, suitably attired, wandered on to the wharf and stood beside the *Jane Gladys* to listen to the skipper's utterances on the laziness of Bill.

"We shall lose the tide," roared the skipper. "Better cast off now. And as for Bill——"

Mr. Flick seized the opportunity to approach the skipper for employment, and a minute later "The Great Voco" was an accredited member of the crew.

The vessel sheered off and stood out to sea. The lights of shore were already well-nigh lost when the cook took supper into the cabin.

"Call that coffee!" roared Mr. Mogg's voice, a moment after the cook had left the department.

The crew stood apprehensively to listen.

"You're too slack with your men, skipper," said Mogg. "They wants waking up. I'm a first-class waker-up, I am. With your leave, I'll just 'ave a talk to the cook."

Apparently the skipper gave permission, for Mogg's voice was heard roaring "Cook!"

The cook timidly replied to the summons. Mr. Mogg's voice was heard raised in wrath, and presently the cook came shakily on deck again.

"Oh!" he said, helplessly, exhibiting the whites of his eyes. "Oh!"

"Look out—'ere 'e comes," said Sam warningly, and skipped below to the fo'c's'le as Mr. Mogg strode forward.

"Here, you!" he shouted, catching sight of Mr. Flick. "What're you doing?"

"Nothing," said Mr. Flick, innocently.

"We'll soon alter that. You've got to work aboard this craft. And if you don't work, you've got to talk to me, see?"

"I'd rather work," said Mr. Flick simply.

"That's enough! I don't want none of your lip. See that?" demanded Mogg, exhibiting a knobbly fist beneath Mr. Flick's nose. "That's what you'll feel before you're much older, my lad. Now get below, if it ain't your watch."

He turned and strode away.

"I guess Mr. Mogg will deserve any trouble that comes to him," said Mr. Flick, thoughtfully.

Next morning, Mr. Flick was busy on deck when Mr. Mogg appeared, and suddenly stood still in a listening attitude.

It seemed that voices were proceeding from the covered hold.

"We're well out at sea by now," hazarded a voice.

"A stowaway!" exclaimed Mogg.

"Yes, well out!" agreed a second voice.

"Two stowaways!" amended Mogg.

"Bet they don't find us," said a third voice.

"Three!" counted Mogg, his voice soaring.

"Never mind about that," said a fourth voice. "You 'urry up and deal out the next 'and, Jim!"

"Four!" shrilled Mogg. "Four stowaways—and playing cards! 'Ere," he shouted to Mr. Flick, "bear a 'and in moving these 'atches."

"The Great Voco," suppressing a smile, did as he was ordered. The irate Mogg was about to plunge into the hold when the skipper came on deck.

"Stowaways!" explained Mogg. "I 'eard 'em!"

He vanished, and was absent some while.

"They're 'iding," he explained, reappearing; "but they're there right enough. I 'eard 'em as plain as plain."

"I'll come and 'elp you look for 'em," said the skipper.

Twenty minutes after he emerged from the hold, hot and angry, followed by the mystified Mogg.

"I tell you their voices was as plain as plain," protested Mogg.

"Put them 'atches back," ordered the skipper shortly, darting a baleful glance at Mogg as he strode away.

Ten minutes later the voices again became audible.

"Now can you 'ear men speaking in the 'old?" demanded Mogg, turning to Mr. Flick.

"No, I can't," replied "The Great Voco," speaking truthfully enough.

"You're a fool!" snapped Mogg and went to fetch the skipper.

For half an hour the skipper sat in silence on the hatches, but no voices were heard coming from the hold.

"I tell you, I *did* 'ear 'em," protested Mogg.

"Must have been your fancy," said the skipper sourly, and went back to his cabin.

Late that evening Mr. Flick climbed cautiously on deck, and concealed himself. Then, assuming a very fair imitation of the cook's voice, he threw it aloft.

"Silly old Mogg!" chanted the apparent voice of the cook in derision, and went on to add sundry personal statements concerning the hated mate.

The amazed Mogg peered into the dark sky, and then hastened to the skipper.

"The cook's climbed aloft, and 'e's shouting all sorts of things about me!" he announced.

"The cook—aloft?" murmured the skipper dazedly, reflecting on the vast bulk of the cook.

"Yes, the cook. I'll wait for 'im till 'e comes down," he said grimly, and darted on deck again.

"You 'ave got a dial, Mogg!" came the seeming voice of the cook from aloft.

The mate took his stand at the foot of the mast, and a few seconds later the skipper came up on deck to him there.

"'E's still there," said the mate.

"Come down at once, cook," ordered the skipper. "I'm surprised at you!"

"Cook, sir?" said one of the crew in bewilderment. "Why, 'e's asleep in 'is bunk; been there for hours!"

Hastily the skipper went below to confirm this statement. Striking a match, he peered down at the peaceful slumbers of the cook, and then returned on deck.

"You've got fancies, Mogg," he said severely. "That's what's the matter with you."

In this opinion he was fortified at an early hour of the morning, when Mr. Mogg ran into his cabin in great excitement.

"Old Sam's fell overboard," stated Mr. Mogg. "I 'eard 'im shouting for 'elp."

"Did you see 'im go?" queried the alarmed skipper.

"No, I was at the wheel when all at once I 'eard 'is voice yelling from astern of us. I gave the wheel to that new 'and, Flick, 'oo was near me, and ran to the side, but I couldn't see nothing."

The skipper and mate rushed on deck.

"I 'eard old Sam's voice, plain as plain," asseverated the mate. "I——"

His words died away in a gurgle of astonishment, for at that moment old Sam, aroused by the turmoil, came sleepily up on deck.

The skipper turned to Mogg.

"I could 'ave sworn——" began the mate.

"So could I, *now*," retorted the skipper, "if I didn't know 'ow to 'old meself in."

"So far, so good," reflected "The Great Voco," viewing the result of his ventriloquial powers. "One more incident and the show is over."

This last incident occurred at dusk that evening. Mr. Mogg was issuing orders to Flick when the apparent voice of the skipper came faintly to his ears.

"We've sprung a leak like a waterfall!" rose the skipper's anguished cry from below. "Lower the boats, quick, Mogg, and get the crew off. Then lay by for me."

To hear was to obey, in Mr. Mogg's mind, and so three minutes later the skipper sauntered on deck to find the *Jane Gladys* derelict, and the anxious crew packed into a small boat floating fifty yards away.

"'Urry up!" begged Mogg. "Let's get away before we're sucked down with 'er!"

Panic-stricken by these words, the skipper dived overboard with a mighty splash and swam to the boat.

* * * *

Explanations ensued. The skipper, denying all knowledge of having shouted to Mogg, said a very great deal. The crew, finding the skipper did not discourage them, joined in the denunciation of the mate, speaking with painful volubility.

Then came a stern chase after the *Jane Gladys*. Fortunately the wind was light, and at last the weary rowers overtook her, and clambered brokenly aboard.

"You and your fancies!" shouted the skipper. "You ain't safe to 'ave aboard. Look 'ere, we calls at Eastport to-morrow morning, and you'll go ashore there. I never want to see you again as long as I live. Yes, and I'll send a wire to the mate that's just left asking 'im to overlook the past, and join us again at Brightsea."

And so it came about that the *Jane Gladys* sailed mateless from Eastport to Brightsea, and at Brightsea, where "The Great Voco" left the ship, the old mate returned to the *Jane Gladys* once more.

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Keep it short. For the best five I will give five "P.W." penknives. Mark postcards "Surprise." *(See page 180.)*

Ruined Homes

No 1. THE STRIKE.

One day the prattle of children's voices, laughter, play-sounds, and all the evidences of a happy British home. The next—silence, shuttered windows, a "To Let" board in the tiny front garden. And somewhere, a frightened, heart-broken mother is sorrowing for a lost home. Nobody knows where she is, or cares much!

A home has been ruined!

It is only one of hundreds of cases. They occur every week, every day. Our little pen pictures may perhaps prove "an arrow shot at a venture" that will mean a home redeemed!

HE came into the cottage flushed.

"'Ere y'are," he said, laying down five shillings and a pawnticket, "I've been runnin'. 'Ow's the kid?"

His wife shook her head over the slight bundle lying across her arm.

"Bad! Can 'ardly get 'er breath."

The bundle was passed to her husband and she ran off to the local chemist with the five shillings.

"She'll soon be better," he said helplessly.

"Not in *this* world, I'm afraid."

She raised her apron to her eyes while the husband looked dreamily out of the window and made circles, and squares, and figures on the table with the edge of the pawnticket. On it was scrawled, "One plain gold ring." He turned and gazed at the empty third finger of his wife's left hand, and for the first time he was confronted with the full hideousness of his position—a wrecked home, a half-starved wife, a child on the brink of the grave!

On strike! On strike! The words had fascinated him when the strike began, but now they were taunting him, blinding him, driving him half-mad.

He had entered on the struggle vigorously, with a blazing eye and a fierce determination, but time had wrought the inevitable change.

The strike had ground his natural pride to powder, forced him to the pawnshop, to the soup kitchen, forced his wife to hang around after cheap "bits" on the butcher's stalls in the market-place on Saturday nights. His home was ruined it was almost bare. Ornaments, pictures, Sunday clothes, bits of treasured jewellery—all were gone, and in their place was a sheaf of pawn-tickets.

With something of the look of a wild animal that sees its offspring starving, but is prevented by the hunters' guns from getting food, he paced the cottage floor and cursed the day that he was born.

Then, unable to bear the sight any longer, he kissed his wife, gave a longing look at the white, doll-face half hidden in the pillow, and walked out to learn the latest strike news.

An hour or so later he burst into the cottage, whirling his cap in the air like a joyous schoolboy on holiday.

"Settled!" he cried.

He flung his arms about his wife, and smothered her face with kisses.

She was strangely quiet, he thought.

"Why don't you laugh? Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Laugh, Why—what's the matter with you?"

She struggled free and pointed to the cradle.

"Dead!" she whispered.

Next week: "BETTING."

RUINED HOMES.—No. 1. THE STRIKE.

In a few minutes she returned with a bottle full of a dark liquid and mixed a dose and emptied it between the bloodless lips. The small, shell-like hands beat the air for a moment, and then dropped down like two little white stones.

A broad smile lit up the mother's face as she remarked the soothing effect of the medicine. Gently she laid her infant in its cradle—a rickety affair of great age—and tucked in the coarse sheets.

Then a hot tear splashed on the pillow.

"Oh, Jim!" she said. "I'm tired of it!"

"Cheer up, kiddy. Cheer up!" Jim called weakly from the sofa. "We're not as low down as some."

"Oh, I wish I were dead, Jim! This strike's a murderer; it's killing Babs by inches. She wants food, a change of air, comfort. But——"

And she threw up her arms in an attitude of despair.

H.M.'s Inspector of Palaces.

All About the Many Important Duties of Mr. Sands.

MR. SANDS, the inspector of Buckingham Palace, is an official the public hear little of, but he nevertheless holds an important and responsible position, and at the end of the London season, when the Court leaves Buckingham Palace, has an especially busy time of it.

It is then that what is known to most householders as "Spring cleaning" is done at Buckingham Palace, and the work is carried out under the direction and supervision of Mr. Sands.

Several weeks before it is begun he inspects all the departments in the Palace, makes a note of any repapering or painting that will be required to be done in any of them. He also inspects all the lighting arrangements, and the water supply fittings, and sees that the drinking water is carefully tested.

A report of the results of the inspection is then made out and submitted to the King. When it has been passed by his Majesty the work recommended to be done by the inspector is put in hand as soon as the Court leaves London at the end of the season.

Every apartment where any papering or painting is to be done is cleared of every vestige of furniture. Many of these rooms may contain immensely valuable ornaments and pictures. These are all packed in specially designed steel-lined cases, this is done by the inspectors' staff, and under his personal supervision.

A list is made of all the articles that are packed and given to the inspector, who locks the cases and takes charge of the keys. The cases are then sent down to one of the large strong-rooms, of which there are three on the basement floor of the Palace, where they are kept until the apartments from which the various articles have been removed are ready to be furnished again.

The large furniture is removed during the cleaning out or papering and painting of any apartment to a very spacious store-room on the second floor.

Apart from the rooms that are repapered and painted, every room in the Palace is cleaned out at this time of the year. The carpet in each room is first of all cleaned by the vacuum process and then it is taken up and the floor and all the woodwork thoroughly scrubbed.

Twelve rooms a day are cleaned out in this way until every room in the Palace has been done. A staff of ten washerwomen do the washing. Several of the personal and State reception rooms at the Palace are, of course, not carpeted, the floors being of old polished oak. The floors of each of these apartments during the annual cleaning have to be repolished, a laborious task which takes several weeks to complete.

All this work is done under the direction of the inspector of the Royal Palaces, and he is responsible for seeing that it is properly carried out. Though not a resident member of the Royal household, he lives at the Palace during the cleaning operations, when he takes control of the whole staff of the lower servants who are left at the Palace to carry out the work mentioned. Before any furniture is removed from the State or personal apartments to the store-room a loose linen cover has to be put on it. There are over 4,000 of these covers to be put on, and this bit of work alone takes a couple of days to complete. This is done, by the way, before any of the cleaning operations are commenced, and the furniture is left covered until the return of the Court to London in October.

Apart from the work mentioned the inspector of the Palace has a great many other things to see to. He has to see that a host of minor repairs throughout the Palace are attended to, and has to see that everything from the locks on the doors to the window sash cords are in perfect order before he leaves the Palace.

All the clocks in the Palace are overhauled at this time of the year. This alone is in itself a big business, and it is done by contract. There are over three hundred clocks in the Palace, and some of them are immensely valuable. There is a clock in the Queen's boudoir which was in the possession of Queen Elizabeth.

It is incased in the purest gold exquisitely carved, the face is made of ivory, on the centre of which is painted a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. This is one of the most valuable of Queen Mary's private possessions, and was given to her by Queen Victoria on the occasion of her marriage to King George.

Ask a man how he feels in this hot weather. More often than not he replies:

The Empty Sleeve

The Tragic Yarn of an Engine Driver.

Told by H. HUNTER.

He was standing outside the running-shed of the London and North-Western at London Road Station, Manchester. His left sleeve was empty, and he carried a pen behind his ear. He was the timekeeper.

The famous express engine "Meg Merrilies" was just going out to take the 5 p.m. fast express to Euston.

"A beauty, isn't she?" he said to me, patting the hot, glistening side of the powerful locomotive affectionately. To the men who work the "road" a locomotive, like a ship, is always "she," no matter what name may be given it officially.

"An old sweetheart of mine," he continued, with a laugh, as the driver, having got the signal, blew the whistle and opened the throttle. "And as pretty a bit of rolling stock as ever came out of Crewe. There's a lot o' talk in the shed to-day 'bout new types—'Atlantics,' and what not. I daresay you've seem some of 'em. There's one goes out with the 3.15. But they'll never beat her, sir; never!—for speed, power, or looks. She's got 'em all, she has."

He gazed after the softly-gliding, big "express" with fondness and admiration.

"She's a lady, sir, she is," he went on enthusiastically; "goes on velvet, runs smooth and steady, with an even pulse, and gentle beat, when she's pulling ten o' them big eight-wheeled coaches behind her and doing fifty-seven miles an hour—doing it mile after mile as reg'lar as the hand goes round the clock. She's a runner that'll take a lot of beatin'.

"I was the first man you know who took her out—took her over from the shops; and we worked the fast expresses from Manchester to London—them what do it in four hours, less a quarter—and from London to Manchester alternately for twelve months on schedule time; and without a hitch. Then she went into the shops for overhauling. She was only off the road a week—there was nothing amiss with her—but before she came on again I'd lost my arm, and my days on the footplate were over."

"By the way, Rogers," I said, "how did it happen? I've been on the point of asking you several times, but have never done so. P'raps you can tell me now?"

"Don't know as I can, sir," he said, with a queer smile, and producing his pipe. "But I can try. I know it did happen; and that it was a sore cut-up for the wife. She blamed herself for it, you know, poor girl. But if I'd only minded the warning—oh, yes, I had warning right enough—I might have been on the footplate to-day, 'stead of being only timekeeper in the running-shed."

"It was an accident, I suppose," I said, "an accident on the line. So why should the missus have blamed herself for that?"

He smiled—the same queer smile, and made the rather enigmatical reply, "Because she's a woman," adding, "and a woman with a softer heart and tenderer soul than my Nance you won't find, search Lancashire through. But women are women, and there's not one of 'em can bide to have a rival in her man's thoughts and affections—whether it's a horse, a dog, a ship, or a railway engine—and 'Meg' was Nancy's rival; or the lass chose to think so, anyway. She couldn't bear to hear me speak of the engine as 'my old sweetheart,' 'good old Meg, who hasn't got a vice in her,' 'my old gal, who does her bit, without ever a growl or a grumble,' and the like.

"'That's no way,' she'd say, 'to talk of a thing without sense or feeling. But I do b'leeve as you think a sight more of that old biler on wheels than ever you do o' me, Jim Rogers.'

"Poor Nance! She couldn't understand how a man can get as fond of his engine as a sailor of his ship. And sometimes, to tell truth, I'd only talk like that to vex her. But, there," he said, laughing, "come to it, I wur no better at understandin' her. I understood Meg a lot better than I did Nance, because, you see, the lass, dear heart, was flesh and blood of God's making, while the engine was only steel and iron what man had put together.

"Well, one day when Tom Evans, who's driving her now, but was my fireman then, and only lived a few streets away, had looked in, and we wur deep in talk 'bout the 'old gal'—'bout her valves, her generatin' power, and so on—the wife being flesh and blood, suddenly exploded:

"'Drat you and your old gal!' she broke out. ''Tis nothing else whenever you get together. The pair of you think more o' that old iron kettle than ever you do of the wives you've married. There's my Jim,' says she; 'it's a long way back, Tom Evans, since I wur in his thoughts half as much as that old engine; and Mrs. Evans, I expect, if I was to ask her, would tell me the same about you. It's downright sinful I call it,' she said, 'to talk of yon bit of ironware as if it was a livin' woman, for that's what you do. But,' turning sharp on me, 'maybe you won't have her, my lad, much longer.'

"'Twur only just a little bit o' temper, of course, what us chaps laughed at and forgot. But it's a fact that in that same week I got the order to take her into Crewe.

"'Well,' I said, when I told the wife, 'them words o' yours ain't been long comin' true, Nance. I've lost the old gal—my old sweetheart! They've parted us—taken her from me.'

"She looked at me, not understanding; and thinking as I'd got the push.

"'She's gone to Crewe,' I said, 'for overhauling.' And then, laughing, 'Dost hope I shan't get her back again? Anyway, lass, she was a good machine; and if I don't get her back I hope I shan't get a worse—one with a temper. Yes,' I said, smiling at her, 'some of 'em have got as many faults as a horse—or a woman, Nance.' Then, kissing her, 'They've put me off for a week, and as Oldham Wakes are on, let's go and enjoy ourselves a bit.'

"Well, when the week was up, and I went back to the shed, the foreman, he says to me, 'the Merrilies ain't come down yet, and I don't know that you'll have her again when she does. At present, anyway, you're to take the Emperor. She's the same class, so you'll know how to handle her. Report for duty at 3.30 to take out the 5 o'clock.'

"And now comes the funny part of it—what I call the funny part, because I don't know what else to call it. All I know is that the first time since I went on the road I had a funny feeling. I felt a strong disinclination to go out with the Emperor. I smelled danger—felt that something, I didn't know what, something would happen on the journey.

"Unreasonable, I allow, but there it was. A voice in me seemed to say that if I took out the five o'clock with the Emperor, it would be the last run I should ever make.

"When I mentioned it to Nancy, casual-like, to see what she'd say—'cause I'd made up my mind that if she said 'If you feel like that it wur best not go, lad,' as I'd expect a man ain't no good on an express engine if his nerve's shaky—the wife only chaffed me 'bout losin' my head over old Meg.

"'Tis only because you haven't got her. 'Pon my Jim, I think it's as well they've given you a change. You're gettin' fair crazy, man, over the old thing. So taken up with her, you could think of nothing else. Let bide,' says she. 'I believe 'tis nothin' but an excuse, what you're sayin', to ask her back again. You'll make yersel' the laugh o' the shed gets to hear about it. The Emperor's a proper o' name for an engine, anyway, to my thinking, than Meg Merrilies. Take any train, lad; think no more about it, and nothin' 'll happen.'

"Five minutes afterwards she kissed me 'good-bye,' as sweetly and lingeringly as in our old courtin' days, and gently pushed me outside the door.

"There was a new fireman on the footplate, Tom Evans having got promoted driver on a local; and you can bet I made a careful examination of the Emperor before we left the shed.

"She was a fine big machine, a year older than the Merrilies, therefore newer—perfect indeed in every part; and there was no reason, as far as I could see, why she shouldn't prove another Meg. I laughed at my fears. Yet all the time I couldn't shake off that queer feeling. It stuck to me. And when I opened the throttle and got no responsive thrill, such as Meg had always given me, I took it as a bad sign.

"Old Meg had always seemed to me to have a human touch about her, but the Emperor was just a machine. You may be surprised, but all men who have done any driving know the difference.

"Well, we got away all right, and coming off the high viaduct at Stockport I put on steam. We have to run easy till we're over the viaduct. But directly she felt the extra pressure in the cylinders she gave a tug and then a bound, and we began to fly.

"But while Meg was steady as a rock, or say as a spinning top 'asleep,' under full steam and running for a record—I've worked her up to seventy-five on the level on speed trials—the Emperor rocked and swayed, most like a ship at sea, as soon as she got over fifty. Up to fifty I'd no particular fault to find with her. But the London and Manchester fliers have to do a lot more than fifty most part of the trip.

"I can't say whether she'd always done it. I didn't know the man who had her before. She was built for express work, and had been doing it ever since she was put on the road. Anyway, the only time I drove her she rocked and lolloped like a boat. I tried coaxing and humouring, for the blamed thing seemed bent on giving all the trouble she could. But I couldn't break her of it, or of her other little ways either; and of course I had to keep up the pace and shove her along.

"A fast express runs on a very narrow margin. A slow train may make up time; but not a flier. Every minute with her counts. I don't know that the rocking of itself, apart from the disagreeableness of it on a long spin, would have troubled me over-much at any other time. I'd driven brutes which would rock like a cradle—yes, and jump, too, at forty. But I s'pose it was the danger in that that was awake in me, and as we ran through yard after yard, over crossings, points and facing points, I kept saying to myself, 'When will it happen? Where will it happen? How will it happen?' Always expecting something would go wrong to one of 'em, and always being surprised when it didn't.

"You may reckon I never took my hand off the throttle lever the whole time she was running, and kept a bright look-out ahead from the start.

"Well, at last we had left all the danger zones behind us—Crewe yard, Stafford, Rugby, Blisworth—places that you can't go slap-dash at, but have always to be careful how you take 'em; passed 'em all and nothing had happened. I was beginning to think less of my funny fancy; and as the up-road is downgrade for the last thirty miles into London, was putting her along at top speed—letting her swing if she would; but feeling easier in my mind than at any time since we started.

"We were nearing the end. Euston, so to speak, was almost in sight. We plunged into Watford Tunnel and out again in a trice, went through Watford Station on time at over sixty to the hour, had just cleared the platforms, and I was looking at my watch, when—it happened."

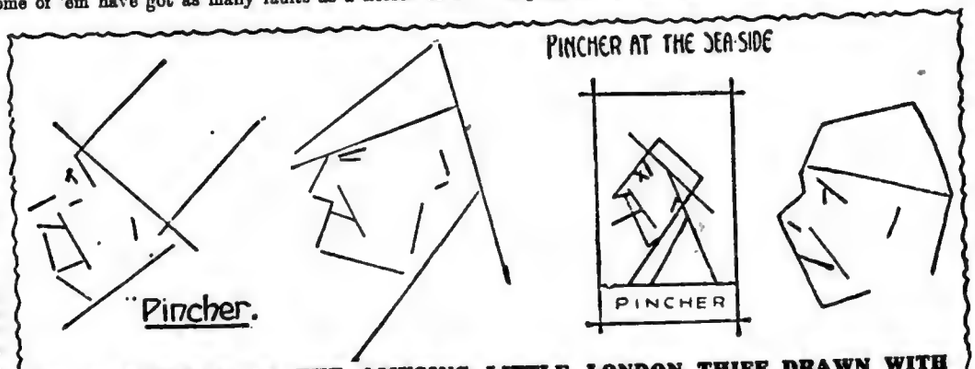
"What was it?"

He smiled—again that queer smile.

"Well," he said, "although I was there I couldn't tell you. The Scotch Express had passed safely over the same spot only a quarter of an hour before. We had run safely through all the danger zones on the route, and yet just where every engineer who examined the road said there was nothing amiss with it—it was as safe and sound as a road could be—the Emperor left the metals, and went over, and in the mix-up my left arm was burnt to a crisp in the firebox.

"Nance, poor lass, went back to her home; and by and bye the company put me in charge as timekeeper.

"But that, sir, is how I come to be wearing an empty sleeve to-day."



FOUR PICTURES OF THE AMUSING LITTLE LONDON THIEF DRAWN WITH FIFTEEN STRAIGHT LINES.

(This was one of our Footline Contests. The names of the prize-winners will be found on page 176.)

"Like a jelly fish." Why should he feel like a jelly fish, eh?

The Man Zulu Spears Couldn't Kill

COLONEL COLENBRANDER, C.B., TELLS THE TRUE STORY OF HIS THRILLING FIGHT FOR LIFE.

To be chopped on the head with a Zulu battle-axe and stabbed in a dozen places with an assegai; to wrestle in desperate life-and-death combat with a savage adversary for an hour while the latter's friends try to get close enough to finish the fight by striking the mortal blow; to leave the savage for dead, only to have him revive and seize the weapon and renew the fearful struggle; finally, half spent and blinded by the flow from dreadful wounds, to thrust the spear through the Zulu's body and only by the narrowest margin to escape running oneself through at the same stroke—for an episode such as that the term "adventure" seems a mild and entirely insufficient title.

And to have it happen to an eighteen-year-old boy would be regarded by many as altogether likely to discourage the adventurous youth from seeking further excitement of a similar nature. But when Johan Colenbrander tells the tale it is apparent that it was but an incident of everyday life in Zululand thirty-odd years ago.

Colonel Johan W. Colenbrander, C.B.—that is his full name and title. The "Colonel" came when he was placed in command of the First regiment of "Kitchener's Fighting Scouts," that famous regiment of frontiersmen, soldiers of fortune, and fighting adventurers. The "C.B."—well, few men who do not deserve more than well of their country ever become Companions of the Bath, and few have ever deserved the honour conferred by Royal hands more than did Johan Colenbrander.

A Long, Ugly Scar.

He is bald, except for a light fringe of grey hair around the sides and back of his head, and when he removes his hat the most noticeable feature of his physiognomy is a great scar, seven or eight inches long, that runs from the top of his head down over the left temple and into the cheek in front of the ear. And it was an inquiry as to how he got this terrific wound that led to the telling of the story of his fight.

It was a Zulu's battle-axe that gave me that little memento, said Colonel Colenbrander. That was a long time ago. When Cetewayo, the King of the Zulus, was captured and sent to England, 1879.

I was a boy of eighteen or so at the time. I had been chasing after Zulus and helping one Zulu chief fight another for some time then. My parents could not keep me away from the adventurous life. I could ride, I could shoot, and I loved the excitement and the hard work of the frontier.

After Cetewayo was sent into exile Sir Garnet Wolseley divided his territory up among thirteen chiefs, and it was not long before tremendous rivalry broke out among them. One was John Dunn, a white man—perhaps you have heard of him. He became a Zulu chief and married many Zulu wives. He had seventy-two to my knowledge at one time. There was a chief named Sibepu, whose territory was known as Mandhlagazi, who was Dunn's friend, but between them lay the territories of two other chiefs who were hostile to both of them.

They Captured Young Women.

I knew the native languages and ways, and when Dunn took possession of his territory he gave me an exclusive trading concession. I went up there and found that he was having a great deal of trouble in communicating with his friend Sibepu, so I soon found myself engaged largely in carrying messages between the two, across miles of hostile territory.

Sibepu became my friend, and I undertook to help him to keep back the raiding tribes that lay between him and John Dunn. These fellows would organise raiding expeditions, cross the boundary lines, kill the old men and old women, capture the younger women and children and all the live stock they could drive and go back to their own territory with the loot.

It was contrary to all their agreements, and if they had been caught at crossing the territorial lines it would have gone hard with them. Sibepu and his men never crossed their boundary line but once, for they did not want to bring down the punishment of the English on their heads.

I tried to organise a little cavalry squad among the Zulu boys of my own age in Sibepu's territory. It was hard work, for horses die like flies in that country, but I finally got together a fairly efficient little corps, of perhaps twenty-five, and taught them to ride and to shoot.

One night word reached us that the adjoining tribe had crossed the boundary and were looting thirty miles inside of our territory. We were fifteen miles from them when we heard it. Messengers were sent out to rally Sibepu's fighting men, and by three o'clock in the morning we had several hundred warriors and seventeen of my mounted boys.

We started after the enemy, who had learned of our approach and were retreating as rapidly as possible toward their own lines, driving hundreds of head of cattle and goats and a hundred or more women that they had captured.

Our men on foot could travel a little faster than the enemy, for the latter had to drive the captured stock. Still, we had gained very little on them at daybreak, and we feared that they would get across the boundary line before we could overtake and engage them. I proposed to Sibepu that I should take the mounted boys, make a detour, and attack the fleeing rascals from in front.

It was a foolhardy, boyish proposal, for there were but seventeen of us against some three hundred or more of the enemy. Sibepu agreed to it, however, and added that he would go with us.

I Killed Seventeen Zulus.

We were armed with Martini-Henry rifles, the best weapon known in South Africa in those days, but only a few of our foot warriors and very few of the enemy carried anything but the native weapons—battle-axe, knobkerry, and assegai.

Taking advantage of the rough country, we rode around the end of the retreating enemy and got into a range of hills that lay directly across their pathway. We waited there under cover until we could see our reserves approaching, three miles or more in the rear of the enemy. Then we opened fire.

The enemy was panic-stricken at the first volley. They had imagined themselves safe from a frontal attack, and we fired so rapidly and from such widely scattered points that they imagined there was a large force ahead of them. They broke and ran, leaving the captured women and stock, while we kept on pumping lead into them and riding down in the direction they were going to head them off.

As we rode them down we scattered to head off the stragglers. I killed seventeen that I know of, and possibly a few more, before I discovered that I had become entirely separated from the rest of my boys and was rapidly being surrounded by the Zulus, who were closing in on me with the intention of finishing me with their battle-axes and stabbing assegais—short spears which they use like a dagger.

The Zulu climbed on to the top of the boulder and threw his battle-axe down on me.

Keep in mind that this was on a steep hill-side, in rocky country, with no bush for protection. I dodged two or three battle-axes that were thrown at me, fired whenever I saw a head peep out from among the rocks, and was greatly relieved when I saw Sibepu, our chief, who had discovered my plight, firing at my opponents from an angle that left many of them without shelter.

Suddenly from behind a great boulder close by me a Zulu popped up and threw his assegai. It missed me, but before I could fire he ducked behind the boulder. I spurred my horse around the rock, and he ran round to the other side.

Cut My Hat in Two.

As I came round I found a steep descent that threw my horse, a game mare that I had used on many shooting expeditions, back on her haunches. I spurred her on, intending to follow around the rock, when I felt, rather than saw, something falling on me from above. The rascal had climbed on top of the boulder and had thrown his battle-axe down on me.

I threw up my left arm involuntarily to ward off the blow. The handle of the axe struck my arm and broke, but the blade struck on top of my head. I was wearing a heavy, wide-brimmed felt hat, such as American cowboys wear, with a silk pugaree around the crown. The blow cut the hat in two and drove the silk into the wound in my head. The force of the blow knocked me from my saddle, and as I fell on the rocks the stock of my gun snapped off short.

I staggered to my feet, dazed, with blood streaming down over my eyes and spurting in two bright fountains where arteries had been cleft by the stroke. As I did so the Zulu leaped down from the boulder, brandishing his short assegai. He had broken his battle-axe, I my gun, and the only weapon either of us had was his stabbing spear. And he had that.

He leaped from the rock and sprang towards me to finish me, chanting the death song of the Zulus as he did so. He raised his assegai and slipped behind me before I could turn. "I do this for my father, as my father did it before me," he sang, as he dealt me a terrific stroke, aimed at the point behind my left collar-bone, through which he would have pierced my heart.

As he struck I slipped backward and the weapon struck the forward edge of the bone and glanced. It ran down my side, inside my clothing, cutting a gash along my ribs. I seized the shaft as I fell, but he pulled it through my hands, the sharp blade cutting my fingers badly.

The Assegai Stuck in My Head.

I remember plucking at the remains of my silk pugaree, which was dangling from the wound in my head and flapping over my eyes, and reviling the Zulu volubly in his own language as I turned to face him. He raised the assegai again, striking for my chest, but at each blow I turned my head towards him instinctively. He struck three or four times at my head, but did not penetrate my skull—here are the scars now. I was trying to rush in and grapple him, but he kept backing away. Finally, as I closed, he brought his weapon down again on my head, and the point struck into the bone and stuck there.

I closed in as closely as I could, holding on to the shaft of the assegai with both hands, and managed to slip my spurred heel around behind his bare leg. Then I pulled my foot towards me, the spur sank into his leg and he fell backward, with me on top of him. In the fall his hold on the assegai was shaken loose. Now I had my man where I wanted him—on the ground, with me on top, and the only weapon in my own hands.

With one hand I seized his windpipe and choked him, while with the other I tried to jab the point of the assegai through his ribs. But his thick, padded tunic, stolen from some British Tommy, was almost spear-proof. The weapon was only soft iron, at best, and its point had already been blunted on my skull.

I choked him hard, calling him all the insulting names I could think of, while I worked the point of the assegai through the cloth to give him his death stroke. Finally I succeeded in penetrating the thick tunic, and I drove the weapon home with all the force I could master. His eyes rolled up and I drew the assegai out, leaving him for dead.

My mare had been standing close by all the time, while Sibepu, with his rifle, had been taking pot shots at the other Zulus, keeping them at bay, but unable himself to come any closer to my rescue.

I turned to mount the mare, and had one foot in the stirrup and one hand on the cantle of the saddle, holding the assegai in the other, when the spear was suddenly plucked out of my hand from behind. I knew what had happened, without having to stop to think about it. My Zulu friend had not been killed. I had pierced only his tunic, not his body, and he had been shamming.

The next thing to expect was a death

For the best reasons I will give five splendid little watches. Mark postcards "Jelly." *(See page 180.)*

£200 IN PRIZES

For Solving the Pictures Below.

MAKE A START TO-DAY.

1ST PRIZE, £100. 2ND PRIZE, £25. 3RD PRIZE, £10. 3 PRIZES OF £5 EACH. 50 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.

THIS week we give you the fifth set of pictures in connection with our new competition. In addition we give you a special coupon containing all the pictures already published so that if you have not begun to solve our pictures you can make a start to-day. These pictures illustrate the names of the proprietors of certain advertised articles or of the articles themselves. What we wish you to do is to study these pictures, and try to find out the name of the article or of the proprietor which each represents. For instance, the first picture on the page opposite represents Camp Coffee (the name of an advertised article).

The pictures have been selected by the Editor as being, in his opinion, the most suitable to represent the articles or proprietors intended; but he is open to conviction, and to prevent the possibility of an imperfectly considered decision he will have the assistance of three members of the staff to help him in determining which are the best solutions.

The Editor will give his decision after all solutions have been carefully considered and discussed.

To the competitor who submits the greatest number of solutions which, in the opinion of the Editor, give the best names to the pictures, a prize of £100 will be awarded, and the remaining prizes will be distributed according to merit. Another set of pictures will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* next week.

CONDITIONS FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms.
2. When you have filled in the names on the entry form, sign your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, and keep it carefully beside you until the date for sending in is announced in *Pearson's Weekly*.
3. Another entry form with different pictures will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* next week.
4. To the competitor who submits the greatest number of solutions (one solution for each picture) which, in the opinion of the Editor, are the best, a prize of £100 will be awarded. The remaining prizes will be awarded according to merit.
5. In the event of a tie between three or more competitors for the first prize of £100, there will be set a competition amongst the tying competitors in order that the prize will be awarded to the competitor whose reply, in the opinion of the Editor, after consideration and discussion, is the best. After this has been done the smaller prizes will be allocated.
6. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
7. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition and telegrams will be ignored.
8. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Cut across here.

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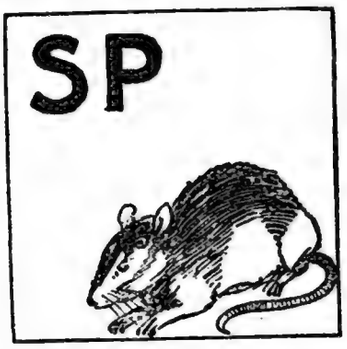

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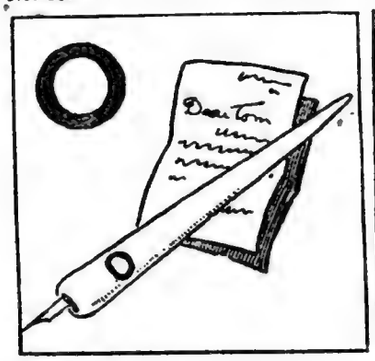

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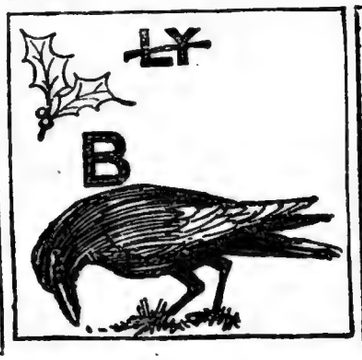

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Name ..... Address .....

If you have not already got copies of "P.W." containing the first four sets of pictures, you may use the special entry form opposite.

stroke between my shoulder blades. I got my foot out of the stirrup and as it touched the ground I dived forward under the mare's stomach. The ground was covered with loose rocks, but I plunged headforemost into them like a swimmer diving into deep water. As I dived the blow fell, but I had been a trifle too quick for the Zulu. Instead of catching me in the back, the point struck at the base of my skull and penetrated three or four inches up under my scalp, as I fell forward on my face. I remember writhing and twisting about in the effort to dislodge the weapon, while the Zulu was trying to rip my whole scalp off with it. Then there is a blank, for what happened immediately afterwards I have never been able to remember.

Sibepu told me afterwards that the Zulu and I rolled down the hill together, locked in each other's embrace. We brought up against some large rocks, and there my distinct recollection of what occurred begins again. We were face to face, each with his arms tightly around the other, but I had the upper hold, pinioning his arms to his sides, and the assegai was in his hands. I was underneath, he on top of me.

With my arms stretched to their limit I could just grasp the shaft of the assegai with both hands. I could move only my wrist, and I tried to force the point through the back of his tunic. The point had been bent up about four inches when it struck my skull the last time, or I could never have done it, for I could not have reached far enough to have got a grip to drive the weapon home had it still been straight. But the hooked shape into which it had been formed gave me a tremendous advantage, for, by working my wrists, I could manipulate the assegai while still holding the Zulu's arms safely pinioned.

It was a desperate struggle, he trying to free himself while I tried to get the point through the tough cloth. Finally, I felt the tunic give, and I pulled the assegai toward me with all my remaining force. It cut the soft flesh between two ribs, passed clear through the Zulu's body and bulged the fron of the [illegible] tunic. Then I had to thank that padding for my life, for had the Zulu been naked, like his fellows, the assegai would have entered my own chest and killed me at the same time.

The Zulu gave one groan and rolled off me, dead. I staggered to my feet, found my mare, mounted, and rode down the hill. A furlong away I met one of my mounted boys. They had been having a hot scrimmage but had succeeded in joining the pursuing force and wiping out nearly all of the enemy.

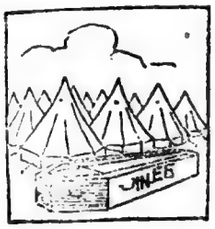
I can't say that this incident discouraged me, but it probably made me a bit more careful than I had been before that. I've fought Zulus and Matabele and Boers since then, and hunted big game and [illegible] all over Africa, but I never had a closer call, and I never will.

On page 171 is another article by the famous animal proprietor, Mr. Bostock. Read on.

OUR PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

YOU CAN ENTER THIS COMPETITION NOW BY USING THIS PAGE.

Tear this page out and keep it by you. Pictures 33—40 appear on opposite page.



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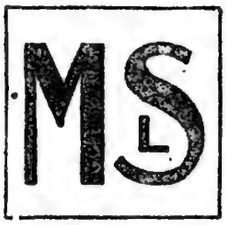

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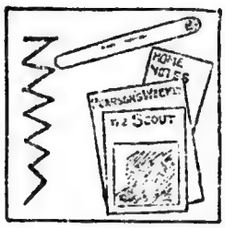

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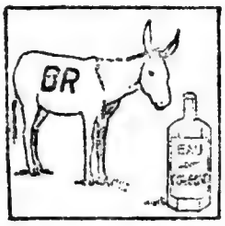

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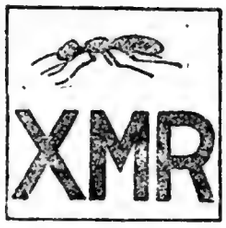

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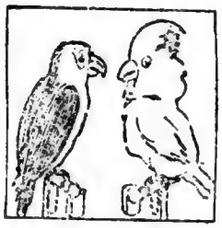

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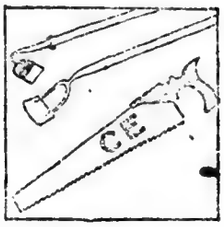

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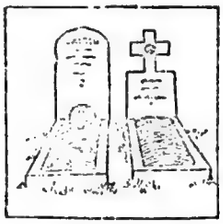

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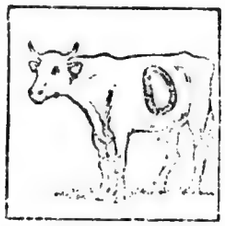

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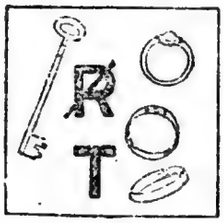

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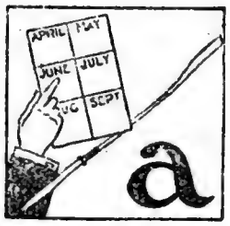

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It deals with the way animals fight. I want a short, funny account—

Pic-nics Gone to Pot

Some Amusing and Startling Incidents Told by "P.W." Readers.

On Bank Holiday, thousands of our readers are sure to be on pic-nic, and that being so, many of you would no doubt like to read the following amusing pic-nic incidents submitted to *P. W.* in a recent Footline Contest.

Here, for instance, is the story of a very funny calamity:

"We went up the river," begins the writer, "and we were going to have tea on the bank.

"We laid out the tea things close to the water, not noticing that the edge of the bank was unsafe.

"One of us who was sitting near the edge, with his back to the water, said how he would like to bathe, as it was so hot. Scarcely had he spoken than the ground on which he was sitting slipped away, and he fell into the water; getting his wish in a way he did not like."

When on a pic-nic it is a good rule to beware of insects. However, it is not always possible to guard against these little creatures, as the reader who describes the next adventure relates:

"The other Saturday" he states, "I accompanied a pic-nic party, to Trevose Bay, near Padstow. The table-cloth was spread, the kettle boiling, and cake, jam, honey, and clotted cream were in tempting abundance. We were just about to 'fall to' when a 'queen' with her attendant swarm of bees appeared, and settled on our giant cake.

"The result was certainly funny. The party scattered, while I hurried to the nearest farmer to beg him to bring a skep, and hive our unwelcome visitors, which he did.

"By that time, however, every morsel of jam, and sugar was gone, the cake's inside completely emptied of its plums and peel, and what was left of the cream full of dead bees."

Equally astonishing was the strange mishap which is thus related by the sender:

"The most remarkable pic-nic incident that I have ever witnessed was the experience of a day's outing in Breconshire. The party numbered about a dozen in all, and we made a halt near the banks of the picturesque River Wye.

"We spread the cloth on what looked like a level piece of ground, unpacked the hamper, and made the 'spread' look like a banquet. Everything went off well till all of a sudden a crash of plates, glasses, and bottles startled us, and, to our surprise, the table-cloth rolled up in a ball.

"One of the party had the presence of mind to pounce upon it, and hold it. Just then two men came rushing up, and undoing the cloth took from it a ferret and a rabbit.

"It was explained to us that they had been ferreting some little distance away, and we had, in 'spreading our cloth,' covered the mouth of a hole, thus forming a kind of net into which the rabbit had run to meet its doom."

I Do Love to sit Beside—

"P.W." Rhymesters Sing the Praises of their Favourite Seaside Resorts.

Off to the seaside? Then probably you would like to hear the praises of your favourite seaside resort sung in rhyme. The following songs should appeal to you in particular, for they were all written by fellow readers of *P.W.* in a recent Footlines Contest.

The first that we quote relates to Bournemouth. In fact, so enamoured is the poet with the south coast town that in his opinion it eclipses even the celestial regions. This is how he sings:

Bournemouth I sing—the Paradise of pines,
The fairest in our land of pilgrim shrines!
I crave no glittering mansion in the sky,
But pray to go to Bournemouth when I die!

The second song comes from a lover of Torquay. This rhymester is a bit of a wit, for he has had the audacity to perpetrate a pun in his effusion:

I hie me each season to charming Torquay,
I have both the way and the will, Oh!
Though I'm certain to come back without £ s. d.
For where there's a bay there's a "bill, Oh!"

The following verse is sure to appeal to Lancastrians, for it relates to Blackpool. This is how it goes:

Blackpool the breezy, the "squeezy," and easy,
For health and for pleasure the queen of the sea;
Blackpool the "spacey," the "racy," and "pacey,"
The never-monotonous Blackpool for me.

Of course we have a rhyme about Yarmouth, and the bard who sings the praise of the bloater town has been tempted to call in "Alliteration's artful aid." This is how he begins:

My heart is yoked to yearnings for Yarmouth's yellow sands,
For its cobweb-brushing breezes, and the fun it keeps on tap,
For its bustle, brine, and bloaters, for its buxom belles and bands;
Kind Fate! till I am satisfied, keep Yarmouth on the map.

As might be expected, we have a verse or two from Scotland, for has "Caledonia stern and wild" not been styled the "land of the minor poet"?

The particular beauty-spot singled out for immortality on this page is Largs on the Firth of Clyde, whose praises are thus set forth in a limerick:

Give me Largs with its pure bracing air,
Where the "Smart Set Cadets" dispel care;
There I happy shall be
E'en with limpets for tea,
And a bed of which six have a share.

Things I've Noticed in England

Admiral Togo Talks to Mr. P. Doubleyou.

"Yes," said Admiral Togo when Mr. P. Doubleyou called upon him recently at the Hyde Park Hotel, "I have enjoyed my visit to England very much indeed.

"The kindness shown me by the British Government and the British people has been extraordinary.

"It is now about thirty-five years since my training days on board the *Worcester*, and I was therefore very much interested, upon revisiting the ship the other day, to find everything going on in the same way as when I was on board. It brought back the old life to me.

"Have the English people changed since my days in your country? Well, my stay here is, unfortunately, to be but a short one, so I think that perhaps it would be improper for me to say anything about that; but, as you can well understand, the change in your methods of life struck me very much. The London of to-day, for instance, is so very different from the London that I remember nearly forty years ago!

"Yes, I have heard people say that the English are decaying, and that your Empire is doomed, but this is too serious a question for me to speak about with any authority, after only a few weeks' stay in your country. I can only say that the ever-increasing prosperity of the English people does not point to decay at all, and that I personally have seen no signs of the decay about which some people talk and write so much.

"One of the sights that interested me very much was the procession of Suffragettes which passed the windows of my hotel the other day. I had never seen anything like it before, as we do not boast any Suffragettes in Japan—at least, not yet!

"There are numbers of things that I would like to see before leaving England, but my time is short, and I shall not be able to do so. If I can find time in the future, I would very much like to revisit the country; but I am very busy all the year round in Japan, so do not know when I will be able to get back again. I am leaving your shores at once, travelling on the *Lusitania*, and returning to Japan by way of America.

"You ask about flying and its probable effect on naval warfare. Who can say yet just what that will be? In Japan we have begun to experiment, but our country being very mountainous, the wind is very changeable, and flying is, I think, more difficult there than in this country.

"I think it will be some time before the aeroplane becomes a practical weapon in naval warfare, as it is necessary to master the treacherous air-currents completely before one can rely upon aeronauts being able to fulfil the orders issued by a commander during action. At present this would be impossible."

LIL'S MAGIC PRESENT.

A Pathetic Little Tale of Slumland.

A faded arum lily peeped out of the rubbish heap near the back door of the big hotel.

The child standing expectantly near waited till the watchman was out of sight, then snatched up the flower and took to her heels.

"'Ere y'are, Lil!" she called, tearing breathlessly into the neighbouring tenement. "I've got you one. Ain't it a beauty? Bit dusty, that's all."

The little skeleton figure in the bed raised herself and her tired eyes suddenly grew keen. Her sister quickly washed the lily, placed it in a jug of water, and bore it carefully to a broken chair near the invalid, who pressed the petals to her lips.

She muttered "Good old Win!" and sank down exhausted. The child was rapidly wasting away, and flowers were the only things that cheered her. They fired her young imagination till she fancied the tenement was a huge flower-bed extending for thousands of miles.

So every morning Win ran off to the hotel rubbish heap until she found one or two cast-off violets from the supper table.

One black morning she returned flowerless. The girl in the bed noticed the empty hands and started.

"Went a bit too early, I suppose," said Win, with a counterfeit carelessness. "They ain't brought the rubbish out yet. I'll call on my way to school and bring the flowers back at noon."

At noon Win crept into the tenement looking ashamed and anxious. She had told a lie.

It was the same on the morrow and the day after. The magic of the rubbish heap was gone. Not a single flower could she find. Lil at last ceased to expect them.

"I *don't* miss 'em, Win; really I don't," she would say.

But Win saw the tears. She puckered her young brow and pondered. Something must be done.

* * * * *

One afternoon a few days later Win came home carrying a mysterious-looking brown paper parcel. Her sister was asleep. With her back turned carefully to the bed she extracted a bunch of purple violets from the brown paper, laid them out flat, sprinkled something over them out of a little bottle which she stowed away in her pocket, and then placed the violets in a jug of water.

For a second or two she surveyed the sleeping figure. She glided up to the broken chair and placed the jug of violets on it and retired behind the door and called out very softly, "Lil!"

The invalid opened her eyes. Win was peeping round the door.

With a faint shriek of delight Lil drew herself towards the jug and sniffed greedily at the flowers.

"Good old Win!" she muttered.

Win came out of hiding wearing a happy smile.

"You ain't vexed with me, Lil, are you?"

"Vexed? What for, Win?"

"Why, for deceiving you. Them flowers ain't real flowers, they're artifishul. Didn't you know?"

The sick child's face broadened into a smile that did her sister good to see.

"'Corse I knew, Win. But do you fink I was going to say so when you'd been so kind?"

Win flung her arms round the invalid's neck, and the children talked together as beings in human nature's spring-time will, about the glorious days to come, the summer of their lives. They would go together to where flowers could be had for the picking; and when they were rich they would come back to the tenement, and oh, what a treat day there would be.

"No artifishul ones then, Lil. Reel 'uns. Why, if only we could get among them I b'lieve you'd soon have cheeks as red as g'ranyums. I wonder if we ever shall?"

That depends on *you*, good reader. What Lil needs is a fortnight at the seaside. If you'll defray the cost we'll see to the rest.

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—of an imaginary fight between a fly and an elephant. Be very short and very funny.

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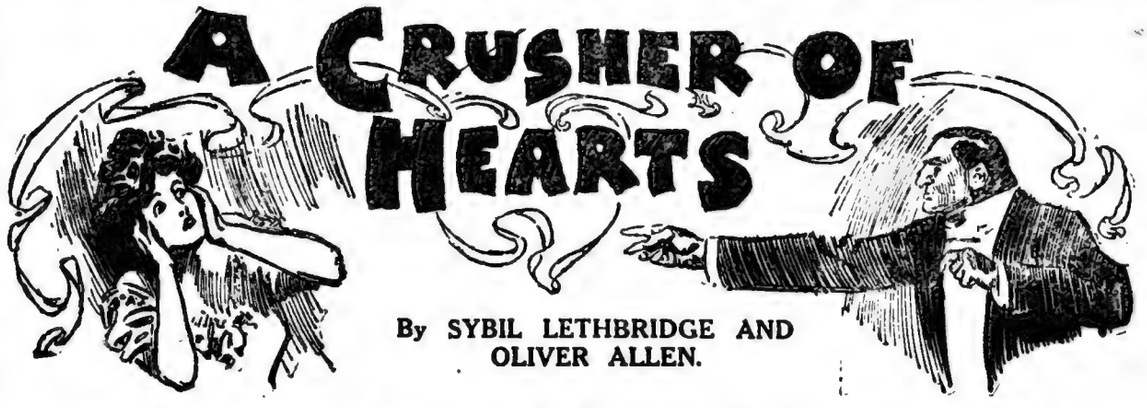

A TALE OF A QUEER ADVENTURE.

By SYBIL LETHBRIDGE AND OLIVER ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

Beauty in Distress.

It was true! True as that his name was Arthur Byrne, true as that outside the March sun was sinking in glorious colours upon a spring enveloped world, true beyond all doubt.

There, in her own handwriting, it lay before him, the letter that had come like darkness upon him.

He took it up again and re-read it. It was short, it said merely that after careful thought the writer had come to the conclusion that the engagement between them had better come to an end.

It had lasted two years, and there was no change in their prospects. Arthur was still a clerk at a hundred and seventy-five pounds a year in a stockbroker's office. Then, with some abruptness and obscurely expressed wishes for his happiness, the writer signed herself "Naomi Despard."

Arthur Byrne put the letter down and looked vaguely about the room that was his home. Like many another in his position, he lived in lodgings, occupying a bed-sitting room, and receiving what is known as "partial board."

A miniature of Naomi, painted by a girl friend, faced him. He took it up and studied it. The artist had been somewhat crude, but she had been unable to spoil the effect of Naomi's green-grey eyes, of her dead-white skin and smooth, curved lips, of the sleek black hair that waved in parted meekness on the low brow. It was Naomi herself.

Arthur Byrne slipped the picture into his coat-pocket, picked up his hat, and went out of the room. As he passed through the hall Mrs. Martin, his landlady, appeared at the top of the kitchen stairs.

"Supper's ready for you, Mr. Byrne," she said. "Aren't you going to have it?"

"Thank you, I don't want any!" answered Arthur briefly, and closed the door behind him with a resounding bang. It relieved him, that small outlet to the fury that now burned in him, lit by jealousy's fierce torch. He understood Naomi's letter now; she was going to marry someone else, a rich man, who would relieve her from the dreariness of governess-ship.

Down at that place in Kent, where she was, she must meet wealthy men, and of course she fascinated them. Arthur suffered from the usual fancies of a man blindly in love. He thought that all other men were in league to rob him of his treasure.

Arthur Byrne hurried on, not conscious of where he was going; he only knew that it was good to be out in the streets, amongst people, to have noises and bustle and talk around him, to be one of a crowd, not to be sitting alone in his dreary little room, with only Naomi's cruel letter and her lovely pictured face to keep him company. He walked aimlessly along, always choosing the most frequented parts, always eager for light and for the traffic's uproar, for the sight of men and women.

At last, tired out and now hungry, Arthur turned into a restaurant, and, undismayed by the crimson carpeting, the gorgeous decorations, the flowers, the aspect of the diners, he sat down in a quiet corner, and ordered dinner of the obsequious waiter who was immediately in attendance on him.

Also a bottle of champagne.

It was a wine that Arthur Byrne had tasted but twice or thrice in his life; it represented to him everything that was reckless and splendidly extravagant. He remembered with satisfaction that that day had been pay-day, that he had a month's salary in his pocket. The means for drowning thought were his.

Having ordered dinner, Arthur Byrne looked at the people who were dining, and he then made the discovery that he was the only person not in evening-dress. He glanced at himself in the mirror near him. His darkly pale face, with the resolute features and upturned chin, looked back at him defiantly; he did not feel that he fitted in the picture with those well-groomed, easy-mannered men, and the beautifully-dressed women, with that air of charm and distinction that Arthur had hitherto thought had been Naomi's especial gift.

But these women possessed it. They were entrancing by reason of it even when they were not beautiful. Arthur Byrne drank the pale, delicately foaming wine, and watched them broodingly. He wondered if they were as false and cruel as Naomi herself, and then he caught his breath in his throat, and half sprang up from his chair, only to sink back again in stupefaction.

For Naomi herself, in a gown of flame and gold, that shone and shimmered with each step she took, came into the restaurant at that moment, followed by a man who, in his coarse ugliness of feature and heavy, awkward build, was a startling contrast to his beautiful companion.

The restaurant was very full, there was only one vacant table, and it was in a line with Arthur's. Naomi and her companion paused beside it. The man said something that Byrne could not catch, and then Naomi slipped off her cloak of gold brocade and ermine, and sat down.

She was opposite Arthur, but she did not look at him, and he on a sudden impulse pushed his chair back sideways, so that he was in the shadow. He wanted to watch her, without her knowledge. He wanted to know how it was, whilst she signed herself "Naomi Despard," on the third finger of the left hand, from which she had just drawn her glove, there was a plain gold ring.

The man with her was, as the first cursory glance had told Byrne, exceedingly plain. He had a stubbly thatch of dust-coloured hair, a low forehead, was bald of eyebrows, had small dark eyes, and a jaw that protruded like a bulldog's. He was very carefully dressed, with an orchid in his buttonhole, and black pearl studs in his shirt. There were rings, too, on his fat, carefully manicured hands. He spoke in too low a voice for Arthur to hear what he said, and, as for his companion, she appeared to be dumb.

Only now and again she smiled—the smile that Arthur knew so well. He drank more champagne, to drown the fierce longing that arose in him to take her in his arms, gold ring and all, and tell the bulldog man that he defied him, that she was his—Arthur Byrne's—and never would he yield her to another.

Half-way through the dinner, of which, as Arthur had noticed, Naomi had eaten scarcely anything, her companion rose, with an exclamation of annoyance.

"There's a fellow I must 'phone to," he said. "Quite forgot all about him till now. You won't mind my leaving you? I shan't be long."

With a strange tightening of the breath, a feeling as though a band of steel were about his heart, Arthur Byrne watched the heavy figure lumber down the aisle of red carpet between the tables. He watched it until it disappeared.

Naomi herself came into the restaurant followed by a man, coarse and ugly.

He looked at Naomi. She, too, had risen from her seat, she was casting a hurried and, as it seemed to Byrne, a frightened glance around; she made an irresolute step forward, then hesitated. She was as one who is half paralysed by fear. Byrne rose and went over to her; he walked steadily; the effects of the champagne he had taken were wearing off.

"Good evening, Miss Despard," he said slowly. "You didn't expect to see me here, I expect, any more than I expected you."

With a start the girl raised her eyes to his, and then —— It was with difficulty that Arthur checked a cry of astonishment. For an instant the whole splendid room, with all its occupants, seemed to whirl in space about him. The lovely face upon which his eyes were fixed seemed to recede, to advance, to be in the dim distance, and in the same second to be so close that the red lips almost brushed his cheek. Then the mists cleared away. A sense of proportion, of perspective, was Byrne's once more. He looked steadily, master of himself again, into the girl's eyes.

For she was not Naomi Despard! A likeness that had at first so completely deceived him was, he now saw, very slight. This strange girl had eyes of the same shape as Naomi's, with the same generous length of lashes, but seen close they were not green, but sweet, heavenly blue.

The lips had none of the snake-like curves of Naomi's. It was just a sweet mouth, the under lip protruding a little. It made Byrne think of some line of poetry, read long ago, in which the poet spoke of just such a mouth, from which a bee had sucked honey, and left his sting behind.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I've made a mistake. I thought I knew you."

The apology might be inadequate, he felt; the girl might think him a boor, but he was unable to find words in which to frame a more fitting excuse. He was moving away, back to his own table when she spoke to him.

"Wait," she said, and her voice was very low; "don't go. Tell me, for whom did you mistake me? Be quick!" Her gaze travelled shrinkingly up the room. "He will be back directly. Please, tell me."

There was an unconscious imperiousness in her voice that Arthur obeyed without asking of himself what right she had to thus command him.

"I thought you were Naomi Despard," he said bluntly, "the girl I'm going to marry."

He forgot to speak in the past tense. Into the girl's blue eyes there came a look of relief. She rose, and she was so tall that her eyes were on a level with Arthur Byrne's, whose six foot one had always seemed an arrogant height to his fellow clerks.

"Then, because of my likeness to the girl you're going to marry, will you help me?" she said rapidly. "I want a friend. I—I can't explain. I'm in horrible need of one. I believe that Fate has sent you to me. I suppose I'm a coward, but I daren't do it without help. Will *you* help me? Oh, I know it sounds wild and extraordinary, but I can't explain now. Only—I'm utterly alone. I've no friends, no money; there isn't a lonelier creature in the world than I am, that's my only excuse for speaking to you now. I do believe in Fate, and when you came up to me, when you mistook me for someone else, I felt it was my chance, and I took it. Tell me, will you help me?"

"Yes," said Arthur, without realising to what he might be pledging himself, "of course. But what am I to do?" The girl was about to speak when a look of fear leaped to life in her eyes; she drew back.

"He's coming," she murmured; "don't go. Quick, your name!"

"Byrne, Arthur Byrne!" He lowered his voice, his face was alive with eager compassion for her. "For Heaven's sake, don't look so frightened. Look here, whatever it is, I'll stand by you, I'll——"

But she shook her head and moved away; he followed the direction in which she was gazing, and he saw that there was no time for confidences. Her companion, with the wolfish eyes and cruel jaw was close

For the best description not exceeding 200 words, I will give 10s. 6d. Mark postcards "Fight." *(See page 180.)*

upon them. He glared at Byrne, and then turned to the girl.

"Whom on earth have you picked up, Louise?" he said roughly. "I didn't know you knew a soul in town."

"Mr. Byrne and I—met on the voyage last year," the girl answered. Her voice was steady, she had successfully banished all traces of fear. "Mr. Byrne, this is Colonel Grant, my guardian." It seemed to Byrne that she hesitated before pronouncing the last two words, and that as she did so, the Colonel cast an ugly, lowering glance at her.

"You certainly never *did* mention Mr. Byrne," he said gruffly. "Glad to meet him, though, all the same. Now, if you are ready, Louise, we'll be getting home. It's late."

"Mr. Byrne was just telling me that he has telephoned for stalls at the Empire, and he wants us to go with him to see that marvellous new dance," answered the girl. "I said I didn't know what you meant to do. Have you arranged anything else?"

Arthur Byrne stood by listening in some anxiety. Naturally the girl thought that he was a rich man; the Gala Restaurant is not the place in which one comes across the poor. He wondered whether he had sufficient funds to carry him through the expensive evening that his new friend was mapping out for him.

Wild thoughts of making his escape before his poverty-stricken condition was exposed darted through his mind. He gave a furtive glance at Colonel Grant, and then he looked at the girl. Intreating eyes met his, their imploring anguish seen beneath the veiling lashes. Arthur Byrne set his teeth. He was "in" for this adventure; he would go through with it even to death or bankruptcy.

An excitement that was far headier than that given by new wine rose to his brain. He turned to Colonel Grant, begging him warmly to let him have the pleasure of his company and his ward's for that evening. He spoke in high praise of the performance at the Empire, as a thing that should on no account be missed. He had entered into his part with zest. It was an adventure, the first that he, the City clerk, creature of grey workdays, and scarcely brighter holidays, had met. Whatever it held, it would serve its purpose for a few hours, at least, of making him forget Naomi.

But the Colonel was obdurate; he declined the invitation rudely.

"We are only in town for a short time," he said, as though in grudging explanation of his discourtesy; "a friend has lent us his house, not that that is much of a gain, for there are no servants and a charwoman's all that we could secure. Now, Louise——"

A waiter at that moment delicately slid the bill into view, and Colonel Grant, with a muttered exclamation, took it, and examined it carefully.

Byrne, watching him narrowly, came to the conclusion that he had been drinking, and that he had reached the quarrelsome stage. He looked at the girl Louise, and his anger was hot against her guardian, as her sad eyes met his. He took up her gorgeous cloak and wrapped it round her.

"Thank you," she said graciously; then she looked at the Colonel, who was disputing an item in the bill, and for the moment he had no attention for anything else. "High House, near the Heath," she murmured, "follow us—you will take me away?"

And Arthur, ardent in the cause of persecuted loveliness, as though he were a knight of the middle ages, instead of a twentieth-century clerk in a City office, whispered that he would.

"Are you ready, Louise?" demanded the Colonel, when he had finally settled the account. "Always try and cheat you in these places. You have to look after them. Ready? Good-night, Mr.—didn't catch your name. Come on, Louise!"

He hustled his ward down the long room, out into the imposing entrance-hall. Byrne, despite the fact that a pointed "Good-night" had been bidden him, followed, talking to Louise until the Colonel hurried her into the taxi-cab, on whose tardy arrival he had expressed himself scathingly to the commissionaire.

The last thing that Arthur Byrne saw was a pair of beseeching eyes.

"Do not fail me," was the message they sent, and he smiled back in quiet assurance.

Louise shrank away in her corner as the cab glided off. Hope, the last desperate hope of one who snatches at the slenderest chance of escape in a moment of dire peril, was hers. Would it prove abortive, would he fail her, that resolute young man, whom chance had cast across her path? Surely, surely not.

She was roused from her torturing thoughts by the touch of the Colonel's hand upon her arm.

"Tired, little one?" he said. "Long way from Piccadilly to Hampstead, isn't it?"

She drew away with an inward shudder from his touch. Oh, would Arthur Byrne follow her, had he caught the address she had so hurriedly whispered to him? Was he even now following upon their tracks?

"Disappointed in your evening, I'm afraid?" pursued the Colonel. He had taken her hand, and was patting it. "Tell me, who's that long-legged chap who says he came over from Singapore with you? Why on earth didn't you mention him before?"

Louise shut her eyes; the lowering, bulldog face was so close to hers.

"There wasn't anything to say," she contrived to gasp. "He—he was just—just one of the passengers."

Then she tore her hand away from the Colonel's and thrust him back from her.

"Don't, I can't bear it," she said hoarsely. "Leave me alone, or I'll open the cab door and jump out. I swear I will."

There was that in her voice, in her eyes, that flamed upon him in the semi-darkness of the cab, that told Grant she was in deadly earnest.

Sullenly he drew back, and silence sank between them. It was unbroken until the cab turned in through the wide gates and sped upwards through the drive, to come to a standstill before a high, darkened house, from whose windows shone no welcoming gleam of light.

The Colonel pulled down the window and looked out.

"Home," he said briefly, "we're here—my wife."

Then he turned and took her in his arms and kissed her!

CHAPTER II.

Arrested for Murder!

The Colonel opened the front-door with his latchkey, and led Louise into the darkened hall. He could feel her trembling in his grasp, and he smiled rather savagely as he turned on the light, that flooded the place with subdued radiance from behind rose-coloured shades.

Then he released her, and went back to close the door. Louise, standing there motionless in her gorgeous attire, the gold-shot, flame-coloured cloak half falling from her shoulders, watched him with terror deepening in her eyes. She listened to the shooting of bolts, to the turning of the key in the lock, and her lips twitched convulsively. It was as though all ways of escape were being barred to her.

As the Colonel put up the chain with noisy emphasis Louise turned away and went towards the staircase. The Colonel, however, called her back.

"Where are you off to?" he asked roughly. "Come into the drawing-room, I want to talk to you."

"What is there to say?" said Louise, a break in her tired, pretty voice. "Everything's been discussed. Can't you be content with that?"

"No," said the Colonel violently, "I can't. Come down at once."

Louise obeyed in silence. Hope that had lived during the drive from the restaurant to Hampstead was dead again. She followed Grant into the room that looked out upon the garden, the three long, narrow windows were closely shuttered. There was a fire, and the lights were turned on. Louise sat down on a wide couch that, with a couple of chairs and a table, upon which stood a whisky decanter and a siphon, constituted the whole furniture. Indeed, the place had the air of having been for a long time uninhabited, of the few things there having been got hastily together.

The Colonel took out a cigarette and flung himself down in a chair opposite Louise. He was frowning portentiously, but what struck her was the fact that his hand as he lit his cigarette shook violently. She watched him in wonder, and the Colonel realising it, his frown grew blacker.

"That beastly wine at the dinner played the dickens with my nerves. Give me a whisky, will you?"

As any slave might have obeyed the commands of her Sultan, Louise rose and did as she was told. She mixed the drink with the deftness that was born of practice. The Colonel was just about to drink it when he suddenly put the glass down.

"What," he said, "is that noise?"

"I don't hear any," answered Louise indifferently. She had returned to the sofa, and was leaning back in an attitude suggestive of weariness. "It seems quite wonderfully quiet to me."

But Colonel Grant shook his head.

"It sounded like a footstep," he said. "Listen, there it is again. Good heavens, girl, you must be stone deaf if you can't hear that. Hush!"

With uplifted hand, the Colonel listened, his bloodshot eyes aflame, his lips parted over his long, projecting teeth. He was not unlike an animal that scents its prey, and in another instant will destroy it.

Louise sat upright, there was colour in her pale cheeks. She, too, heard them, those footsteps outside, slow, steady, yet with the hint of furtiveness in them! They were close to the shutters now. She thought of Arthur Byrne, of the champion whom Fate in her desperate need had sent to her. Was it he? He was alive once more, but it turned to sickening fear as the Colonel, with an ugly smile, stepped towards of the shuttered windows. Instantly Louise arose and flung herself before him.

"What are you going to do?" she panted. "Whoever it is, he is doing no harm. Let him alone, don't—don't——"

"You're a fool; do you think that I'm going to have trespassers on my place at night?" retorted the Colonel roughly. "I'll teach him a lesson. Stand back, girl!"

He thrust her aside, Louise resisted, but she was as a child in his strong hands. Pushing her with violence to one side, he unfastened the window, slipped the iron bar out that kept the shutters fast, and flung them wide open. Louise sank into a chair, her eyes were closed.

Leaning out of the window the Colonel listened, but beyond the vague sounds of which even the quietest night is full, there was no suspicious sound. He glanced back at Louise.

"I could have sworn I heard footsteps," he said, "and you heard them, too, I know, my girl. Some one's lurking about here, and you know who, or Hubert does. By George, I'll go and ask him. I don't half believe in that illness of his. He's shamming some of it, I believe."

But at this Louise roused herself to protest.

"You may do what you like to me," she cried passionately, "but you shan't hurt Hubert. How could he do anything, whilst he's so frightfully ill? Though you say it, you know perfectly well that you don't think he's pretending; no one could."

Colonel Grant listened to her with the reluctance of one who is not inclined to be convinced.

"I know I heard those footsteps," he muttered. He closed the shutters and window again, securing them firmly. "I'll have a look round the house to see that everything is secure. You stay here until I come back."

To insure obedience on that point he locked the door behind him. Louise listened to the sound of his heavy step echoing through that silent house. Arthur Byrne had failed her; she had not realised with what confidence he had inspired her until hope was dead.

She hastily dried her eyes, however, when she heard the key turn in the lock, she tried to bring courage or even defiance into her face, as she looked up. But surprise, stupendous, overwhelming, took possession of her as she saw, not Colonel Grant, but the stranger of the Gala Restaurant, her champion.

"Hush!" he said softly. "Please don't speak. This place is like a fortress, it's so well guarded, but I found a scullery window that was easy to manage, and I crawled in *viâ* the kitchen. The Colonel's safe for the moment, fixing up a new chain to the back door. I heard him. Tell me, what am I to do for you?"

"Take me away," Louise answered instantly. She went up to him, a slim, girlish creature, but she was crowned with the dignity of sorrow. "At once, before he finds out that I am gone."

In spite of the *rôle* of Don Quixote that sorely thrust upon him, Byrne was a little disconcerted by this demand.

"But what am I to do with you?" he asked bluntly. "I've no home I can take you to. I've no friends, I lead an awfully lonely sort of life, and I've no money. It was just a chance that you saw me at the Gala to-night. I'm a City clerk, I've a salary of a hundred-and-seventy a year."

"Oh, what does that matter?" cried Louise wildly. "Only take me away, take me away, or I shall kill myself. I've no friends, no one to help me, that's why I appealed to you. Are you going to say no, too?"

She looked so lovely in her distress, though the likeness to Naomi that at first had impressed him was now very slight, that Byrne put all prudence and caution aside and took the hands she offered him.

"All right," he said, "we'll do the Colonel."

"Oh, how good of you!" she exclaimed, "and you ask no questions, though it must seem most extraordinary to you, the whole thing."

"Oh, there'll be time enough for questions later!" he said briefly.

Still holding her hand, that was cold, and trembling very much in his grasp, he led her from the room. In the hall all was silent. The Colonel was evidently still at the rear of the house, making its doors securer. Byrne, with his companion, crept across through the hall. They were at the front door now, and Louise moaned at the thought of the complicated chains and bolts.

"I'm afraid you'll never manage it," she whispered to Byrne, but he shook his head.

"I've got to," he said between his teeth, "and I will!"

Louise stood back, watching him anxiously, ears with ears ever ready for the faintest sound that would indicate the Colonel's approach. As the last bolt was withdrawn, and in another instant the door would swing open, she started forward.

"Hush," she breathed, "I hear him!"

Arthur heard him, too; swiftly he moved towards

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the light and switched it off. The hall was in total darkness. He took Louise's hand and drew her forward.

"Run, run!" he said huskily. "Don't wait! I'll stop and settle the Colonel. I—I feel I'd—like a fight. He shan't keep you here. Run!"

"But where to?" she whispered helplessly, whilst the footsteps came ever nearer. "I don't know where?"

"And you've no money?" Byrne dragged out all that remained of a month's salary, thrust it into her hands—"Go to 51 Bean Street, Clapham. Mrs. Martin will take you in; she's my landlady. Go!"

Speaking thus, in disjointed fashion, he almost thrust her out of the door. The instinct to protect this woman, even to the extent of fighting with one who might, for all he knew, be her lawful guardian, was uppermost in Arthur Byrne. Hitherto life had been a tame and grey round, with only scarlet flashes of delight when he saw Naomi. Now it had become in a few hours a thing of high romance, of wonderful adventure. He was ready for anything, everything, as he stood there in the dark, waiting until the Colonel should come upon him.

Though his heart pounded against his ribs, though the sweat pearled up on his forehead, Arthur Byrne felt none of the soul-shaking fear that paralyses a man, body and soul alike. He was conscious only of a keen desire for action, for this waiting to cease, for the darkness to vanish before the flashing of the light.

Whilst he held his breath and waited for the footsteps to bring their owner within striking reach, he thought of the girl flying from this house in her gorgeous frock and flame-coloured cloak. He even thought of Mrs. Martin, and speculated as to what reception she would give the runaway. Then the darkness went—there was light, and he saw his enemy!

* * * * * * *

Louise had not fled far down the drive when to her, too, there occurred the thought that she was extremely unsuitably attired for a journey at that time of night from Hampstead to Clapham. She wished that Byrne would join her, it was horrible to be there alone in the darkness, as homeless as any of the waifs who congregate nightly on the Embankment.

She paused beside the big gates and looked out into the road. Two men, evidently somewhat drunk, went by, roaring out a vague and tuneless chorus. Louise shuddered as she listened. The thought of having to face those brawling drunkards filled her with dread, and she shrank back from the pathway into the obscurity of the trees, as one of the men paused and looked in at the gates.

"Funny sort o' nest up there I should say, George," he observed in a thick voice; "quite countrified. Let's step up an' 'ave a look at it."

His companion, however, protested; there was nothing to be seen at that hour, he very justly observed, and Jack had better be getting a move on. Jack, however, at first refused to follow this advice, and Louise, conscious of how conspicuous she would appear in her gorgeous cloak and frock, fled back in horror.

Without thinking where she was going, she plunged through the rank undergrowth and long, coarse grass of the long-neglected garden. During the few days that she had been at the Hampstead house, Louise had not explored the large grounds with which it was surrounded, for the Colonel had kept her as a prisoner.

Suddenly, out of the darkness, as she ran wildly on, there loomed something tall, white, and shadowy before her, at the sight of which she gave a little cry. It looked alarming, rising like a ghost out of the blackness of the trees that surrounded it, but as she drew near Louise saw that it was nothing worse than a summer-house, large and substantial of its kind. Exhausted by the speed with which she had run, Louise stumbled up the steps, and looked half-fearfully through the open door into its dark and silent interior. There was a stealthy rustling behind her, and Louise, with the vision of one of the drunken men having pursued her, rushed into the summer-house and closed the door. As she did so, she stumbled, clutched at vacancy to save herself, and fell headlong to the ground.

The darkness was lit by stars for one fleeting second, and then Louise knew no more.

How long she lay unconscious she had no idea when at last she came back to a realisation of life, and of an aching, throbbing head. With some difficulty she struggled to her feet, and groped her way towards where she thought the door must be. But when she discovered it, to her dismay, it declined to be opened. The force with which she had closed it, had caused the bolt to slip, and her efforts were powerless to move it.

For some time she wrestled with it, then she gave it up and resigned herself to waiting until it should grow light for a renewal of the struggle.

Crouching in a corner, her head against the wall, sleep overcame her; she fell into a slumber that lasted until the sun was high in the heavens.

Then, with a start of dismay, she realised that she was a prisoner, close perhaps to the house itself. She looked about her distractedly; a window wide enough to allow of her escaping by it filled in the farther end of the summer-house. Louise, with some difficulty, squeezed her way through the tangle of creepers that had been allowed to overgrow it.

Scratched, bruised, and breathless, but free, she stood outside and looked about her. Cold terror gripped her as she saw only a few yards away through the shield of trees the house itself.

Cautiously she crept forward, ready to seek cover if the Colonel should suddenly appear; to her surprise, the front door stood wide open; as a rule, it was kept locked, and the Colonel had the key. Then it struck her that he might have realised the uselessness of precautions now that the one for whose safety they had been intended had fled.

With this thought she ventured nearer, even up to the steps. And then she would have retreated, have fled in horror, but it was too late. Out of the hall, out of the darkness that reigned where the shafts of sunlight could not reach, a man came forward. It seemed to Louise that he scarcely moved, that she saw him one instant, and the next his hand was on her wrist.

"You are Louise Grant?"

"Yes."

"Then I arrest you in the King's name, on the charge of murdering Colonel Grant, your husband!"

CHAPTER III.

Fooled!

THE words conveyed nothing to Louise; she only gazed at the constable with amazed blue eyes, whilst her pale face grew even paler.

"There is some mistake," she said; "the Colonel is alive. How could I kill him? He can't be dead. It's impossible."

"Impossible things happen now and again," said the constable with a heavy attempt at irony; "and

The Colonel pushed Louise aside violently and unfastened the window.

I suppose this is one. It's my duty to tell you that anything you may say may be used in evidence against you."

"But how can it?" Louise cried protestingly. She looked about the hall and shuddered, remembering that she had always hated its sinister darkness, the gloom that hung over it like a tangible thing. "I must speak. I want to tell you that I don't know anything about this. I left the house last night—late. I've only come back now. I wanted to run away. I was very unhappy, and—and I was frightened. I hated the Colonel, but I couldn't have killed him. You have no right to say so."

"I don't say so," retorted the policeman stolidly; "the Colonel himself accused you. It's on his testimony that I've arrested you until the inspector comes."

Louise's lips parted in a little gasp. Her brain was whirling helplessly, she stared at her captor.

"But you said he was *dead*," she murmured helplessly. "What do you mean?"

"The Colonel wasn't dead when he was found," the constable said; "dying he was, but he could speak, and he made a statement. It was taken down. The Colonel just signed it, and then he died."

Louise's pallor was ghastly. Quick-witted and swift to grasp an inner meaning, she understood that even from the grave vengeance is possible. Alive, the Colonel had been a danger to her; dead, she was in even greater peril from him.

"Who—who found him?" she asked, with dry lips. "How did you come here?"

"The milkman found him, and fetched me and another constable," was the answer, and Louise gave an hysterical little laugh.

It seemed such bathos in the grim tragedy, the introducing of so prosaic a person as the milkman.

But her laughter died, when, tensely, and with no softening of effects, the constable told her the grim story. The Colonel had been discovered in the hall, dying; he had been shot in the chest. He had enough life in him to charge Louise Grant, his ward and wife, with his murder; life enough to describe her, for the purposes of identification, and life enough to sign his statement. He was lying in the drawing-room now, awaiting the removal to the mortuary.

The constable added details that sickened Louise; but she was outwardly composed and steady. It was so horrible, so hideously inconceivable, that it seemed to her as though it were a nightmare. She could not believe that it was real. Its reality, however, was brought home to her rudely, when the constable suggested her changing into some more suitable clothes, at once.

"For there's no time to lose," he added cheerfully, "we'll have a cab and take you comfortably."

There was no need for him to tell Louise where. She knew now that the shadows of the prison house were closing round her. It was real, horribly, vilely so. Her face of utter, stricken despair stirred some not often touched chord in the heart of the policeman.

"Come," he said gently. "You show me your room and I'll wait outside whilst you put your things on. You'll be quick, won't you?"

He half led, half forced her, up the wide, uncarpeted staircase. Louise moved mechanically; she stopped before the door of her room, the policeman opened it, and followed her in, satisfying himself by a rapid examination that there was no other exit. With a last injunction to be quick, he went out and closed the door.

Louise looked blindly about her, whilst she went to the shabby cupboard and hastily selected a plain black coat and skirt and white blouse. There were costly and splendid dresses hanging there; the Colonel's gifts in a moment of exuberant generosity, but Louise turned from them in horror.

Whilst she dressed she looked at the ill-furnished, comfortless room and recalled with a shudder how she had hated the house from the first moment that the Colonel had brought her there. She thought of Arthur Byrne, of her attempt at enlisting him in her service. Who but he could have killed the Colonel? Would he come forward and confess it? But would the authorities believe him in the face of the Colonel's distinct charge against her? It seemed hopeless.

Outside, the policeman, keeping patient guard, heard her sobbing, and his honest face clouded. Whatever the girl had done, he was sorry for her.

When more than the time that he considered should be allotted to her, was up, he knocked at the door. There was no answer, and a horrible fear lest she might have tried some desperate deed, swept over him. He did not knock again, but tried the handle. It did not yield; the bolt on the inner side was drawn.

Reviling himself for a fool who had let a lovely face sway him instead of his duty, the constable kicked the door. Had it been in a modern house it would have yielded, but the panels were of oak, of a day when strength and durability meant more than cheapness. Again and again he kicked it, always thinking that each blow must succeed in breaking it down, but at last he grasped the futility of the attempt, and rushed away in search of a weapon that should do the deed.

A bar of iron, discovered after feverish search in the kitchen, accomplished the thing at last. The door broke into fragments and fell inwards with a crash; the policeman leaped into the room, his eyes wild with anxiety, a fear horrible and soul-shaking upon him.

But he saw nothing more than a heap of dew-soddened garments on the floor. Louise had disappeared.

* * * *

On that same morning Arthur Byrne had arrived at his office late, and had received a severe lecture on the subject from the head clerk. Punctuality as a virtue had been extolled and laziness pronounced to be the signpost leading to all other vices. Byrne had listened in a silence that even the head clerk had sufficient perception to see was sulky, and had offered neither excuse, nor asked for forgiveness. He had gone to his desk, and started work with an energy that had mildly surprised his fellow clerks.

There were always moments at Messrs. Cawton's when the tension was relaxed, in the absence of the head clerk, and conversation became general.

As a rule, Arthur Byrne was the first to welcome such a relief from the tedium of work, but to-day he continued to write, to check invoices with unabated zeal, whilst friends round him exchanged news and paper pellets with vivacity. A neatly aimed missile struck Byrne upon the chin, and without looking up, he swore—a thing sufficiently rare in him to cause remark.

"I say, old man, what's up, got the hump," inquired a neighbour, "or are you going to win the chief's prize for industry and steady application when he offers one."

"Oh, shut up!" retorted Arthur impatiently. "I've a beastly head, and I shall get these figures all wrong if you chaps make such a row."

A glance at Arthur's haggard face carried out his statement, and after a few more witticisms, he was

—and the waiter dropped a hot plate of soup over her dress. What would you say to him?

allowed to work in peace. He did not go out to lunch, his head was too bad, he explained, and until five o'clock he remained at his desk. He went home alone, without waiting for a friend, whose duty it was that night to see to the foreign mails.

There had been about Arthur all day a queer shrinking from all society, an evident endeavour to avoid the other men in the office. He let himself in very gently at his lodgings, but not so quietly that Mrs. Martin did not hear him and appear from her dim fastness below.

"There's a visitor for you, Mr. Byrne," she said sourly; visitors in Mrs. Martin's opinion were not to be encouraged. They always meant more work. "Wouldn't go, though I told her that I didn't know when you'd be home."

Byrne gave a violent start, and his face grew chalky white. His thoughts went to Naomi Despard.

"Who—who is it?" he asked huskily. "Anyone you know Mrs. Martin?"

"It's a young lady," said Mrs. Martin curtly; "an' she's in the dinin' room."

Byrne muttered something unintelligible and hurried down to the dining-room. The table was set with the fragmentary supper that was all Mrs. Martin provided for her lodgers, the incandescent gas sent down its pitiless glare upon the dingy tablecloth and languid fern in the centre of the table.

In a chair at the side sat a white-faced, weary-eyed girl. She looked up as Byrne entered, and her pallor died beneath a sudden wave of crimson.

"I—I've come," she said weakly. "I—I'd nowhere else to go."

Then she sat down again and hid her face in her hands.

Byrne stared at her in petrified silence. It was Louise Grant.

CHAPTER IV.

The Plan of Escape.

Mrs. Martin came in at that moment with a steaming kipper on a plate. She put it down before Byrne, who pushed it rather impatiently away.

"It's all right, Mrs. Martin," he said, as the landlady regarded him with irate inquiry; "but I'm not hungry; I don't want any supper."

In silence that was pregnant with indignation the landlady snatched up the fish and retired with it. Byrne went round to Louise and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Why weren't you here when I got back last night?" he said sharply. "Where have you been?"

She drew away from his touch, shivering beneath it.

"I shouldn't have come now," she said, "only I'd nowhere else to go. Do you think"—her voice sank to a whisper that held horror and disgust—"do you think that—that after what has happened, I wanted to come here?"

Byrne gave rather a twisted smile.

"No," he said, "I don't suppose you did."

She raised her frightened eyes to his.

"Why did you do it?" she asked wildly. "Oh, why?"

He stared at her with that bitter smile still upon his lips.

"I think," he said, "that it would be more to the point if I asked you why *you* did it. I don't want to seem brutal or—or particularly callous, but, really, there was no necessity for it."

"I don't understand," said Louise helplessly. "What I mean is—why did you kill the Colonel?"

"Good heavens!" said Arthur Byrne, and sat down rather suddenly in a chair. He put up an unsteady hand to his forehead and pushed back his hair whilst keeping his eyes on Louise.

"This is rather absurd, you know," he said, with an odd laugh. "*I* never killed anyone. The Colonel came and went for me as though he thought I were an ordinary burglar, but I got away. I bolted down the drive after you, as I thought—I looked for you—I knew you couldn't have got far, but I couldn't see you, and I began to be afraid that you'd not got off, that you were hiding in the grounds.

"So I hunted for you, and then went back, and—and I saw that the hall door was open, all the lights were on, and I heard someone moaning. I was afraid that it was you, that something had happened to you, so I went to look, but—but it—it was—the Colonel. He was dead there—shot—there was blood; it was the most horrible sight——"

He stopped short with the horror of that recollection strong upon him. Louise got up, and turned her white fixed face upon him.

"But you killed him," she said, in matter-of-fact tones. "There was no one else. You *must* have killed him."

Byrne did not answer. They looked into one another's eyes those two, between them the gulf of an awful suspicion.

"That's queer," Arthur Byrne said at last, "for those were the very words I was going to use. You must have killed him. There was no one else."

Louise's face hardened suddenly; its delicate beauty was lost.

"When you saw him"—she hesitated as though she shrank from saying the dead man's name, and took refuge in a pronoun—"you thought he was dead."

"Horribly so," answered Byrne, with an involuntary gesture of loathing; but Louise shook her head.

"He was alive," she said quietly—"alive when he was found, and able to say that I—killed him. You see he was more dangerous dead—than living."

Then, watching his blank horror of amazement of expression, she told him quietly, with even voice and no gestures, the history of the past disastrous night.

She hid nothing, she endeavoured to palliate nothing. She used few words, but to Byrne was revealed in them all the horror of that terrible surprise awaiting her on her return, of her escape from the constable who had guarded her.

"How did you manage that?" Byrne asked huskily; "it—it was wonderful."

"At the head of the bed was a door, but you couldn't see it, because of the curtain; it led into the next room

He saw a man creep forward and step softly, swiftly, towards the cottage door.

and down the back stairs," Louise answered quietly; "it was quite easy to manage. I've been wandering about ever since—hiding. I had to come here at last. I'd nowhere else."

"And what are you going to do now?" asked Byrne. He raised his hand to his lips to hide the fact that they were trembling. He was conscious that he was far from being his usual composed and rather stolid self.

The events of the last four-and-twenty hours had shaken him cruelly. First Naomi's callous letter, then the adventure of the Gala Restaurant, and the consequent happenings at the dark house at Hampstead, the fight with the Colonel, his retreat, and then his return to find the man dead. The gruesome scene had haunted him all day. He shivered as with cold. Louise's blue eyes looked at him full of tragedy.

"Where can I go?" she asked wofully. "I've no friends. I know no one in England. It must sound very strange to you, but I can't explain, I—I——" Her face was suddenly shadowed by a look of dread, of terror. "I daren't!" she whispered hoarsely. "You must help me, if you will, without knowing anything about me."

"Oh, that's all right!" answered Byrne hastily. "I'll help you right enough, if only I can think how."

"There is one thing that I must tell you," she faltered. "I was married to the Colonel yesterday."

Byrne gazed at her in dismay. To him the fact that she had been married to the dead man seemed to make the case blacker against her, though, as he noted how youthful, almost childish in appearance, she was, all doubts that he might have had of her innocence vanished. To connect her with so hideous a crime was impossible. But, her innocence notwithstanding, she was in danger, and it was his duty to protect and guard her.

He bent down and touched her left hand.

"Yesterday," he said, "you wore a wedding-ring"—and Louise's pallor was merged into a crimson flush.

"I—I took it off," she said, in an almost inaudible voice. She turned to him appealingly. "Do you think that I did it?" she breathed. "I mean, do you think still that I killed—that I shot the man?"

There was horror, there was entreaty in the eyes she raised to his. To Byrne she looked like a helpless, frightened child.

"It's—it's so strange, almost ridiculous," she continued unsteadily, "that you should suspect me and I suspect you. That is why I came to you to ask you to tell the truth, to say that you killed him. I thought that you wouldn't let me suffer—in your place. It didn't seem like you after last night—when you were so good."

The Colonel, as he had seen him the last time, rose up as a vision before Arthur Byrne. He shuddered again.

"No," he said, "I didn't kill him—and—and I'm sure that you didn't."

Relief flashed into the tragic blue eyes raised to his.

"Oh, that is good of you," she breathed; "the Colonel said it was I, because he hated me. I think he must have kept him alive just long enough to tell lie. How could he be so cruel, oh, how could he!"

Her voice sank into a sob. Arthur Byrne laid a reassuring hand on hers.

"Hush," he said. "As it was a lie, it was disproved one. Don't be frightened, I'm going to help you through this."

He took her hands in his, he was flushed, he trembled no longer. He was fired by this confidence in him, by this absolute dependence on his will. This girl trusted him, knew that he could help her, that he was capable, strong, reliable. She saw him all the qualities in which Naomi Despard had thought him lacking. Louise had given back to Arthur Byrne the hope, the self-confidence of which Naomi had robbed him.

"I may be your only friend, but I'll be as good as a dozen to you," he said rapidly. "Look here, Mrs.——" He paused; the girl's face told him that the title reminded her only of the dead man, and he changed the form of address. "Look here, as we're to be friends, let me call you Louise. Well, I must get you away; you understand that it isn't safe for you to stay here, that the police will be looking for you. It sounds horrible, and it is horrible, but it's got to be faced.

"Listen, the only relative I have in the world is a cousin; he's the queerest, most eccentric old man, lives in a little place in Surrey, and spends his twopence a year; he's awfully poor, but he's a good enough sort, and I go down there for my holidays. His old servant, too, is a good old thing. I'll take you down to them; they'll look after you. His place is right in the middle of a wood; you'll be safe there. Will you agree?"

"If you think it best," Louise answered. "I can't think of anything."

He saw that she was, indeed, past thought, and rapidly, succinctly, he explained to her that it was the only thing that could be done. Now, she was to wait whilst he went out and bought a few things to take with her; she must not look as though her arrival was unpremeditated. He would tell his cousin that they were engaged; it would satisfy the old man, and Louise must not object.

She answered him that she did not, that she was only too grateful to him for the trouble that he was taking.

"With you I feel safe," she said, and the words sent a glow through Byrne as he left her. He made all possible dispatch, and returned in less than half an hour with his own shabby travelling bag, into which he had thrust the articles purchased somewhat hurriedly. He was grateful to the unfashionable nature of the neighbourhood, where shops remained open so long.

He found Louise quieter, more collected, and he was glad that she took all his arrangements as a matter of course, that she did not speak of money, or allow any foolish conventions to come between them.

That he was anxious, that it was a relief when they were in the train that was to take them to Woolcote, Byrne could not deny. It had seemed to him during the drive to the station, during the wait they had had to endure there, that the awful power of the law overshadowed them, ready at any moment to descend upon his luckless companion. Not until the train was in motion, not, indeed, until Woolcote itself was reached, did the tension relax.

He smiled reassuringly at Louise, as he helped her out on to the platform, but she was not looking at him. Her gaze went past him, and he saw terror in it.

"What is it?" he asked instantly on the platform. "Louise, what do you see?"

"That—that man," she whispered hoarsely. "There, do you see him? He is just in front of us."

Byrne looked in the direction she indicated; three or four passengers were giving up their tickets, but the insufficient light given by the oil-lamps, it was impossible for him to see them distinctly. To him they appeared ordinary country-people, and he tried to reassure his companion.

"No, no, I saw him, the man—I—I hated, now, to the Colonel," she said wildly. "He was following us; he's been following me all day, I expect, just like him. It's no good, he will find me; I can't get away from him."

"Hush!" answered Byrne authoritatively. "Now, listen, Louise. I don't for one moment believe that you really saw that man, whoever he is. You must be just the state to imagine that you see him everywhere. Pull yourself together, take my arm, and don't be so terrified. You're only giving the show away; I won't have it."

His manner, the tone of authority that he adopted towards her had the desired effect on Louise. But she was trembling violently, and her face was

I will give ten good briar pipes for the best things said. Mark postcards "Dinner." (See page 180.)

as the May bossoms that starred the hedges, she obeyed him. They were out in the quiet country road now, and Arthur, after assuring himself by a hasty glance round that there was no one in sight, chose the short cut that led over the fields and through a wood to his cousin's cottage.

The night was fine and very still, but each rustle of a leaf, each stealthy movement in the undergrowth made Louise start and shiver. Not all that Byrne could say could persuade her that she had been wrong, that she had not seen a dreaded enemy at Woolcote Station.

"Who is it, and why are you so afraid of him?" asked Byrne, but she made no answer, only quickened her pace, that became almost a run when Arthur pointed out to her the cottage that shone whitely through the darkness of the trees that surrounded it. There was no light to be seen in any of the windows; Arthur, made a little uneasy by this fact, knocked imperatively. There was no answer. Louise, with wild gaze going from one spot to another in search of the enemy she dreaded, shrank closer to him. Arthur repeated the knock, and at last there was the sound of movement within; the bolts were withdrawn, the door opened, and to Arthur's dismay, a woman who was a stranger to him appeared.

What could have happened to the faithful Rebecca, devoted servant to his cousin for over thirty years? He had depended on her for taking charge of Louise for attending to her and giving her the care that she needed.

"Rebecca, she's ill, at home with her folks," said the woman curtly as she spoke; "and Mr. Grindley, he's dead. Died two days ago at Woolcote Cottage Hospital."

She was about to shut the door, but Arthur prevented her. He explained hurriedly who he was, that he had known nothing of his cousin's illness, that he had brought his betrothed on a visit, a long promised one, he added desperately. Could she remain the night there? He had to return to town by the last train.

The woman was unwilling, surly, and suspicious, but Arthur's entreaties and some more material methods softened her. The young lady could stay, she agreed, until the following evening, before which Arthur declared he could not fetch her. It was all settled hurriedly, without much reference to Louise, who was in a state of passive indifference, and made no protest when Arthur told her what he had done and gave her into the woman's care.

"You'll wait until to-morrow evening for me," he said. Louise looked at him wistfully.

"Yes," she said, "I'll wait."

Then the door closed upon her, and Arthur, with a lightened heart, set out on his walk back to the station. As he reached the wood he looked back at the cottage softened and gracious in curve and outline in the moonlight. He thought of the unhappy fugitive that was sheltered in that quiet dwelling, and prayed that all danger might be averted from her, and even as he did so he saw out of the blackness of the shadows a man creep forward and step softly, swiftly to the cottage door.

CHAPTER V.

Thrown off the Scent.

INSTANTLY Arthur Byrne recalled Louise's terror at the station, terror that he had thought groundless, when she had declared that she had seen a face she knew, the face of a man she had feared almost as much as she had feared the Colonel.

Byrne, instinctively squaring his shoulders as for a fight, hurried back. He walked softly, but the man turned suddenly and faced him, with the moonrays upon him, a light, clear as day, showing to Byrne a wide, pale face, a black beard, brown eyes shaded by a large hat of the sombrero type. Arthur noticed that though not very tall he had a look of sturdy strength about him. He came down the path to meet Byrne. They paused when they were within a few paces of one another; the stranger spoke first.

"I've lost my way," he said. Byrne nodded rather sulkily.

"So I should imagine," he said. "You are trespassing on private property here. But I can tell you that if you have lost your way you won't find it in that cottage."

Beneath the shadow of the hat the stranger's eyes seemed to burn with the redness of anger.

"If I have trespassed," he observed, "if I have done wrong, I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, and as you are good enough to say that you will direct me, how do I get back to the village? To the station?"

"I am going to the village," said Arthur curtly. "You can come with me, if you like."

"Charmed to have your company," rejoined the stranger. "I am returning to town by the last train, and you are also, are you not? I thought I heard you say so to that elderly female, who seemed scarcely more hospitable than yourself."

"You were listening," Byrne inquired sharply, and the stranger smiled.

"Scarcely listening," he said; "in this silence and pure air, sound carries. I was amongst the trees yonder, and heard you. You did not trouble to lower your voice."

Byrne said nothing; it seemed to him that danger was coming very close to Louise, yet how to avert it he knew not. To return to warn her, to tell her that her fears had been justified, that she had indeed seen her enemy, would be useless. Where could she take refuge? He looked at the man who was now swinging jauntily along beside him, humming a little tune beneath his breath, his pale face uplifted to the glory of the night, in contemplation of the quiet stars.

"I say," observed Byrne abruptly, "that young lady whom you saw me with—who is at the cottage now——"

He paused; the stranger had turned upon him eyes full of interest.

"Yes," he said, "that very charming young lady, what of her?"

"She is the girl I'm going to marry," said Byrne. His mind was working rapidly; the desperate nature of the position in which he found himself made his brain more nimble than its wont. "Miss Naomi Despard, that's her name, and I want to know if you have ever met her, if—if you're a friend of hers?"

He stopped short, looking down from his great height upon his companion, who was, he saw, visibly disconcerted.

"I'm jealous, you see," Byrne added, with the air of one who is forced into making a humiliating confession. "I'm horribly jealous. I can't help it. And when I saw you hanging round that house I thought that—that you had followed us down here, and—I wanted to kill you. That's how I feel towards anyone who dares to raise his eyes to the woman I love. I want to kill him, and"—his voice changed to one of purposeful ferocity—"*if you don't tell me the truth—whether you know her or not, I'll kill you now.*"

He approached more closely to the stranger, who shrank away in obvious alarm. Byrne's heart grew lighter. Evidently the man was a coward. He ought to be able to bully him into believing any story.

"I'm waiting," Arthur said loudly, "for you to tell me the truth. Do you think that I'm going to let you hang round the girl I'm going to marry? Naomi never encouraged you; you dare to say that she did, and——"

A hand upraised menacingly made the black-bearded stranger shrink.

"I don't know what you mean by this talk about Naomi," he said. "I know no one of that name, but that girl, she isn't Naomi. I know her—I know who she is. She——"

"Stop!" Byrne's hand, upraised once more, commanded obedience. "Do you think that girl is someone called Louise something or other?"

"Yes," said the stranger, genuinely surprised, "I do."

Arthur paused, his hand across his brow, where the sweat pearled. What an actor he was becoming, how he was playing his *rôle!* He was astonished at the naturalness of his own voice when he spoke again.

"Why I ask," he said, "is because I saw a girl at the Gala Restaurant last night, with an ugly bulldog-looking sort of man, and I thought she was Naomi, the girl I'm engaged to, and I actually went up and spoke to her. It was only then that I found out my mistake. I apologised, and the man she was with called her Louise, I remember, and she called him Colonel—

"If you don't tell me the truth—whether you know her or not—I'll kill you now."

Colonel, I can't remember what, something beginning with a 'G.'"

"Was it Grant?" asked the stranger eagerly, and Arthur instantly assented.

"Grant, Grant—of course it was! I've an awfully good memory for names, but this one happened to escape me," he said. "I say, are those the people you mean? You [mistook] Miss Despard for that girl called Louise?"

The stranger nodded. He looked uneasy and slightly crestfallen.

"It was a stupid mistake to make," he said; "but the likeness was extraordinary."

"Oh, don't say too much about its stupidity, as I made the same blunder," retorted Byrne genially. His soul was lightened of a load; this man believed him; the story told on the spur of a danger-filled moment had been accepted. "Naomi—Miss Despard—was very interested when I told her of her double; she'll be still more interested when she hears that you were taken in as I was."

He laughed easily, conscious of a sudden distrustful glance that his companion darted at him. They walked on in silence over the dew-laden fields, past the woods, until the lights of the village station shone before them. Arthur Byrne pulled out his watch.

"Twenty minutes before the last train to town," he said; "it stops here for the convenience of some local bigwigs, and small persons like myself profit by it."

They entered the station, and to Arthur's relief the stranger bought a third-class ticket, and got into the same compartment with him. He wanted to keep the man under observation, to find out all concerning him, to guard against any possible danger to Louise in the future, danger that for the present had been happily averted.

The stranger proved communicative. His name, he told Byrne, was Agar Hanslin; he was of Dutch descent, but English upbringing; by profession a diamond merchant.

"If you want diamonds for Miss Naomi Despard, come to me, and you shall have them at a great reduction," he said jocularly. "In remembrance of this evening I should like to do business with you."

A recollection of Naomi's callous letter came to Arthur Byrne. He smiled grimly.

"Very good of you," he said; "but I'm afraid we shan't run to diamonds. If I ever come into a fortune, though, I'll remember your offer."

They parted at the terminus in amicable fashion, after an exchange of addresses; then Arthur, with the feeling that he had spent so much that he might as well spend more, took a taxi-cab to Clapham. He was so tired that sleep came to him the instant he wooed it, and he did not wake until the sun was streaming into his shabby little room, and a glance at his watch told him that he had heard nothing of Mrs. Martin's knocking, that he had, in fact, wofully overslept himself.

It was a fitting punishment that the jug of water placed outside his door should by now be cold. A letter lay beside it, and Arthur looked at it in astonishment. Except for Naomi, he had no correspondents. With a feeling of dread lest it should have any bearing on the tragedy of the dark house at Hampstead, Byrne opened it. It was from a firm of lawyers, and it informed him in legal phraseology of the death of his cousin Silas Grindley, and also of the fact that the said Silas Grindley had left him his entire fortune, amounting, roughly speaking, to about two hundred thousand pounds.

CHAPTER VI.

The Wrong Bride.

NAOMI DESPARD put down the newspaper that she had been reading and burst into tears. She was alone; it was the hour after tea when her pupils were with their mother, and the governess enjoyed a rest and that day's paper.

A paragraph in the paper was responsible for her grief:

"A romance of real life is revealed by the death of Mr. Silas Grindley, of Beech Cottage, Woolcote. He was supposed to be in very poor circumstances, but he is said to have left a fortune of nearly a quarter of a million to a distant cousin, Mr. Arthur Byrne, at present a clerk in the employ of Messrs. ——."

There was more, but Naomi did not read it. If only, she thought, she had waited a few days longer, just a week, before breaking off her engagement. Fate was too cruel to her. How could she have known that from being a City clerk Arthur was to rise to be a man of fortune? Naomi wept afresh as she thought of the chance that she had thrown away, and then, being a sensible young person, she realised that tears were useless, and she asked herself what she could do.

To gain Arthur's love once more, and thereby two hundred thousand pounds, was now Naomi's most ardent wish. It would be difficult, she realised that, to persuade her jilted lover that she had made a mistake, that she had misunderstood her feelings. The least cynical of men might trace a connection between this discovery and old Silas Grindley's legacy. But Naomi remembered her lover's blind devotion, his belief in her, and with very little fear of failure she asked for a few days' leave, and went up the following morning to London to seek out Arthur Byrne.

She had dressed herself very carefully; she knew that she was at her best, and she had her little speech of confession, of entreaty for pardon ready prepared when she knocked at Mrs. Martin's door.

But disappointment awaited her. The landlady, with some sourness, informed her that Mr. Byrne had left, and on Naomi's asking for his address, gave it with reluctance as Beech Cottage, Woolcote.

"That reminds me." How often have you used ingenious dodges to jog your memory?

It was disconcerting, but Naomi felt that she had gone too far to retreat. She must go to Woolcote, and then she must rehearse the little scene she had thought out. It was afternoon when she finally reached her destination, when she alighted from the musty, station fly and walked up the long path to the front door of Beech Cottage.

Her heart was beating faster than its wont, but she was confident of victory when she heard that Mr. Byrne was in, and the maid requested her to give her name. Then and then only did a sudden doubt assail her. Suppose that Arthur should decline to see her? The humiliation would crush her to the earth.

"Please say only that a lady wishes to see him," she replied; "and on important business."

The servant asked her to enter, and ushered her into the dining-room, a panelled room with low, wide windows looking out on to the garden, where the daffodils swayed golden heads in the soft breeze. Naomi clasped her hands involuntarily above her fast beating heart. Her green eyes, so strange, so wonderful in their setting of soft black lashes, were fixed upon the door that would open to admit Arthur.

She pictured how she would go to him, how she would confess that it had all been a mistake, that she loved him, and him alone, and then he would take her in his arms, and she would feel upon her lips the kisses of which he had been so prodigal, and which she had always received with such reluctance. A little smile quivered on her parted lips. She moved forward as the door opened, and Arthur came in, came up to her, in the semi-twilight of the dark little room, and then he started back, blank horror on his face.

"My heavens!" he said. "I—I thought it was Louise!"

Naomi gave an hysterical little laugh.

"Was *that* why you looked so pleased?" she asked bitingly. "You thought I was someone else. Pray, who is Louise? You've forgotten me horribly quickly, Arthur, or—or was she always in the background?"

But he did not appear to hear what she said. He continued to stare at her with a consternation so genuine that even Naomi's pride rose.

"You wish that I hadn't come," she contrived to say as well as her quivering lips would permit her. "You're sorry."

"With all my heart I am," he answered almost roughly. "Why are you here?"

"I came because I wanted to tell you that it was all a mistake, that I found I cared for you," Naomi said unsteadily. "Oh, Arthur, I tell you it was a mistake. I love you, I love you!"

She was close beside him now, she put her hands upon his shoulders, she hid her face against his breast, and a quiver, a thrill ran through Byrne. Naomi, aware of it, clasped her arms suddenly about his neck. She raised her face, raised it to his so that its beauty shone upon him, so that he looked into the mysterious depths of her green eyes. Her lips moved, but he heard no words, he only was conscious to the exclusion of all other things of the loveliness of her; he remembered only that once this woman had been the world itself to him.

"Forgive," she was murmuring, and now the sense of the spoken words was understood by him, "dearest! A mistake. Forgive and forget!"

Her eyes smiled into his, her lips were close to his, unthinkingly he bent forward to kiss them, but then he remembered. The momentary spell cast over him by this woman was broken; the dread in which he now walked, the darkness of the shadow that threatened him returned. Quietly, but with a decision there was no misunderstanding, he loosened her arms from about his neck.

"I can't forget," he said firmly. "You and I are nothing to one another now, Naomi."

Repulsed, she drew back. Her beautiful face was very white, but her eyes were filled with the deadly hatred of a woman scorned. She moved towards the door, looking back at Byrne.

"Oh, how I *hate* you!" she said suddenly, with all the intensity of which her nature was capable. "I'll never, never forgive you for what you've done!"

Byrne made no answer. Naomi hurried from the room, through the hall, and out into the falling twilight of the spring evening. She wanted to get away, to place as much distance as possible between her and the scene of her humiliation. Tears rushed to her eyes, half blinding her, as she thought of the repulse that she had suffered. She had only spoken the truth when she had told Arthur Byrne that she hated him. Her hate had risen to such a point that gladly at that moment would she have seen him dead at her feet. Sobs of rage shook her, as she hurried blindly on, regardless of whither she was going, and she stumbled and would have fallen had not someone caught her by the arm and steadied her.

"Nearly down then, Miss Despard," said a voice that she did not recognise; "it was fortunate that I happened to be passing."

Naomi looked up in bewilderment, to behold a pale-faced, black-bearded man, who still kept his hold upon her.

"How do you know me?" she asked involuntarily, and the stranger, peering at her through the rising dusk, laughed softly.

"Why, are you not Miss Despard, who came to the cottage about six days ago, and who is to marry my friend Mr. Byrne?" he replied. "Then it was that I mistook you for someone else—a friend of mine. Now, looking at you, I see the difference. But the likeness deceived me in the beginning and in the distance."

"I don't understand what you're talking about," Naomi said curtly. "This is the first time I've been to Woolcote, and it will certainly be the last," she added, with vehemence. "I hope I may never see it again."

"But Mr. Byrne intends to remain at the cottage even after your marriage," protested the stranger. He was staring at Naomi curiously.

"My marriage," the girl replied shortly, "has nothing to do with Mr. Byrne."

"But surely," protested the stranger, "you are Miss Despard. Very well, then, he told me himself on the only occasion that I had the pleasure of seeing him, that he was going to marry Miss Naomi Despard. My errand here this evening is that I have brought him some diamonds to look at as a present for his bride, for, like the rest of the world, I am aware that Mr. Byrne has in the last few days become a very wealthy man."

Naomi shook her head. "I don't understand in the least what you mean," she said wearily. "I am Naomi Despard, but I am not going to marry Mr. Byrne. He is going to be married, I believe." She gave a hard smile as she recalled Arthur's greeting. "But the name of the girl he is going to marry is Louise."

As Naomi spoke a change came over the man's pale, wide-featured face. It darkened, was convulsed as by a sudden storm of fury, and instinctively she shrank away, for at that moment it seemed to her that a diabolic nature looked at her from out of those gleaming eyes. He put out a hand and laid it heavily upon her arm.

"Wait," he said hoarsely; "tell me all you know. Louise—Louise!" He repeated the name with savage emphasis. "What's her other name? Have you seen her? Where is she? Tell me everything, everything, and you shan't regret it. Only be frank; I'm your friend. I know human nature as well as I know diamonds, and I know you can help me."

"I don't see how I can help you," said Naomi, shrinking from him. She averted her head with a little shudder, for his face was not pleasant to look upon, with the black-bearded lips twitching convulsively. "I don't understand what you wish, what you are talking about. Please, let me go."

But his grip upon her arm tightened.

"Listen," he said, "I want to know everything about that girl Louise. You've seen her lately—within the last week?"

"I've never seen her in my life," said Naomi, forced by the fierce insistence of the man to answer. "I never heard of her until to-night, when Arthur—Mr. Byrne thought that I was she."

Agar Hanslin nodded. "Exactly," he said grimly. "there is a likeness; it is extraordinary, and to Louise Grant it is very useful. Mr. Byrne may be going to marry her, to give her his name, but he's given her yours first. She's going by that now; she's called Miss Despard."

"But why, but why?" cried Naomi hotly. She was bewildered, but she was also angry. "How dare he let her use my name! Why doesn't she keep her own, whatever it may be?"

The diamond merchant smiled rather savagely.

"Because that would be scarcely wise," he said, "considering that there is a reward of two hundred pounds offered for the apprehension of Louise Grant, on the charge of murdering her husband last week by shooting him at their house in Hampstead."

Arthur Byrne tore the veil from the bride's face, and, behold, Naomi Despard stood there!

Naomi's beautiful green eyes opened. "But what has Arthur to do with her?" she ejaculated. "What does he want to protect or to help her?"

"Because I suppose he is fool enough to be in love with her," said Hanslin, and at that Naomi betrayed herself. She said without thinking that that was impossible, and when Hanslin pressed to know the reason why, she reluctantly told of the broken engagement.

"And, hearing of Byrne's change of fortune, you realised that you'd made a mistake," Hanslin said significantly. "Oh, I understand; don't trouble to explain. Unfortunately, you were too late to rectify that mistake. Miss Grant has taken your place."

"How dare you say such things to me?" cried Naomi passionately. "I—I hate her! He shan't marry her; he can't—a horrible woman who has murdered her first husband!"

Hanslin grinned appreciatively. "You're right," he said, "he shan't. I'll prevent it. I know who I am now. I'm immensely grateful to you, Miss Despard. Give me your address; I'll let you know how things are working out. For my own sake" his black, gleaming eyes were odious as they rested on her—"I don't want to lose sight of you."

Naomi blushed, but not with anger. She was always greedy for any tribute to her beauty. She gave her address, and Hanslin wrote it down.

"Excuse my not escorting you to the station," he added, "but I must see Mr. Byrne. Here's my card; you may find it useful."

He was smiling to himself in quiet satisfaction when he had bidden Naomi good-bye. No man could wish for a better coadjutor than a jealous woman. The net was closing round Louise Grant; Naomi's white hands would draw it tight.

Arthur Byrne was not pleased at receiving a visit from Hanslin so soon after one from Naomi, but he felt that it would have been imprudent to decline to see him. The diamond merchant displayed the exquisite stones that he had brought down with him, and spoke of Miss Despard and how her beauty would be set off by them.

"For I know that she is beautiful, because she is so like the girl for whom I mistook her," he added, watching Byrne's worn face. "Such a resemblance is extraordinary. But I long to see your betrothed and apologise for my apparent rudeness in following her here. Did you tell her of our little adventure?"

"Yes"—Arthur steadied his voice with difficulty—"I told her."

"She was amused, unless, of course, you told her that she resembled a woman who is now notorious, the murderer of her husband, a woman for whom the police are seeking."

"I did not tell her that, but even then I don't know that she was particularly amused."

"Ah, well, women are lacking in a sense of humour," said Hanslin lightly. "Will you take one of these ornaments?"

In order to propitiate one who might be dangerous, Arthur bought a pendant, and was relieved when Hanslin observed that he must be getting back. Hanslin's shrewd eyes noted that expression of relief, and he was careful not to explain that he was not returning to London, but intended to remain at Woolcote.

"Curious murder case that of Colonel Grant's," he observed, as he went downstairs with his host. "Are you following it, Mr. Byrne?"

"No, I take no interest in it."

"Ah, I do, seeing that I knew the poor fellow. Tell me, are you staying on here? If I came down, say, next Saturday, should I find you?"

"No," said Arthur hastily. "I'm off to-morrow."

He did not say where, nor did Hanslin ask him. The latter had learned all he wished to know.

It was with the feeling of one who has escaped a great danger that Arthur Byrne left Woolcote the following day, and took the train to a quiet sleepy village in an adjacent county, a village named Effenden, that he had chosen as the best spot in which poor Louise could hide herself under the name of Naomi Despard.

Now that he was rich everything was simple. He had asked Louise to marry him, as the best means of protecting her from the fate that threatened her. He had told her that he had no wish to pry into a past that he knew was painful, that she should keep silence for ever, if it so pleased her. He was content to know that she had suffered, and he would try in a new country and fresh surroundings to make her forget all that she had gone through.

At first Louise had refused; it would not be fair, she had said. She knew, though both of them avoided the subject, that she was being searched for as the murderer of her husband, that placards with a description of her, and offering a reward for her apprehension were everywhere. But Byrne had repeated his offer, had entreated her to give him the right to protect her, and at last she had yielded. Two days after the Naomi Despard's visit to Woolcote was the wedding day of Arthur Byrne. He stood at the altar steps in the quaint old Saxon church of Effenden, waiting for his bride, and presently a white-robed, veiled figure

One man I know always puts a slip of paper in his tobacco pouch. What do you do?

came slowly up the aisle and stood by his side. The clergyman began the service; Byrne saw the bride was trembling as he looked at her pityingly.

"I charge you both," read the clergyman, "as——"

"Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake!"

It was the bridegroom who uttered these words in a voice of horror and dismay, and at the same time he tore the bride's veil from her face, and, behold, Naomi Despard stood there!

CHAPTER VII.

Guilty!

FOR a second's space a tense silence reigned in the quiet little church, where surely so strange a scene had never before taken place. Naomi, with the torn veil flung back from her pale face, stared with all the hardihood she could summon at the man whom she had so nearly tricked. As for Arthur, all power of speech, of motion seemed to have deserted him. He stood motionless, with parted lips, his face of a queer greyish hue. Almost, so it struck Naomi, of the hue of death. She shuddered, and spoke with reckless haste.

"I am Naomi Despard, you can't deny it," she said, "and that is the name of the woman you are going to marry. I can't understand you, Arthur. Have you gone mad, that you make such a scene?"

A look of horror and of hatred flamed into Byrne's eyes.

"I'm not mad," he retorted in low, fierce tones, "and whatever your name, you're not the woman I'm going to marry. Where is she? What have you done with her? How have you taken her place? If anything has happened to her, through you——"

He forgot where he was, forgot that he was speaking to a woman, and made a menacing step forward. The clergyman, who had been regarding the scene with amazement, interposed.

"As this lady has no relatives present to protect her in this most distressing situation, I will do so," he said firmly. "You don't seem to realise that you are behaving in a very strange and disgraceful manner, Mr. Byrne. Words fail me to express what I think of your conduct."

Byrne glanced with impatient contempt at the well-meaning speaker, and turned to Naomi.

"I ask you again, where is she? Where is the woman whose place you have taken?" he said fiercely, but Naomi made no answer. Byrne bit back an oath, and strode down the aisle, out through the widely open doors of the church, through which bride and bridegroom were to have passed. Across the green he saw the white-walled cottage where Louise had lodged. His heart sickened at the thought of what might have happened there; his walk broke into a run. There was the sound of footsteps behind him, a voice called to him, the voice of Naomi. He paid no heed to it, but presently, panting, struggling for breath, she was by his side.

"Arthur, don't—don't go there; it's—it's no good," she gasped. "She—the woman you're looking for—is not there. I swear it."

She was so passionately in earnest that her words carried conviction. Arthur paused irresolutely, and Naomi saw her advantage and seized it.

"That woman has been arrested," she breathed. "Detectives came; they have taken her away to London. Agar Hanslin has been watching her. I met him that day I came to Woolcote. He knew her years ago; she has money, and I think he was to have shared it with that man she married, and whom she killed. Anyway, he seems to hate her, and—and he says she is guilty, and he wanted to have her arrested at once, but when—when I found out you were going to marry her, I thought of this plan; my likeness to her made it possible. I felt that though you might be angry at first, you'd forgive me, Arthur. So Hanslin waited. He didn't know why I wanted him to. I don't believe he would have helped me if he had, because he cares for me, Arthur, I know he does, and I—I care only for you."

But Byrne looked at her with unmoved eyes.

"It's too late for that sort of thing," he replied coldly; "and you had better realise that."

Naomi's red lips tightened viciously. It was difficult for her to realise that a man can fall out of love as swiftly as he fell into it; that affection, even adoration, can be killed by one blow as well as by a succession of them.

"You won't forgive me," she forced herself to say, and he shook his head.

"Never," he answered distinctly. "What you did to-day, palming yourself off on me, that I forgive because it's made no difference. But I'll never forgive your conspiring with that man Agar Hanslin, because that has hurt Louise, and she is the woman I love. I am going to her now."

He turned away. Naomi mechanically stretched out her empty, longing arms; her beautiful face was blanched and old. Then she smiled, a strange, terrible smile. Love, wealth were both denied her; vengeance, however, was still within her grasp.

It was not difficult for Arthur Byrne to discover where Louise had been taken, for by the time he reached London special editions of the papers were out, announcing in big type the arrest of the alleged murderess of Colonel Grant, of High House, Hampstead. There were various details about her, snapshots of her arrival at the terminus, and as Arthur glanced at one he sickened and swore beneath his breath, for he saw that her slim wrists were manacled, that she was guarded between two policemen, as though she were the worst of malefactors.

Byrne drove instantly to the lawyers who were managing his affairs, as they had managed his cousin's, and put Louise's case in their hands.

Because he saw that it was necessary, he told the whole story of his first meeting with her; he kept back nothing, he disguised nothing. The wild, fantastic adventure was laid before the critical eyes of the lawyer.

The latter made few comments, though it seemed to Arthur that he looked a little grave at certain portions of the recital. He spoke of retaining the services of a certain famous King's Counsel, and declined, though Arthur besought him to, to give expression to his own personal opinion.

"My dear sir, opinions are of no use in such cases," he said. "What we want are facts. The utmost will be done to prove the innocence of Miss—Mrs. Grant. Yes, I will arrange for you to see her to-day. If it is possible, certainly."

Agar Hanslin fell before the horrified spectators could interfere.

Late that afternoon Arthur was admitted to the prison, into the presence of the girl whom that day he was to have married.

She had not expected him, and her flash of exquisite joy as he went to her and took her in his arms, seemed to him the loveliest thing he had ever seen. They were alone. That concession had been secured for them. Louise, her face hidden against Byrne's shoulder, sobbed weakly.

"I wondered what you would think of me when you waited in the church," she whispered. "Arthur, they came—the men—and took me—just, just when I was going to start. One said there had been an accident to you, and I believed them. I went with them, and—and then they told me who they were, and—and they brought me here. Oh, I can hardly realise it; there is only one thing that I am thankful for, and that is that it happened before we were married. You're free."

"What a silly thing to be thankful for," said Byrne lightly, and he kissed her soft hair. He did not speak of Naomi, but he told Louise that she had been tracked down by a man called Agar Hanslin, and she gave a little moan.

"That is the man whom I saw that day we went to Woolcote," she whispered. "So he was following me, he had found me out! Arthur, there's no chance if he is against me. I hated him always, almost as much as I hated the Colonel."

She was trembling with fear, terror was in her face as she clung to Byrne.

"He will see that I don't escape," she declared wildly. "Oh, Arthur, it is quite, quite useless for you to help me; indeed it is. I know that man; he was Colonel Grant's friend."

"Listen, dearest," said Byrne, with infinite tenderness, "won't you tell me why you married that man who is now dead when you hated him. Tell me everything, Louise. I must know everything if I am to help you."

He felt her shiver and his arms tightened about her.

"You're frightened," he whispered soothingly; "and there's no need. Tell me everything, beloved. Whatever it is, it will only make me love and pity you the more."

"No, no, you will think it so awful, you will despise me," Louise breathed brokenly. "I can't tell you. Only, Arthur, listen"—she raised her beautiful wan face to his—"I want you to remember whatever happens that I love you, that I loved you from that moment at the Gala Restaurant when you were so good to me, and so brave, and said that you would help me. I was desperate then, but I wanted to try and escape alone. Do you know, sometimes I think that I *should* have killed that man if you hadn't come to my rescue."

Arthur kissed her by way of answer, and then holding her at arm's length studied her gravely.

"Louise," he said, "I'm going to ask you a question. Do you suspect anyone of the murder, now that you don't suspect me?"

Her eyes drooped, her expression was one of undisguised terror.

"N-no, n-no," she stammered; "it's—it's quite impossible!"

"What is?" asked Byrne, swift to seize upon the statement. "Louise, what is impossible?"

She shook her head, avoiding at the same time his gaze.

"Don't—don't ask me," she breathed; "it—it was only an idea. Please, please don't ask me."

A sudden thought came to Byrne. He took her hands in his and drew her close.

"Look at me, Louise," he said suddenly. "Look at me, and answer a question that I am going to put to you. That night that I met you, the Colonel spoke of your having no servants at High House, of only a charwoman coming in. Was that true?"

"Yes," she answered wonderingly, "quite. We were to be at Hampstead for so short a time that he said servants were not necessary. But why do you ask?"

"Then"—Byrne spoke with careful deliberation—"that night that your husband was killed there was no one in the house save your two selves. Is that so?"

Louise started; she grew crimson, then pale, and strove to release herself. Byrne's hold upon her hands loosened.

"I've got my answer," he said, with a quiet smile; "my poor, brave, foolish child, you shall be saved even against your will."

He caught her to him, kissed her, and then he hurried from the cell. At last he had what he desired—a clue.

As he left the prison he was thinking of it, hope was awake in him once more. He resolved to go to High House the following day to examine it carefully. At that moment two men who had been following him suddenly came forward and placed themselves on either side of him. Arthur drew back in astonishment.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" he asked hotly, and then they told him, and Byrne knew that he too was a prisoner, arrested on the charge of having aided and abetted Louise Grant. It was the vengeance of Naomi who had betrayed him to the police.

* * * * * *

Three days later the trial of Louise Grant began. Interest in it ran high, for the case had attracted much attention. In the face of the murdered man's statement that it was his wife, the girl whom he had that day married, who had shot him, it seemed useless for the prisoner to declare her innocence.

Very frail but very beautiful she looked as she stood in the dock and listened with the air of scarcely understanding what was going forward to the speech of the prosecuting counsel, and then to the witnesses. The first was the milkman who had discovered Colonel Grant; he was followed by the policeman who had taken down his statement, and then came doctors who had performed the *post mortem*. To each in turn Louise listened as it were, vaguely, and only roused herself when Agar Hanslin stepped into the witness-box. She stood erect, gazing at him with a horror that she did not attempt to disguise.

As for Hanslin, he gave her one lowering, malevolent glance, and turning his gaze from her, never once again glanced in her direction. He gave his evidence in a business-like fashion, his voice a little low, yet clear, so that each word was audible.

He had known the deceased for a great many years, he said. Colonel Grant had once commanded a band of Irregulars in Brazil, and it was from that source that he had got the title of Colonel. He was a man who speculated in various ventures. It was owing to a deal in diamonds that they had become acquainted. Then the witness had been in partnership with a certain James Hawdon, the father of the prisoner.

"Who was an only child?" asked counsel. Those who were looking at Louise saw her start, her eyes were fixed with wild entreaty upon Agar Hanslin as he hesitated before replying.

"Yes," he said, "an only child. Mr. Hawdon died some years ago, and Colonel Grant was Miss Hawdon's guardian. They lived in the East, at one time in Ceylon, latterly at Singapore. This year they were in Europe. I met them in Paris about a month before the Colonel's death. I understood then that they were to be married. The Colonel spoke of coming over to London. I offered him my house at Hampstead that I had never occupied; it was barely furnished, but I thought it would be quite convenient. He accepted my offer."

"On what terms," inquired the prisoner's counsel, "were you with Miss Hawdon?"

Hanslin's eyes clouded; he turned a blank face to the speaker.

"I was an old friend of her guardian's," he said; "and she knew that I was devoted to the Colonel."

He paused, then went on quietly to explain that he saw a good deal of the Colonel and his ward when they were in Paris, that he was to have been present at the wedding that took place at a London registry office, but that he had been prevented, that he had telephoned

I will give five shillings for the best way to remember engagements. Mark postcards "Memory." (See page 180.)

he would meet them that evening at the Gala Restaurant, but had not been able to keep the appointment. He had driven up to Hampstead the following morning, to find High House in the hands of the police, his friend dead, his friend's wife missing and charged with the crime of murder.

That concluded Mr. Hanslin's evidence, but as he left the witness-box a strange little scene took place. The prisoner leaned over the rail of the dock, and said, in a voice all could hear:

"Thank you, I am very grateful!"

And the strange thing was that it was evident she was perfectly sincere. Hanslin looked at her, smiled strangely, and with a slight shake of the head turned away.

No witness was called for the defence. It would have been inadvisable to put Arthur Byrne in the witness-box with his tale of the bride's evident horror of her husband, her frantic appeal to him to save her. The prisoner's counsel made a brilliant and impassioned speech; with the poor materials at his command it was truly a grand effort. Agar Hanslin at the back of the crowded court listened with breathless interest. His eyes, like the eyes of all the other spectators, rested on the beautiful woman in the dock.

Death or life—which was it that those twelve men would allot to her? he wondered, as he listened to the grave and careful summing-up of the judge.

The jury retired, and were absent a little over half an hour. Louise was brought back. Agar Hanslin, darting a glance at her, saw that she bore herself calmly; there was even a little colour in her cheeks, and at that moment he was struck anew by her likeness to Naomi Despard, who was now his secretary. The days of governessing were over for Miss Despard.

A tense hush hung over the crowd as it waited for the usual questions to be put. Suspense had reached its height, excitement was held in check only by the dread, the fear of what might be the fate in store for that calm and collected young girl. Agar Hanslin moistened his lips that had suddenly grown dry. It was awful: it was more than human nature could stand, he thought fiercely. It was fearful, this waiting. Why did not the foreman speak the one fatal word, or those that would set Louise Grant free? There was an odd roaring in Agar Hanslin's ears as of many waters, that rose ever higher and higher, then they subsided into dead and utter stillness—and that stillness was broken by the one word—"Guilty!"

* * * *

It was the evening of that same day that Naomi Despard sat in Agar Hanslin's shabby sitting-room, and waited for his return. He had bidden her do so; whatever the news he would bring it her. He had given her injunctions not to stir out, and Naomi obeyed them, although the dreary house in Soho with its one servant, a deaf and half-blind old woman, who looked effectually after her master, filled her with distaste. She had begun to grow restless when dusk came, to wonder at Hanslin's long absence, and she heaved a sigh of relief when she heard his step on the stairs, and presently he entered the room.

"Well," she said, trying to smile, though her heart beat heavily, "what news?"

Hanslin put down his hat upon a dusty and shabby sideboard, and came up to Naomi.

"Louise Grant is free," he said, and Naomi started.

"Then—then nothing will happen to Arthur?" she said quickly. "Isn't that so?"

Agar Hanslin looked at her with a sinister lowering of his thick brows.

"Vengeance is sweet at first, but afterwards it is bitter tasting," he said. "You think that Arthur Byrne is safe now, because Louise Grant is free, don't you?"

"Of course I do," replied Naomi. "I mayn't know much of law, but I do know that a man can't be said to have been accessory to a murder that has not been committed by the person he is supposed to have helped. I'm not putting it very clearly, perhaps, but that is what I mean."

"Oh, I understand your meaning," said Hanslin grimly, "only you don't quite know how affairs have turned out. Louise Grant will be set free, because Byrne within a few moments of hearing that she had been found guilty, confessed that he, and no one else, had shot Colonel Grant. I'm afraid that there isn't any chance of *his* being let off, so your vengeance will be nicely complete, Miss Despard."

Slowly Naomi rose to her feet and faced the speaker.

"You talk as though you were glad," she said in a dull voice—"as though you——"

Hanslin put out his hands and caught hers.

"I am, I am!" he cried hoarsely. "Because you cared for that man once, and, Naomi, I, who've worshipped gold only all my life, now worship you. Marry me, and I'll give you everything you want. All the luxuries, all the wealth that you want, and that you ought to have. I'll give you. Look here." He produced a key, and, still holding her hand, led her across the room to a shabby, plainly-made cabinet of a type calculated to throw the most astute burglar off his guard. Hanslin unlocked a drawer, and took from it a battered leather case. He opened it, a rope of diamonds lay within it, coiled like a snake. Hanslin took it up and placed it about Naomi's throat. It hung down below her waist in two lines of glittering fire. In her admiration, her delight, Naomi forgot Arthur Byrne.

"Oh, it's too wonderful," she exclaimed. "But—but I can't take it. It's too much, Mr. Hanslin."

"Not for my wife, and that is what you will be," answered Hanslin passionately. "Naomi, say 'Yes.'"

With her eyes upon the diamonds, whilst she fingered them lovingly, Naomi answered "Yes." Hanslin took her in his arms and kissed her, and even as his lips touched hers there was a knock at the door. Naomi started back hastily, as it opened slowly and a man came in.

Tall, thin, white as the ghosts of our fabled fancy, he stood there, and, at the sight of him, Hanslin staggered back, clutching at his throat as though he were choking, his eyes starting out of his head.

"My heavens, my heavens—*Hubert!*"

The stranger advanced into the room; he walked slowly with a slight limp. He did not look at Naomi, his gaze was fixed only on Hanslin.

"Yes," he said deliberately, "it's Hubert—Hubert Hawdon. I've come to fetch you; you can prove my identity."

Hanslin, still plucking at his throat as though for air, stammered out something that Naomi could not catch.

"Oh, you thought I was dead!" said the man called Hubert Hawdon, with a smile. "No, I'm alive, and I want you. You've got to come with me; you've no choice, anyway."

He laid a fleshless hand upon Hanslin's arm; he drew him to the door, Hanslin resisting, yet finding his struggles futile in that stern grasp. Naomi, watching them as one fascinated, was reminded of the ancient mariner and the reluctant wedding guest. On the threshold Hanslin paused and addressed her.

"Wait, wait here, Naomi," he said wildly. "Don't go till I come back."

Then his companion swept him on; the door closed.

It was to Scotland Yard that the man called Hubert Hawdon took his victim, who appeared too paralysed with fear or some kindred emotion to make any protest. Arrived at their destination, in spite of the lateness of the hour, they were ushered into the presence of a man whom Hanslin recognised as a certain famous detective, who had had the Grant case in hand.

"I received your letter, Mr. Hawdon," this personage said gravely; "and so I at once sent word that I would receive you when you called. You made a very startling communication to me in that same letter; you said——"

"That Arthur Byrne, or whatever his name is, is lying when he says that he killed Colonel Grant," Hubert Hawdon answered placidly. "And I have the best reasons for saying so, as—I killed him myself. This man—Agar Hanslin—knows that I did. He can't deny it."

"Indeed!"—the detective looked keenly at the ashen-faced diamond merchant—"but in that case your friend is in a very serious position. He——"

"He committed perjury," interposed Hubert carelessly. "Oh, yes, but that's nothing. He thought I was dead, you see. But I've come here to make a statement, a confession, and you can take it down. I'll sign it when it's finished."

He sank into a chair. Hanslin, casting uneasy glances on either side, saw that the doors were effectually though unobtrusively guarded.

"I'll go back," said Hubert Hawdon, "to when Louise and I were children. Our father was a man who was always mixing himself up in other people's concerns. We lived in Lima, in Peru, and he was fond of taking a hand in revolutions. He got to know Colonel Grant during one of them, and they became great friends. Wherever we went Grant was there. At last in Singapore my father died. Louise, who is twenty—I am four years older—was left to the Colonel's guardianship.

"My father and I had never got on, so he revenged himself by leaving everything to her. It did not matter, for Louise and I were as one; we were [illegible] to one another, but the Colonel interfered. He [illegible] to marry her, and this man here, Agar Han[illegible] was his friend, tried to help him. It was [illegible] help that Louise was decoyed away to a [illegible] Singapore where there was a villainous renegade [illegible] who was willing to marry her to Grant, even [illegible] her will. Well, I found that out. I followed [illegible] there and shot the parson dead, and I wish to H[illegible] I'd shot Grant, too. But I didn't; I only saved [illegible] and we got away on a steamer going to England, [illegible] the Colonel followed us.

"I was desperately ill on the voyage, and wh[illegible] landed at Tilbury the Colonel was there waiting f[illegible] He had come overland as far as he could, and [illegible] gained on us, and he told Louise that he would [illegible] me arrested for murder unless she promised th[illegible] then to marry him. She was so terrified, poor [illegible] and I was so ill that she said she would, though [illegible] hated the man, she knew what a fiend he was.

"Agar Hanslin took us to his house at Hampst[illegible], and within a few days my sister was married to G[illegible] I was still helplessly ill. Hanslin and the C[illegible] thought I was dying. Louise came into my room [illegible] her wedding day, and she didn't know that I [illegible] conscious. She didn't know that I heard her c[illegible] and whispering how she would rather die, but th[illegible] was for my sake. Then, when I heard her, I [illegible] that she should not sacrifice herself for me. W[illegible] they were away I got up, hunted out a revol[illegible] Grant's, and waited for my chance.

"It was night, and I heard him come bac[illegible] Louise, and then he seemed to think that the [illegible] wasn't secure, and I heard him trying all the d[illegible] swearing, and then there was a sort of scuffle in [illegible] hall, and I crept out of my room. I caught sig[illegible] him as he turned and fired at him, and I thoug[illegible] was dead, and I shoved the revolver into my po[illegible] and ran for it.

"I felt that there wasn't any chance for me. T[illegible] was the second man I'd killed, and I just made a [illegible] for it. I'd money and I hid myself, but I s[illegible] no idea my sister was arrested for the crime. I[illegible] meant to go away for ever, never to cross her p[illegible] again. I've been lying in a wretched little hol[illegible] Poplar, and to-day I learned what had happened.

"Whoever this Byrne man is, he's a brick to have lied for Louise's sake, but it isn't necessary. I've [illegible] the truth; I brought Agar Hanslin here becaus[illegible] wanted to be identified, and he can do it. I [illegible] where he lived, fortunately. By the way [illegible] speaker turned to Hanslin—"you said in y[illegible] evidence to-day that Louise was my fath[illegible] child. Did she tell you to do that?"

Hanslin nodded. "From prison she wr[illegible] a guarded letter," he said hoarsely, "saying that [illegible] was alone in the world, would I remember that. She was afraid of suspicion falling on you."

"And you, you cur, would have let her die for the crime I committed!" cried Hubert suddenly. He sprang up, his face convulsed, his eyes glaring. It was a madman who swung round on Agar, who snatched suddenly from his pocket the revolver that had made Louise a widow.

There was a flash, a report, Agar Hanslin fell before the horrified spectators could interfere, and Hubert Hawdon turned the weapon upon himself, and fell dead beside his victim.

Thus in vain did Naomi wait for the return of the man who had learned to love her better than [illegible], but the diamond chain more than consoled her for his loss.

* * * *

The news of her brother's death was broken to Lo[illegible] and of the confession that he had made. She was [illegible] surprised. When she had realised that Arthur had not killed the Colonel, she had felt the guilt [illegible] could only be her brother, of whose insanity s[illegible] aware, though loving him devotedly she had ev[illegible] tried to hide it from the world. When she [illegible] prison she went to a quiet, secluded little vil[illegible] on the Cornish coast to recover health and spirits. [illegible] after some weeks, Arthur came to her.

Older, with traces of sadness and suffering that [illegible] had not given, and could never take away, he c[illegible] to Louise, where she waited for him with outst[illegible] hands. Eye to eye, heart to heart they stood, in [illegible] soul of each a gratitude, a joy too profound a[illegible] for words. Louise it was who spoke first.

"You would have died for me," she whispe[illegible] "How can I thank you?"

"You will do a greater thing for me," he an[illegible] and as her eyes questioned his. "Beloved, will you live for me? Will you be my wife?"

The sea that spent its restless life beneath the windows of the room where she stood was not bluer than Louise's eyes as she raised them to Byrne's. In them he read his answer, and with the sudden humility that comes to all true lovers, he knelt at her feet and bowed his head before her.

"My dearest, I am not worthy," he said unsteadily.

But, Louise, with a little laugh of utter happiness, stooping, clasped her arms about his neck, and as he raised his face to hers she kissed him for the first time upon the lips.

THE END.

THIS WEEK'S WAY.

TO HOLIDAY MAKERS.—Everyone who is going away this Bank Holiday, or for a longer time, can help someone else to have a holiday. I am not asking much of you, ninepence, that is all. You will never miss that ninepence out of the money you have put aside for your holidays. You will be spending pounds. Surely you can afford a few pence? Many thousands of you holiday makers will be reading this copy of "Pearson's Weekly" in the railway carriage on your way to the sea or the country. I want you to talk to those people in the carriage. Some may be your friends, some you may never have seen before. But all are friends of the children. Tell them about the F.A.F., show them this copy of "Pearson's Weekly," and ask them to give a few coppers. Surely ninepence can be raised in a carriage full of happy travellers. It will mean that there is one other person, a very little, very miserable, and very anxious person, will be made happy.

Don't leave that carriage till you have got that ninepence, and send it to the Hon. Secretary, Fresh Air Fund, "Pearson's Weekly," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"I am not very smart though readily reckoned, sometimes, singularly persevering."

Well Stumped, Sir!

Mr. H. STRUDWICK, Surrey's Little Marvel, Gives some Useful Hints on Wicket-keeping.

FIRST, as to your stand at the wicket, this must depend entirely on yourself. Many beginners make the mistake of copying a first-class stumper's attitude, imagining that they have only to stand as he does to be able to take the ball easily and cleanly.

This, of course, is a great mistake. A comfortable stand is the main thing. Next stand so that you have a clear view of the bowler.

It is absolutely essential to watch the bowler from the moment he starts his run up. It is not enough to wait until he actually delivers the ball.

At the moment of delivery your eyes should be glued on his hand so that you can judge the kind and strength of break he is putting on.

Naturally you must watch the ball all the way from the bowler's hand and you should never take your eyes off it so long as it is possible to see it. To lose sight of the ball for even the tiniest part of a second is fatal—it may come to your hand, but it's a fluke if it does.

No good wicket-keeper snatches at the ball like this, as he is quite likely to get a nasty knock on the fingers. The ball should be allowed to come into the hands.

A very common mistake is to stop keeping and straighten up when the ball looks certain to hit the stumps. It doesn't do so; it scrapes the paint off the off or leg stump, and before you can get down again it has gone for four byes.

As to taking the ball, the great fault is snatching at it. The ball should come *to* the hands, never the hands go forward to meet it, for if they do it is odds on the ball bouncing out of them, or you may close the fingers a thought too soon and get a nasty rap on them. The hands should "give" a little as the ball comes into them, but the "give" should be very slight.

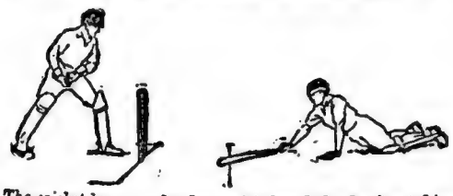
To draw the hands back perceptibly means the loss of many a chance of stumping, for before you can get them forward again to the bails the batsman has had time to get back. As an ideal the wicket-keeper should always take the ball in the palm of his hand, and if he could do this there would be no bruised, split, or broken fingers. But, alas, it is only an ideal.

When the batsman misses the ball you should as a rule be able to gather it in the palm, but it is when he edges it to off or leg or the ball flies off the shoulder of the bat and over your head that in reaching out to one side or springing up you are very apt to stop it with the tips of your fingers, and suffer accordingly.

Balls on the leg side are notoriously more difficult to take than those on the off, because the batsman is likely to obscure your view. The ball that is well clear on the leg side is not really difficult, for you have time to get across to take it. The wicket-keeper's bugbear, however, is the ball that comes with the bowler's arm, swings right across the wicket from off to leg, and passes between the leg stump and the player.

It is a very nasty ball indeed to take, more especially when it just touches the bat.

There have been famous wicket-keepers who took such balls, or balls wide on the off-side by simply stretching out a hand without moving their feet, but they were mostly amateurs. It looks magnificent to take a wide ball this way, but if you fail to get your hand to it, it is four byes on the board—that is, if there is any pace on the ball.



The wicket-keeper who draws his hands back after taking the ball has little chance of stumping his man. The batsman, even if he has run out, has ample time to place his bat into his crease.

This may not matter very much to the amateur, but the man who lives by cricket cannot afford to run unnecessary risks. In the case, then, of a ball going wide to either side of me, I prefer the less elegant method of jumping right across in front of it, so that if I fail to gather it there is a good chance of its being stopped by my body or pads.

It may interest you to know that it is much easier to keep wicket to a left-hand bowler than to a right-hander. Indeed, the stumper usually heaves a sigh of relief when a left-hander is put on.

This is the ball that usually beats the wicket-keeper and goes for byes. It swings right across the wicket and just misses the leg stump.

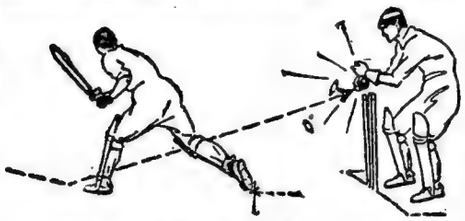
You see the right-hand bowler breaks as a rule from off to leg. This means that if the ball "beats" both bat and wicket it will probably pass between the leg stump and the batsman, and this, as I have explained, is a difficult ball to take.

The left-hander, on the contrary, usually pitches on the leg stump and breaks towards the off. If it misses bat and stumps it will be wide on the off and off balls are always easier to gather than those passing to leg. Give me a left-hander (medium or slow) on a sticky wicket and I am perfectly happy. On the other hand, an off-breaking right-hander on a sticky wicket keeps me on tenter-hooks.

Catches at the wicket are oftenest missed from over-eagerness. This is particularly the case when you are standing back to a fast bowler.

The striker just touches one, and the crowd hearing the snick give a shout of anticipatory triumph. Hearing this you are very apt to be tempted to snatch at the ball—result, it bounces out of your hands on to the "carpet" and there are groans, not cheers, all round.

As regards stumping, the chances that look the easiest to the spectator are often the most difficult.



Well Stumped, Sir!

Not difficult and very neat. The batsman plays forward, drags his foot outside the crease, and the wicket-keeper whips off the bails in the twinkling of an eye.

The batsman runs out to a slow ball and misses it completely. It looks any odds on your stumping him, but this is just where you are likely to fail.

It seems as if the ball would never come to your waiting hands. You must not, of course, put them in front of the wicket, and when at last the ball passes the wicket you make a grab at it and muff it.

On the other hand, the crowd will applaud you when you stump the batsman who has dragged his foot over the crease for a fraction of a second, but this sort of stumping is comparatively easy, for the ball is in your hands as soon as, if not indeed before, the batsman is out of his ground. The great thing in stumping is to take the ball and whip the bails off in one motion. This doesn't mean that you should grab at the ball, but you should hold your hands so that the moment you have the ball you can swing them forward to the bails.

In regard to running a man out, the principal point is always to keep one foot close to the stumps.

OUR KNOWLEDGE TESTS.

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 36.

(1) IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN.

The definition of this phrase selected as the best was submitted by J. M. Nicoll, 425 Dumbarton Road, Partick, to whom the prize of 10s. 6d. has been awarded for the following:

According to Mahomet there are seven heavens. The Cabbalists (Jews who profess to understand a mystical science of signs and numbers) also maintain that there are seven, each rising in happiness above the other. Colloquially, it implies that the person spoken of is in the highest possible condition of delight.

(2) PIN MONEY.

Miss F. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull, supplied the winning explanation in these terms:

Pin money, in bygone times, was a special allowance made to wives for the purchase of pins when these were comparatively costly articles. In modern times the term is retained for an allowance to wives for purely personal expenses, as distinct from their housekeeping and dress money.

(3) ULTRAMONTANE.

The prize in this contest has been awarded to R. Masterton, 74 Allingham Road, South Park, Reigate, for the following contribution:

The seat of the Papacy being beyond the mountains (*Ultra Montes*) separating Italy from the rest of Europe, any policy dictated by, or deferring unduly to, Papal authority, so that the interests of the State in question are subordinate to those of the Roman Catholic Church, is called Ultramontane.

(4) COVERTURE.

The winner, C. E. Harrison, Court Chambers, Cotham Street, St. Helens, Lancs, thus explained the above expression:

Formerly a woman by marriage placed herself legally under her husband's "coverture," or protection. Thenceforth he became entitled to her property and answerable for her debts and obligations. She was consequently not amenable to legal proceedings, but modern legislation has considerably altered and improved her legal status in this respect.

(5) LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

The definition, sent by the prizewinner, W. Smith, Crindledyke Cottage, Newmains, Lanarkshire, read as follows:

This phrase means to tell some secret, usually inadvertently. Long ago, unscrupulous people would take a cat tied in a bag to market, where they tried to sell it for a pig. If, however, the purchaser opened the bag before buying, the cat of course jumped out, displaying the fraud.

(6) HEEL OF ACHILLES.

For the following explanation the prize award has been made to J. C. Knox, 6 Beech Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

"The Heel of Achilles" is a synonym for "the weak spot," and arose from the myth that Achilles' mother dipped him in the Styx, whose waters had the virtue of making one invulnerable. Unfortunately, she held him by the heel, which, remaining unwet, was consequently vulnerable and open to hurt.

AUGUST BANK-HOLIDAY

is looked forward to by thousands of people. Many of them can only afford a few shillings for their day's outing. A little extra money on that day would prove of the greatest use to them.

You could do with an extra half-guinea either before or after you take your holiday, couldn't you? Why not try to earn it now by entering this week's Knowledge Test Competition?

It is quite simple and quite easy, and it will only take you a few minutes. Below you will find some words or phrases. Probably you know them all. Certainly you know one at least. Get a postcard and write on it a short explanation of that one in the simplest language you can.

Each week I give six half-guineas for the clearest and best explanation of each of these expressions. You may try for all of them if you like. Have a shot at them now. It only costs you a half-penny postcard, and it may bring in that half-guinea which you want.

(1) *Uncle Sam.* (4) *Born in the Purple.*
(2) *Sublime Porte.* (5) *Nisi Prius.*
(3) *Faggot Votes.* (6) *Olympus.*

I want all my readers to enter this simple knowledge test.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., to arrive not later than Thursday, August 10th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

In that sentence the first word contains one letter, the second two, the third three, and so on.

A Bit Off the Straight

A Tale of Love and a Golf Match.

By REEVES SHAW.

"I HAVE scarcely seen him at all lately," she said. "It's golf, golf, golf all the time with him now. It's funny what a really little place a girl has in a man's life or desires. We are useful for odd moments, that's all; we squeeze in when other pastimes are impossible. We're what a man puts by for a rainy day, rainy Sundays usually."

Her friend smiled. She understood rather well. "I'm inclined to fancy, Dora," she ventured fearingly, for the path of a candid adviser is delicate ground, "that you're a good bit sorry now that you—that you——"

"Oh, say it, say it!" cried Dora Massingham impatiently. "For goodness' sake don't funk the fence! 'Threw over Dickie' was on the tip of your tongue, I know. It's awfully clever of you, anyhow, so you needn't be ashamed of saying it."

"Well, isn't it about the bull's-eye?"

"I didn't throw him over. We just drifted, that's all; he drifted anyhow, and you could scarcely expect me to wade after him. Besides, if he cared for me at all he would have put up a bit of a fight; he wouldn't simply have faded out just because Denby came along!"

"Fight! Fancy expecting Dickie to put up a fight. He's not that sort of man; he's not so selfish as the run of them. He looked upon you as his, and when—when he fancied you weren't, he just, as you say, faded out of the picture, thinking he wasn't good enough. You can't expect a fellow like Dickie to struggle for you, like a prize in a competition. You were either his or you weren't—and you weren't. I'll lay he's still just the same whenever you meet him, still friendly, still laughing, only just—just sorry a bit!"

Dora nodded. She knew her wise little friend was right. Dickie Trayne did not understand rivalry; he would no more have dreamt of challenging another's supremacy with her than he would of fighting a friend for his last cigarette.

He had never been engaged to Dora Massingham; for years they had been inseparable companions, and at odd times he had a dim idea that some day they would probably marry.

Then Denby had come along—as a matter of fact Dickie had introduced him—and after a little while he found that Dora was certainly interested in that direction. He looked at the situation calmly; after all, it was the natural thing, for Denby, handsome, strong, successful, was the very sort of man a girl ought to be attracted by. So he became the third of the three, the man who is rather in the way, and without making any fuss he stepped aside.

He bore no grudge against Denby, but in those moments when you *must* think of such things, he admitted that Denby had scarcely played straight.

Dora had slowly realised all these things; it made her engagement to Denby no pleasanter. She, too, had scarcely played the game, and now, how willingly she would have had things revert to their former order! But she couldn't very well tell Dickie that, and, besides, Denby would be entitled to a reason.

Dora's friend rose to go. "And if it's only golfing," she remarked, in a final piece of advice, "well, why not try and get interested in it yourself? He might even let you carry his bag round the links."

The half-flippant remark set Dora thinking; perhaps if she did connect herself with Denby's sport it might wake up her enthusiasm in him a bit. At any rate, she could see what it was like.

She was startled out of her reverie by a loud ring at the door-bell. It was Denby himself, golf-bag on shoulder. He came to look in for a few minutes; he had an appointment for a round at four o'clock. He talked golf and his prowess at the game till twenty minutes to the hour. Then Dora suggested that she should accompany him. It was only delicately insinuated, and he trod on the idea pretty firmly. An air of determination about her, though, made him hedge his objections.

"Of course you can come if you like," he said. "I shall be delighted. But you'll only get fearfully tired tramping round, and it isn't much fun."

Dora overruled his objections. When they reached the club-house she found that his opponent was Dickie. He held out his hand to her and greeted her with all his old-time friendliness. While Denby was getting ready he joked with her about the game.

"I'm in for another whacking this afternoon," he said. "Denby's a perfect terror. He manages to scrape home every time with me, and it's getting expensive. Ah, well. I shall have to economise somewhere else."

"Do you play for anything then?" asked Dora.

"Only for what he calls a little sovereign. He's got quite a little bagful off me, though. Hallo, here he is."

Denby came down the steps of the club-house; he had three balls in his hand, and he stopped for a moment to speak to another member about them. They heard quite plainly what he said; it was quite a new make, "The Traveller," a special patent, and he was trying them for the first time.

Dickie outdrove him with his first shot, and Denby's second was trapped in a bunker. Somehow, Dora didn't seem to think that he was playing the golf he talked in her drawing-room; still, perhaps his form would come later. She followed them round hopefully, but, when eight holes had been played, confessed she was tired. Dickie was then two up.

"Well, you can wait here if you like," explained Denby. "The course doubles back, and we have to come this way for the thirteenth. We sha'n't be very long doing the four holes. What do you think?"

She accepted the suggestion gladly; her friend's advice was not turning out for the best. Instead of improving her opinion of her lover, it was accomplishing the very reverse. His temper had shown bad signs of wear, and she despised a man who couldn't lose without grizzling. The lot of Mrs. Denby was becoming less and less attractive to her.

She sat down beneath the shelter of a high bank of gorse. A half-hour passed, and then she became aware that a man was walking up the slope towards her.

Dora recognised him as the club professional; he raised his cap to her, and then, standing on tip-toe, watched a player take his shot from the tee behind them. Dora heard the sharp "click" of the clean drive, and a few seconds later saw the white ball drop well down on the clear-cut grass.

The professional waited for the next player, but his smile of pleasure had given way to something much more like a contemptuous sneer. Dora again heard the sound of the club meeting ball, an oath, and a tearing rip in the thick undergrowth some thirty yards beyond them.

The professional ducked. "Don't say anything, miss," he said. "Just watch. It's interesting."

Dora did not know then who the players were, or she might have regarded his remark as impertinence. She wondered why it was interesting, and when Denby tramped after his ball into the scrub she decided to watch and see. She and the professional were quite screened from sight behind the thick furze bushes. Dickie had gone down to his ball in the fairway.

Denby pushed about in the tangled undergrowth for a few moments; they could plainly hear him growling at his abominable luck. Then suddenly a white ball appeared, nicely nestling on the top of a tuft of grass.

"I thought so," whispered the professional hoarsely, "I thought so."

Dora looked at him swiftly; the same suspicion was in her mind.

He could not have *found* his ball like that; had it dropped there from his shot it would have been obvious all the time. No, he must have deliberately put down another ball, knowing that Dickie could not see him. And he had taken care to drop it in such a place that his next shot would be an easy one.

So that was his idea of playing the game! A mean trick that a decent-minded schoolboy would have scorned to do; in the name of sport he ought to have been hounded off the course. But then nobody was looking, so he thought; and to men of Denby's type anything is all right so long as you are not found out. Sportsmanship was nothing to him; all he cared was to win the match, no matter how. And if he had owned up to losing his ball that hole would, of course, have been won by his opponent; for lost ball is lost hole. Denby was taking no risks; he was quite used to getting an advantage any way he could.

The professional's uplifted finger warned Dora not to speak.

Denby's iron shot dropped him on the green, nicely by the hole. The professional's eyes were burning; he watched the pair play out and make for the next tee. Denby drove off first, thus showing he had "won" the previous hole.

"He took that hole!" cried the professional fiercely. "That's not golf; that's thieving!"

"Why?" asked Dora, though she knew.

"He lost his ball in the rough scrub here, and dropped another without penalty at all. I swear he did. I'll show you; I'll find that ball if I have to search all night for it. And *that's* the man who wanders about the club as though it's his private property, and spreads his views before the committee that I'm not worth my job. Why, I wouldn't be seen shaking hands [illegible] man, and it's part of my wages to call hi[illegible] *Him!*"

He was on his hands and knees in the underg[illegible] parting every thicket, peering into every [illegible] hiding-place. At last he was rewarded; he th[illegible] arm deep into a cluster of gorse and drew out a [illegible]

"There it is!" he exclaimed excitedly. "S[illegible] eggs, that's it!"

Dora held out her hand. "Let me look!" she [illegible]

He gave it her. "Yes, that's his. "The Travel[illegible] It's a new make; I heard him say so. And what [illegible] you going to do now?"

"Do? Why, nothing. What can I do? B[illegible] know for sure, and that's all I care about. It m[illegible] the difference; before I only suspected. And I'll [illegible] up the job before I'm polite to him again."

"Then will you let me keep this ball?" asked Dora.

"Why, certainly, miss, if it's any use to [illegible] But——"

"It'll be a lot of use to me, thank you very m[illegible] And I fancy it'll be somewhat refreshing to you, [illegible] It is not likely Mr. Denby will trouble you any m[illegible]" She offered him her hand. "Good-bye! I expect I shall be taking up golf myself in a few days, and I should like you to teach me the game."

"I shall be very pleased," he stammered, and [illegible] his cap in his hands as he watched her stride off across the course. Many things puzzled him, but he [illegible] the opinion that it would all turn out to his l[illegible] "I wonder—I wonder if she has anything to do with Mr. Denby. If—my stars!"

He was very much on the right track, and he returned to the club-house in jubilant spirits. [illegible] had not gone that way; she had taken a short cut to her own home. She did not want to meet [illegible] before she was prepared. Denby called th[illegible] evening; he supposed she had wearied of waiti[illegible] had returned home early. He had said that she would find no interest in the game.

"On the contrary," she said, and there was [illegible] in her voice which should have warned him, "I [illegible] it most interesting. Did you win your match?"

"Yes, rather! Jolly close thing, though. I o[illegible] scraped home by one hole up."

"Just one hole, eh? You were two down wh[illegible] left you; you seem to play better—win more [illegible] mean—when you haven't any encumbrances in the way of spectators?"

"Yes, I suppose I do. It's a funny thing."

"I don't think it very—funny. It seems [illegible] *natural* in a player like yourself. By the way, [illegible] you like to buy a golf-ball off me?"

Denby laughed. He had no suspicion wh[illegible] were drifting. "Why, sure," he said. "[illegible] much?"

"A sovereign."

"A sovereign? That's pretty stiff for a golf [illegible]"

"It isn't dear for this one. A rather pre[illegible] goes with it, thrown in. Have a look."

She rolled the ball across the floor to [illegible] slipping his engagement ring from her finger, [illegible] lightly after the tell-tale "Traveller."

Denby understood at last; his face was very w[illegible] and his hands played nervously with the ball.

"Good heavens, where did you find this?" he [illegible]

"In the scrub at the thirteenth. It's w[illegible] the sovereign you—er—*stole* from Dickie, isn't it?"

"You silly little girl, you are making some[illegible] mistake. You don't believe—you don't think [illegible] people will believe—that I'd——"

"Oh, yes, I do! And the professional, I am sure, would be only too glad to help me in making it kn[illegible]"

"Burton!"

"Yes. You see, he and I saw the whole [illegible] comedy from the gorse bushes. If you are a c[illegible] Denby, you ought at least to be a clever c[illegible] [illegible] the clumsy brand is about the most despicabl[illegible] lot. I suppose, in future, you won't mind t[illegible] tricks to some other club; I'm going to join [illegible] and I don't want to have to explain to th[illegible] members why they shouldn't go round with you. [illegible] if you will just leave the sovereign on the ta[illegible] can take the ball—don't forget the ring: it's [illegible] your foot—and go. We shall all be *so* sorry [illegible] professional, Dickie, and I—to see the l[illegible] you."

She pressed an electric bell, and a maid ap[illegible] "Oh, show Mr. Denby out, will you please!" [illegible] Dora, "and just see that this note is taken at [illegible] Mr. Trayne."

Dickie Trayne did not in the least understand [illegible] curious message, but he obediently followed [illegible] structions. "I have a sovereign of yours," [illegible] "I wish you would come along this evening and [illegible] it."

She explained everything to him when he [illegible] "And now," she concluded, "we are just [illegible] were before he came, aren't we?"

"Just," he admitted. "Just. But it's silly [illegible] like that, isn't it? We ought to b—som[illegible] I say I shall have to give that chap Burton so[illegible] decent in the way of a present."

"You ought to give *me* something first," com[illegible] Dora.

Dickie awoke to a sense of his responsibilities.

DON'T RUN HOLIDAY RISKS!

If you go away for the holidays you will probably travel by train. By signing the coupon on the red page of this issue you are insured against railway accidents from £2,000 downwards.

When a Convict Dies

A Peep at a Prison Funeral.

DEATH, out for a night prowl, sometimes pays a surprise visit to a great prison. Next morning a convict is found lifeless in his cell.

He fails to respond to the call, and the warder enters and shakes him, then starts as he catches the tell-tale glassy eye, and the calm, set features.

"49" he calls, trying to assume the customary severe tone. "D'you hear?"

"Dead!" he mutters touching the cold fingers and drawing nervously back. "Dead!" He doffs his hat, awed for the moment by the figure he used to command.

Then he creeps out and gently closes the door that always before has been banged; and he goes off to make his official report. When the usual call was made, he says, "49" failed to reply. His cell was entered, and upon examination, "49" was found to be dead.

Nobody Tells His Comrades.

The prison doctor is called and he makes a professional examination, after which "49" is removed to the mortuary. The governor records the occurrence in his book, the dead man's prison card is taken down from the cell wall, the little bed is re-arranged ready for "49's" successor, and an inquiry is held into the circumstances.

Nobody *tells* the other convicts but the news gets round, and later on, in the exercise ground, they discuss the "release," as they call it, in their silent prison language of the eye, and the lips and the fingers.

"Lucky beggar," they say. "And ten years to go." (Tramp, tramp, tramp.) "Ten years to go. Lucky beggar!" (Tramp, tramp, tramp.)

A convict who is handy with the tools is making a coffin of elm, and oil polishing it, and fixing two clumsy wooden handles vertically at each end, and the order goes out to a sexton in the nearest churchyard or cemetery to dig a grave, "man's size," and have it ready for occupation on the morrow.

And all that remains of what was "49" rests alone, and unmourned, and unattended, on a shelf in the white-washed prison chamber of the dead. Nobody knew him; nobody cares for him. In life he was a pest; in death he is a burden to be quickly removed. His years of innocence have long been outshadowed by his years of guilt. He came in as "John Smith, offence, burglary, fifty, no home," and he has remained as "Convict 49."

His Last Journey.

The effort to find his relatives is made in vain—"49" was a black sheep, and he wandered from the fold, and those who were disgraced by him in life are unmoved by the news of his passing.

So the convict sleeps alone.

On the morrow, half-a-dozen men with whom he used to slave are commanded to stop work and parade for a funeral. They are marched to the dead-house, and when one or two more gruff orders have been given they march out again, bearers of the ignominious dead. The coffin is borne on a plain wooden bier and through the handles are fixed two long bands of hemp.

"Steady. Slow—march. Steady." And the last march of "49" is begun. In front and behind walks a warder with a loaded rifle, and one of the convicts carries a black bag containing a pall.

"Steady. Steadier." The bearers slow down. The sinner is borne along to his resting place as carefully and as gently as a saint. In a few minutes the little procession passes through the great bare court-yard and out of the gate to the highway, where, perhaps, a band of pleasure-seeking visitors to the neighbouring hills suddenly find themselves growing serious and baring their heads.

At the Convicts' Corner.

Then on to the "convicts' corner"—a thin strip of earth by the churchyard wall, where the weeds flourish and the graves are unmarked and unattended. The visitors follow and stand, hushed and solemn, at the church door. Inside, the pall is taken out of the black bag and placed over the coffin, and the convicts living stand reverently around the convict dead, and whisper "Amens" through the burial service.

"Slow—march. Steady!"

The procession is again on the move, winding in and out among the graves. At the "convicts' corner" another halt is called, and the coffin is placed on the ground and the pall taken off. The clergyman reads another prayer in which you hear "John Smith," and "dust to dust."

"Amen. Amen." And the law-breaker is slung back to the clay from which he sprang. In the trees near by birds sing their songs of freedom, and the prisoners glance enviously at the visitors, and the warders glance anxiously at their rifles.

"Quick march!" Crunch, crunch. The convicts are again on the move, both warders now at the rear with the muzzles of their rifles pointing to the smiling sky.

Now, the convicts, and the warders, and the rifles are gone, and the clang of the prison gate blends with the thud of sods falling on the coffin, and the joy song of the birds.

"MISS ANTEEK says she will never marry unless she meets her ideal man."

"And what is her ideal man."

"One who will propose to her."

KISS AND COME AGAIN!

How many kisses a wife should receive from her husband, when he should give them, and many other interesting points have been raised by the "Unkissed Bride" case tried in New York. Our cartoonist suggests that a School for Kissing, would prevent these questions from cropping up. Below, he illustrates the lines on which a class could be conducted.

For the best sentences I will give five cigarette cases. Mark postcards "Smart." *(See page 18.)*

WORLD FAMOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

Where is Johann Orth?

THE TRUE STORY OF THE MOST REMARKABLE ROYAL LOVE ROMANCE ON RECORD.

In fiction, the story of the disguised young prince who falls in love with and marries a poor girl occurs frequently; in real life, very rarely indeed.

This, however, is the true story of such a happening, and of what came after.

The drama opens in a wood near Vienna one summer's day in 1886, with Herr Stubel, an honest but humble Austrian citizen, enjoying himself at a little family picnic with his wife and three grown-up daughters.

The eldest girl, Milly Stubel, was the acknowledged belle of the lowly quarter of the city where her home was situated, and she was as good as she was beautiful. She earned her living as a ballet-girl, a quite legitimate profession for even the most modest and respectable young women in Austria, where dancing is looked upon as a fine art, and is encouraged and subsidised by the State.

The picnic had progressed as far as the luncheon stage, and Milly was in the act of pouring out tea, when the report of a gun was heard close at hand, and the next instant a pellet struck a cup that the girl was holding in her hand, shivering it to pieces. She uttered a startled scream, and a young man came running up. He was profuse in his apologies. He was out shooting, he explained, and had no idea of the presence of the picnic party in the wood.

He Meets the Blushing Milly.

His apologies were accepted by Herr Stubel, who, moreover, invited him to join them at luncheon. The stranger, with his eyes glued on the blushing and beautiful Milly, promptly accepted the invitation. He made himself exceedingly agreeable, and, on leaving, he asked, and received, permission to call at the Stubels' house.

This was the commencement of an acquaintanceship which soon ripened into love. The young man called himself Johann Orth, and mentioned that he was then resident at Linz, a neighbouring garrison town, but beyond this he was not very communicative.

He was a most devoted lover, however, coming almost every day to see Milly. The couple were looked upon by the family and neighbours as being as good as engaged.

Only Frau Stubel, Milly's mother, was not altogether satisfied. There was something mysterious about her daughter's handsome suitor, something she did not quite like. He had told her he was an engineer, but from certain words he let drop she thought he must be a soldier.

Frau Stubel made up her mind to go to Linz and investigate matters for herself, taking her daughter with her.

No Match for an Officer.

"If he is a soldier, as I think," the good woman said to Milly before setting out, "he may be a sergeant, in which case he will be a suitable match for you. On the other hand, he may be an officer; a lieutenant perhaps, or even a captain. If so, you must give him up. Officers in the Imperial Army do not marry poor girls."

To all of which Milly assented tearfully, and not without misgiving.

Milly's mother had purposely chosen for her visit to Linz a day when a grand review was to be held, for then, she knew, the whole garrison would be on parade, and she would have the better chance of identifying her daughter's lover.

It was to be a magnificent sight. An entire army corps, say forty thousand men, were to march past before the Emperor's nephew, Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Archduke John Salvator. The two women were early on the parade ground, and secured good places near the saluting base. They intended to scrutinise carefully the faces of the men as they marched past in the hope of identifying the one they sought.

But this course was rendered unnecessary, for, as soon as the Archduke rode up surrounded by a brilliant staff, his breast glittering with decorations, poor Milly gave one startled little scream, and fell fainting to the ground. She knew now who was her lover. Knew, too, or thought she knew, how altogether and utterly impossible was any prospect of marriage with him.

The spectacle of a woman in a faint always causes a commotion amongst a crowd. It did so upon this occasion. The Archduke noticed it, and rode up to see what was the matter. Recognising Milly, he had her driven to his palace in one of his carriages in waiting, following her as soon as the review ended.

She received him calmly, but could not help reproaching him for having deceived her into believing that she could ever become his wife. For answer, the Archduke took her in his arms, kissed away her tears, and assured her most solemnly that she *should* be his wife, come what might.

Next day he sought an interview with his uncle, the Emperor Franz Josef, and asked permission to marry Milly Stubel. The Emperor laughed long and loudly. What! A nephew of his marry a ballet dancer? Impossible!

"I am Plain Johann Orth."

But the Archduke was not easily rebuffed, and he refused altogether to take no for an answer. He knelt at the Emperor's feet, imploring, protesting. The girl was beautiful, virtuous; he could not and would not give her up.

Thereat the Emperor grew angry. He reminded the young man of what was due to his family, his rank, his position in the army, and in Society.

"Besides," he concluded, "you must not forget that you are a Hapsburg. That in itself renders any such alliance as that which you are contemplating absolutely out of the question. The Hapsburgs wed only with royalties, their equals."

"Very well, then!" retorted the Archduke; "I will be a Hapsburg no longer. From this day onward I am plain Johann Orth."

He unbuckled his sword, laid it at the Emperor's feet, and placed his orders and decorations on a table beside him. Thereupon the interview grew more stormy than ever. The voices of the Emperor and the Archduke could be heard in the other rooms of the Imperial palace.

Consequently the affair could not be hidden. All Vienna, all Austria soon heard of it. From being an unknown ballet-dancer, Milly Stubel found herself the most-talked-about woman in the empire.

Crowds Flock to see Milly.

Crowds flocked into the opera-house to see her, waiting outside in queues that never ceased to form, the beginning of one dovetailing itself into the end of the other; the reserved portions of the house were booked months ahead.

This unsought notoriety was distasteful alike to Milly and her lover. He took her from the stage, and installed her in one of his castles, with Frau Stubel as chaperone. Meanwhile the marriage was delayed for two whole years, the Archduke hoping against hope that the Emperor would relent.

He did nothing of the kind, however. Instead, he sent one day for his nephew, and gave him twenty-four hours in which to promise to give up Milly. Failing this, he was to be disgraced for good and all.

At the end of the allotted time no promise was forthcoming. Shortly afterwards an Imperial order was published directing that the name of the Archduke John Salvator was no longer to appear in the official genealogy of the Austrian Imperial House.

Nothing daunted, he promptly crossed the Channel to England, whither Milly and her mother had preceded him, and at a London registry office, with Frau Stubel as witness, the couple were married.

This was in February, 1890, and after a brief honeymoon, Herr Orth set sail in his own ship, the *St. Margaret*, for Buenos Ayres, leaving his newly-wed wife to follow him by mail steamer. This she did, joining him there a few weeks later, and in July, 1890, they sailed together for a trip round Cape Horn to Valparaiso.

That was the last that was seen of Herr Orth. *St. Margaret* never reached her destination, and was assumed that she foundered with all hands.

This view of the case naturally commended itself strongly to the Emperor Franz Josef, and indeed to the entire house of Hapsburg. They waited a decent interval. Then they laid claim to his property. But the law courts were sceptical, and it was only the other day that his relatives were granted leave to assume his decease.

The Good Ship "St. Margaret."

It may be taken, therefore, as being now beyond doubt that the Archduke John, otherwise Johann Orth, is *officially* dead. But there is another aspect of the question, an *unofficial* one, and it is one well worth considering.

To begin with, it should be noted that the *St. Margaret* was an exceptionally fine vessel, one of the stoutest and best sailing ships, in fact, in the Austrian mercantile marine. She would be unlikely, therefore, to succumb in the open sea to even the most furious tempest. Before leaving London for Buenos Ayres, Herr Orth laid in immense stores of provisions, far more than are ordinarily shipped for even the most lengthy voyages. He also had on board a large sum of specie, as much as £2,000 according to one account. These facts are significant.

But still more so is the circumstance of his having dismissed all three of his officers, on one port and another, before leaving Buenos Ayres. Herr Orth was a skilful seaman, holding a master mariner's certificate. Nevertheless, he would hardly have so arranged matters as to be compelled himself to navigate his vessel single-handed round the Horn, unless he had some ulterior motive in view.

Is He in the Pacific Islands?

There are lonely Pacific islands, far out of the ordinary track of shipping, where he may well be living in peace and happy quietude with the wife of his choice—the wife whom he made such sacrifices to win than probably were ever made before by any man living or dead. Once, in 1899, a message was sent out by a world-wide news agency that he had actually been discovered under just such circumstances as these. It, however, was afterwards discredited.

It is, however, a fact that in that same year a mysterious sailing-ship, named the *St. Margaret*, was offered for sale at Trieste, whose tonnage, measurements, and appearance exactly coincided with those of the supposedly missing *St. Margaret*. In fact, many people asserted that the two vessels were identical.

(*Next Week: "The Lost Ambassador."*)

ANOTHER BRIGHT HOLIDAY CONTEST.

Tell Us What the Parrot Said.

£10 in Prizes Offered.

GOING to the seaside on Monday? Be sure you avoid the fate of the hero of the verse below. However, whether you go to the seaside or not, you can tell us what the Parrot said on the spot, by adding a fifth line to the verse.

This last line that you add need not rhyme nor scan with any of the other lines of the verse, but it may not be more than six words, nor fewer than three.

Your line must have some bearing on the rest of the verse, and the prizes will be awarded for the lines considered the best by the adjudicators.

To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded, while £5 in consolation prizes will also be distributed.

A GOOD IDEA: If you send your postcard in an envelope, inclose a small contribution for the Fresh Air Fund. Please!

The verse which we wish you to complete is as follows:

On Monday as Bert took a nap,
On the sands down at Bogton-on-Sea,
Some passers-by blackened his face,
And the Parrot laughed, screaming with glee:
. . . . . .

An example last line, which must not be used, is read as follows: "*Blame the heat wave.*"

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. Write the Parrot's comment on a postcard, and address it to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. If you wish you may inclose your postcard in an envelope.
2. Mark your postcard "Black" on the top left-hand corner. All must arrive not later than Thursday, August 10th.
3. To the sender of the attempt considered the best a prize of £5 will be awarded. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In addition consolation gifts of 10s. each will be awarded to the competitors who come next in merit.
4. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

Result of "Comic" Contest will be found on page 174.

Weather reports are generally dull and uninteresting. Can you write a funny one of not more than 100 words? SEE

The Difficulties of Preserving the Peace in a Wild Animal Show.

By Mr. FRANK C. BOSTOCK, "The Animal King."

It is by no means an easy task to preserve the peace among the animals in a big show. The fighting instinct is tremendously strong in all wild animals, and in the course of my experience as a trainer and tamer of wild beasts I have witnessed some terrific battles between various wild animals.

Lions are the most pugnacious of all beasts, and it takes very little to start them fighting. It is their nature to fight one another, and no amount of taming or training can kill this instinct among the kings of wild beasts.

The most terrific lion fight I ever witnessed occurred one night after a performance when we were at Chicago some years ago.

Twenty-seven lions had been turned into the runway behind the cages after the performance, when a huge Nubian lion named Denver suddenly snapped at one of his companions; now Denver, though an immensely powerful brute, was neither quarrelsome nor bad tempered, and the snap he made at his companion was merely what I have no doubt would be in the lion world regarded as a bit of good humoured horse play, but the lion which Denver snapped at was one of the crossest animals we had, and he promptly snapped back, and then the row began.

Twenty-seven Animals All Fighting.

Denver uttered a roar that was taken up by every other lion, and the fearful noise brought all the keepers running to the runway where the twenty-seven lions were engaged in a terrific indiscriminate fight.

Denver was engaged in fighting four lions. His mane was standing almost straight, his eyes were blazing, and his fearful deep roar, as he turned on one antagonist and then on another, was simply appalling, and could be easily heard above the roars of all the others.

The keepers, accustomed as they were to terrifying scenes, were for a moment spellbound at the sight of this fight. Lions would close and grapple with each other, and then breaking free would rush at others. I saw one lion seize a smaller lion by the throat with his teeth and dash his head against the bars of the runway, cracking it like an eggshell.

It was imperative to stop the fight, but it was a task fraught with danger. I called for volunteers to come with me into the long, narrow runway, for I would not order any man to go into that inferno, and instantly half-a-dozen keepers stepped forward.

One Killed and Six Injured.

I selected three, and armed with iron bars we entered the runway, and after an hour's fearful work managed to separate the combatants without any of us suffering more serious injury than a few bites. In this fight one lion was killed outright and six seriously injured. Denver, the big Nubian lion, was terribly bitten, and was in the hospital cage by himself for a month afterwards. Happily he recovered, or the fight would have cost me £2,000.

But dangerous as it is to separate lions when they are fighting, it is child's play compared to the task of separating a lion and tiger when they become engaged in combat with one another.

This happens but very seldom, in any well-managed menagerie at all events, for great care is taken to prevent such an occurrence, but when it does occur it is usually a fight to the death.

It is the instinctive hatred that exists between lions and tigers that makes "mixed" grouping between these animals so difficult and dangerous a task. I have known cases where it has taken years of most patient and arduous training before it was possible to allow a lion and tiger to perform together in public, and no matter how friendly these animals may become the natural antagonism between them is so great that they can rarely be left together long without danger of their fighting, and they are always separated directly after performing.

Some years ago we had a lion named Rover, and a tiger named Mentor, who became apparently so devoted to each other that we considered we might safely leave them in the same cage. Indeed, Rover always set up the most plaintive howls when his companion was taken away from him at the end of their performance.

Well, at last, we let them occupy the same cage, and for three months they lived in peace and harmony with each other, and then one night the inevitable battle between the two came. The day was just breaking on a lovely August morning when our encampment was disturbed by the most terrific roars that proceeded from the lions' cages.

Half His Throat Torn Away.

With a couple of keepers I hastened to the scene of the disturbance, but when we arrived the combat was over. The tiger lay dead in the corner of the cage with his throat half torn away. The victor was standing on his hind legs with his fore feet round the bars of the cage uttering the most triumphant roars as if to announce his victory. How the fight arose I cannot say. Probably it began as a fight often does among human beings in play, and ended in a mortal duel.

In so wild and dangerous a state was the lion that it was impossible to remove the body of the tiger for a day.

Wild beasts will rarely or never fight with one another when they are under the personal supervision of their keepers. I have had sometimes to keep a man patrolling up and down outside a cage of lions or tigers for several days and nights to preserve peace among them. I remember once sitting myself throughout the night between a leopard and jaguar, whom we were training to perform in a mixed group of animals. But before we could start training them we had to get them on terms of friendship, temporary though it might be, with each other.

Every now and then the leopard would turn and snarl at the jaguar, who would snarl back viciously. Had the two been left alone for an instant the pair would have engaged in a mortal combat, and even when we had trained them to perform together it was impossible for us to allow them to occupy the same cage.

Why Man Is Feared.

There is no doubt that the only enemy really feared by large wild beasts is man, and it has, I confess, always puzzled me why this should be so. Neither man's size nor his erect position seem to account for it satisfactorily.

The only reason that I can think of as to why the larger wild beasts should fear man is that they don't understand him and are unable to fathom him. He is a mystery to them and they fear him accordingly, just as we would fear some supernatural being of unknown power if such a one were to come among us who could apparently deprive us of our liberty and happiness.

Some animals are so desperately and persistently quarrelsome that there is nothing to be done but to put an end to their existence.

An animal who is always quarrelling is not merely a nuisance, he is a positive danger in a menagerie; he breeds a spirit of revolt among his companions, makes them extremely difficult to manage, and he is at all times a danger to those who have charge of him. We had an immensely powerful tiger, a true bred man-eater, some years ago, who was one of the most disturbing and dangerous influences we ever had in our show.

I Had to Shoot Him.

In the course of two years he had killed three companion tigers, and had on several occasions attacked his keeper. Yet I was loath to kill him for he was a splendid brute, and, curiously enough, a good performer. Indeed, on the stage he was always most tractable and obedient.

One night, however, after one performance, without the slightest warning, he made a spring at a young jaguar who was on the way to his cage, and killed her almost in an instant, and then made a furious assault on the three keepers who rushed to secure him, one of whom he badly injured.

That decided me; half-an-hour later a shot rang out on the night air, and one of the finest tigers I ever had in my possession lay dead in the runway behind the tigers' cages with a bullet in his heart.

Fortunately for my purse I have not often had occasion to act in such a manner, for the putting to death of such a fine specimen of the tiger tribe meant a loss to me of, at least, £1,000.

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Pincher's Progress

The Chronicles of a London Thief.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

ON COMPANY'S SERVICE.

"I SEE," said Pincher, who could never remain silent for long at a stretch, "that a chap, a prosperous cove, alderman or something, has been fined forty bob for travelling without a ticket."

I laid down my pen with a sigh. Pincher was peering over the evening paper at me, and his twinkling little eyes gleamed as he saw my movement.

"Don't let me upset you," he said. "I like to see a man workin'."

"I should think it was an unusual sight for you, at all events from close quarters," I said. "I can't imagine anyone being able to work with you within a hundred yards' radius. But no matter. What about the gentleman to whom you were just referring?"

Pincher was silent for a moment.

"It's rather a funny story, guv'nor," he said, "an' if you can do justice to it I hope the cove who's just been fined forty bob reads it; it might comfort him an'—it might not. Wot I'm goin' to tell is how I once travelled without a ticket. I don't mean to say as how it's only once that I've done it, but the time I'm goin' to tell you about was the most excitin'. Is there any tobacco in that jar?"

There wasn't very much when Pincher had filled his capacious pipe, and then having refused lemonade, and gazed sadly in the direction of the house—for we were sitting in the garden, and I was still indulging in what Pincher called "kid's drink"—he settled himself comfortably in his chair and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"It was like this," he said. "I was stranded down in a little town in the Midlands an' I wanted to get out of it, wanted to get out of it bad. There was a landlady sayin' as 'ow she'd give me no more credit, and there was an officious 'tec' keepin' his eye on me. He'd come from Birmingham where we'd made each other's acquaintance under what you might call sad circumstances, an' bein' a very inquisitive, meddlin' sorter chap, he wanted to know wot my business was.

"Well, my business was mug huntin', though I couldn't very well tell him so, though I might just as well have done so, for the whole time I was there I never saw a mug, never met a chap who'd play a game of billiards for more than the price of a round of drinks. If there was a mug in that bloomin' town it would have taken all Scotland Yard to find him. I heard a chap say one day that the average provincial was a fool. Well, if he is, he's a precious cautious one.

"An' as I wandered round the streets with about tuppence in my pocket, havin' wasted a hard-earned five quid in two weeks' stay, I cursed the chap, a well-meanin' enough cove, who'd recommended me to the place. He said he'd done well, an' it may be that he'd spoilt the market for me; anyway, he's doin' a five-year stretch at Dartmoor now, an' it ain't good taste to speak ill of them as is down.

"The station chaps were just as sharp as the rest of them. Time after time I tried to get into the goods yard in the hope of findin' a handy truck, but it was no use. I quickly got hoofed out, an' saw that it was gettin' dangerous. Then I remembered a little village station on the London side of the town, an' leavin' my bag with my second best suit an' a few odds an' ends at my lodgin', I set off to walk to the village, jolly glad to leave the bloomin' place, I can tell you, an' I got into the village just as it was gettin' dark.

"I spent my last copper on a drink, an' always bein' a tactful chap, I managed to find out that the slow goods train from the north stopped there to pick up such trucks as were waiting for it about ten o'clock. Off I strolled to the station, an' there I had my first bit of luck for weeks. The bookin' office was shut up an' no one was about. The sidin' with the three trucks on it was at the opposite end of the platform to the signal box, an' one of the trucks was empty with a tarpaulin lyin' in it.

"By the label on it I saw it was bound for the big goods yard in a North London suburb; I mustn't tell you the name of the company in case of trouble when you get printin' the story. An' into the truck I hops quick, and curled up comfortable under the tarpaulin.

"I'd been in that truck about half an hour when I heard voices an' a clanking of couplings, an' then my truck bumps off one and back on to the other with a jar that was enough to break a chap's bones, to say nothin' of the shock to his system, an' then we got goin'. After a bit I got pretty used to the bumpin', an' presently I dropped off to sleep.

"I don't know how long I slept, but when I woke up it was daylight. I'd had to leave my watch behind in that bloomin' break-your-heart town, so I couldn't tell the time. Then I noticed we were stoppin' somewhere, an', as a clock struck nine, I had a sudden fit of shiverin', for I heard the noise of shuntin', an' it dawned on me that we'd arrived in London while I was asleep, an' instead of quittin' comfortable before the place woke up, so to speak, here I was with a chance of bein' discovered any minute.

Lor', it gives me the shivers to think of it even now. But worse was to come, as you writer chaps say, for on liftin' the tarpaulin very cautious an' takin' a peep out, I saw that we weren't in London at all, but in just such another place as the town I'd come from.

"For some reason or other they'd had the truck shunted there, an' while I was talkin' quietly to myself, not being able to do the situation anythin' like justice, two chaps came to a stop just opposite my truck.

Neither of 'em could speak a word; they just stood starin' at me as though I'd been a ghost.

One of 'em said somethin' about it bein' shunted to pick up some old carriage wheels that had to go back to the store department, an' then he says with a laugh, 'I reckon that's the new assistant superintendent of the line,' he ses. 'They say he can remember where every bloomin' truck is; goin' to wake things up is Mister Moffer. They say he's a common little cove, and goes about like a tramp at times to pay surprise visits. The guv'nor is in a rare old state, fancyin' he'll come down here, for he's never seen his lordship; you've no idea how polite he's been to everyone he don't know these last few weeks.'

"Now," said Pincher solemnly, "men of intelligence like you an' me know that it's wrote in the Book of Proverbs, 'There's a tide in the affairs of man which—which—well, I forget the exact words, but it means if you don't land in your whack sharp someone gives you the knock-out. Anyway, hearin' those words gave me my great idea.

"'I'd like to see this Moffer,' said the other chap. 'I reckon he's out lookin' for trouble if he's goin' to play the spy on us, an'——'

"Up I got from the floor of the truck, puttin' my hat straight an' lookin' as dignified as a chap who's bumped about in a truck for several hours can look.

"'Your wish is gratified,' I says in my most stony tone, 'an' I would remind you that I ain't the only one who is out lookin' for trouble, my man.'

"Neither of 'em could speak a word; they just stood starin' at me as though I'd been a ghost. One of 'em I took to be the foreman an' the other a clerk in the goods office.

"'There's things to be learned from travellin' in a goods truck,' I said, not givin' 'em time to collect their thoughts. 'I've learned quite a lot about myself lyin' 'ere in this truck, to say nothin' of the discipline of this station.'

"Lor', how those two apologised when they got their voices back, but I cut 'em short an' told the clerk chap to take me to the stationmaster. He was in a blue funk as he led me to the station, but I was in a bluer one. If the stationmaster was suspicious it was all up with me; but to try an' run would give the game away, besides gettin' me landed a long way from where I wanted to be an' starvin' for want of breakfast.

"As I walked along the platform I saw the name of the station was—well, we'll call it Blankton, guv'nor, then no one can get up an action for libel an' that sort of thing. An' then the clerk chap knocks at a door.

"'Mr. Moffer, sir,' he says, 'the assistant superintendent of the line.'

"A tall, sad-looking cove got to his feet as though he'd just sat down on a tin tack. I don't know what he said about me, but it was as near makin' me blush as the speech of a young barrister chap made when I paid him five guineas to defend me, an' then the fool didn't get me off.

"'Pleased to meet you,' I said quite affable, but with dignity, you understand, 'but I've been cooped up in that truck for a long time in order to do my duty an' see things as they are, an' I'm very hungry. Is there anywhere where I can get breakfast here?'

"I was in a mortal funk that he'd be fool enough to suggest an hotel, but he jumped at the opportunity like a bird. Within a quarter of an hour I was havin' quite a good spread with the stationmaster waitin' on me himself an' askin' all the questions I could think of. It was a funny situation, guv'nor, I couldn't eat as much as I'd have liked to for laughin', an' I reckon that saved the real Moffer from gettin' the reputation of bein' the biggest glutton wot ever lived.

"When I'd finished an' lit up a cigar he gave me, just as I might be lightin' up one now if I—thank you, guv'nor—I walked with him back to his office an' he showed me a lot of papers which I didn't understand, but I looked wise, which for most people is just as good, an' gettin' rid of him for a few minutes whilst he went to get some more of the bloomin' papers, I looked at the time-table on his desk an' found there was a train to London at a quarter past ten, an' that was the train I meant to travel by, though how I was to do it without arousing suspicion was a puzzle. I'd have made myself comfortable with that stationmaster cove if there hadn't been a real Mr. Moffer flyin' round, who might drop in any minute for all I knew an' upset everythin'."

"It must have been a somewhat uncomfortable situation," I said, as Pincher paused to light the cigar I had given him.

"Uncomfortable ain't the word. It wasn't only quod I'd got to think about. Both them chaps I'd scared in the goods yard were hefty, an' the stationmaster had a look about him that showed he wasn't always meek; but just as he was comin' in I thought of an idea.

"'By Jove!' I says, startled like; 'it's later than I thought. I must catch the 10.15. I'll buy an ordinary third-class ticket.'

"Then I put my hand into my hip pocket quite natural and cussed.

"'I put on an old suit for this duty,' I said, 'an' hanged if I didn't forget to put my purse in my pocket. I've only got a few shillin's. I don't want to travel with my pass; a man learns nothin' with a pass.'

"'I'll get you a third-class ticket at once, sir,' he said.

"I nodded. It was a big temptation to have a first-class ticket for nothin', but I was beginning to lose my nerve, an' I wasn't out to take risks. He came with the ticket, an' I thanked him for givin' the breakfast, told him everythin' was most satisfactory—an' it was for me—an' then sayin' that I didn't want to be seen talkin' to him as it would spoil my usefulness to the company on the journey to London, I shook hands, walked to the other end of the platform, and waited for the train.

"The fare was five an' sixpence. I don't know who paid it or if it was ever paid for, but I certainly was anxious to meet the stationmaster at Blankton again."

(Another Pincher story next week.)

"Catching Your Pals" is the best competition going. For particulars see page 180.

Driven from Home!

BOOK II.

JUST TO GUIDE YOU.

John Jarvis is a clever, quiet detective who has risen rapidly from the ranks. While engaged on the Bewlay Street murder mystery he was sent to Paris to arrest a blackmailer and notorious bad woman, **Mrs. Mowle** *alias* **Madame Frayle.** Jarvis carried this mission out successfully, and at the same time he rescued his sweetheart **Maisie** from Madame Frayle's clutches. Maisie was decoyed to Paris by the big Oxford Street draper **Mark Crushington,** and only by chance fell into the blackmailer's hands.

Jarvis is now bent on meeting Crushington.

* * * * * * * *

Zacky: The bad man of Hallard's Cross. He is Mark Crushington's brother, and has been very badly treated in the past. He is also bent on revenge.

CHAPTER THIRTY.
Zacky on the Warpath.

JOHN JARVIS was back for a brief spell at Oldacres Farm, not a far cry from Hallard's Cross and the vicarage where we left the stricken John Hume with the arms of his erring, but forgiven wife about him, Mimi clasping her little mite to her bosom, and Peggy, who had done so much for the happiness of others, anticipating a great wealth of it for herself. And surely she deserved it.

Not yet married, John Jarvis, but the day of days was coming closer. They were keeping him very busy at Scotland Yard now, and he was content for the time being to know that the girl of his heart was "at home" in the truest sense of the words at his father's farm, every day becoming more like her old, bright, vital self, happy in the quiet and peacefulness of the country, and the joy of his fine old father, to whom she was like a daughter.

And at the back of John Jarvis' mind, the grim, dogged resolve—not given to talk much, John!—to be revenged on Mark Crushington, biding his time patiently, and all the while working to get at the bottom of the man's past since the evening drunken, tragic Zacky had crossed his path, and he had taken the man, fed him, given him a bed, and locked him up securely for the night in a stable.

Nor had John Jarvis finished with Madame Frayle. At Scotland Yard they were satisfied with a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude passed on her.

She had writhed and mouthed and all but fainted in the dock when sentence was passed. She had whined out most blasphemously that God knew her to be as innocent as a new-born baby—she who had massacred so many of them!—of the charge, but the horror of a more terrible sentence than penal servitude had sealed her lips, prevented her from trying to lessen her sentence by incriminating the many who were in her power—a great horror that she might furnish a clue that might enable Scotland Yard to prove that Madame Frayle, recently of Bewlay Street, was one and the same as Mrs. Mowle, who had disappeared years back from Cypress Villa, Yew Tree Grove, Cricklewood, against whom a coroner's jury had returned a verdict of wilful murder.

Mark Crushington was still abroad, and Madame Rose had resigned her position as head of Crushington's costume department, having been offered—so she said—a far better salary by an American firm. But the great business, though its chief was abroad, flourished amazingly, and now whole advertisement pages of newspapers announced the fact that the famous Crushington's was about to be turned into a company, and the public was invited to take what shares were not reserved by the vendor, the great Mark Crushington.

John Jarvis, at first sight of the prospectus, had partially closed one eye, and had read something quite plainly between the lines. It meant that Mark Crushington was realising some of his enormous fortune. John Jarvis also noticed that there was no mention of Crushington retaining a seat on the board of directors, or of his invaluable services being retained as managing-director, as was generally the rule in cases of such a kind.

"Got the blue funks!" had been John's grim comment. "Doing a quiet clear-out. Going to give England as wide a berth as possible. However——"

Since then Jarvis had found time to make friends with a young clerk employed by the firm of solicitors who were carrying through the complicated business of transforming Crushington's into a company.

Scotland Yard's Assistant Commissioner had informed him that, after a careful review of the actual evidence available, and the fact that the only charge that could be brought against Crushington for his conduct in Paris was one of assault, the Director of Public Prosecutions had decided not to institute criminal proceedings against the man. Nevertheless, there was a tacit understanding between Jarvis and his Chief.

Scotland Yard works quietly when it chooses, and Scotland Yard still hoped—with the aid of Jarvis—to nail the great Mark Crushington, though disappointed in the hope that Madame Frayle might have made revelations that would have enabled this to have been done.

Now Jarvis was home for a few hours, and his arm circled a waist.

"You're sad, John?" whispered Maisie.

"Sad and happy," he answered in his simple way. "A mixture. I've got you. That's happiness. Perhaps more happy than sad, too, when I think of the finish of the Bewlay Street mystery."

He had told Maisie what is known to our readers.

"Perhaps," he repeated reflectively, "more happy—in a solemn kind of way, Maisie—than sad, if you follow me. There's a wife and mother back home again at Hallard's Cross after long years—forgiven, I reckon. Thank God, say I. There's tiny hands, too, Maisie, there, helping to pull hearts closer together."

The arm round the slender waist tightened.

"Soon now, lass, you and I—soon now!"

(*Continued on next page.*)

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Maisie pressed her face close to his.

"I thank God for your love, John!" she whispered.

"Our little home that's to be!" said John, and he played his old trick of half-closing one eye as he saw it in his imagination.

Silence for awhile. Then his voice rang out in a cheery laugh at another picture conjured up by his imagination. Mrs. Wex was no longer at the farm.

"Can't you see Mrs. Wex," he said, "fussing round that little baby at Hallard's Cross?"

"I can!" laughed Maisie.

"Maybe——"

John stopped. His imagination had run away with him. A few moments before, picturing the home to be, he had inhabited it with only Maisie and himself. Now——

"Nothing!" he added, getting a little red in the face as Maisie looked into his fine, steady eyes inquiringly. "Never mind!"

All lovers love a stile, and their perch now was one as it had been the evening when a strange thing, more like an animal than a human being, had crawled from a ditch, lurched with a dragging, crippled leg into the road, had reached up hands to a star-sprinkled sky, and had sworn to wring blood and tears from the brother who had stolen and betrayed his Nell!

"John?" whispered Maisie presently, with a sudden shudder. "Zacky?"

Jarvis had a long and confidential interview with the Assistant Commissioner on the subject of Zacky. Scotland Yard does not communicate everything that takes place within its walls for Press publication.

"Being cared for in the asylum," he answered quietly.

Two doctors had testified to the dangerous unsoundness of Zacky's mind, the day following his arrival in Wittam. They hinted at homicidal tendencies.

"It was the only place for him," added Jarvis. "I still think there's a chance of making something of a man out of him again. Wean him of the drink-habit, keep a sharp eye on him, help him a bit, try to convince him that everybody doesn't reckon him hopeless and not worthy of a thought, and he may be pulled round yet. They don't look on him as incurable at the asylum. Drink's been half at the bottom of the mischief, and it was misery and a great wrong that drove him to drink, and there you have it, Maisie."

"What was his misery, John?" asked Maisie.

"Someone stole and wronged his girl," answered Jarvis through his teeth. "But he hugs it to himself with all the strange cunning of a madman. Reckon I know why. He's afraid someone might steal a march on him and snatch first the revenge he's always brooding on. I've told them to keep close watch on him. He's scarcely spoken a word since he's been there. Last time I saw him he crossed his arms across his chest as if he thought I'd come to tear what he's brooding on from his heart, crouching up in the corner of his cell. But there, lass, we've other things to talk about now."

But Maisie was a woman, and curious, and her heart was wrung.

"Haven't you any idea, John, who wronged him? You generally find things out!"

"Maybe I have," he answered, rather a tight note in his voice. "But it all happened long ago, and it's a slow business sometimes digging proofs out of the past. However——"

Maisie looked up into his grim face, quite unreadable now, though sometimes it was readable as an open book to the girl who loved him.

"You still keep secrets from me, John?"

"Duty, Maisie. But more than duty, I wouldn't burden your tender, womanly heart with some of 'em. Even when we're married, it will be so. Only this, lass! It will be John Jarvis, detective, who keeps things from you, not John, the man who loves and worships the ground you tread on—heart's own!"

Wheels and hoofs sounded out in the distance.

"John," said Maisie, with a blush, "we're rather close together, if anyone comes along!"

Jarvis sighed and withdrew his arm from her waist. Then those trained faculties of his asserted themselves, almost automatically.

"In a mighty hurry!" he said to himself. "Sending along a harnessed gee at a full gallop!"

That was what the still distant sounds proclaimed to him.

Dusk was falling, but the lamps of the dog-cart that swung round a bend of the road were unlit. Its occupants were two men, and the horse was in a foam, and flung froth from its bit. Jarvis slipped down from the stile, his eyes keen and alert.

"Hullo!" he cried, as the dog-cart came level. He had recognised one of the two men, a doctor attached to the county asylum.

The driver reined up the foam-flecked animal to its haunches.

"You, Jarvis?" cried the asylum doctor. "Zacky's loose!"

"What?"

"Yes. Thought there was just a chance he might make either for Wittam or Hallard's Cross."

Keepers were already scouring the country in quest of the escaped man certified insane by two doctors. Others had driven post haste to Hallard's Cross on the possibility that Zacky might have returned to his old haunts. They were anxious. Zacky had been quiet enough under confinement, but there had been something ominously suggestive about the man who never spoke, but crouched generally in a corner of his cell, his arms clutched across his chest, as if he feared to be robbed of something. And the doctors had credited him with homicidal tendencies.

Jarvis asked a few questions quickly. When he quitted the farm for his walk with Maisie, he had neither seen nor heard of signs of anyone who might have been Zacky in the neighbourhood. He could furnish no information.

"Drive on to the farm!" he said. "I've been gone from it some little time. Maybe you'll hear something!"

But he did not offer to go with them. Dusk was deepening into darkness now. Maisie was with him.

The cart dashed away into the gathering shadows. Maisie was shivering. She still suffered from shivering fits. Not yet quite her old, brave, self-reliant self.

"We'll get home, lass!" said Jarvis quietly, and tucked up her arm in his own.

Zacky was loose; had escaped with all the cunning of a madman. Jarvis had obtained the main facts in answer to his brief questions.

"What will he do?" asked Maisie, holding on tightly to his strong arm.

"Make for London—at least, most likely," answered Jarvis. "Step out, lass. I want to send a telegram.

"At least," he added to himself, "if he keeps sober. But if he can beg, borrow, or steal drink, he's more likely to be found in a ditch within a ten-mile radius of the asylum."

"I'll run if you like, John!" said Maisie.

"Your best leg forward will do!"

When they reached the farm there was no sign of the dog-cart and its occupants, but old farmer Jarvis, very straight-backed, stood at the garden-gate, and farm-hands, armed with sticks and pitch-forks and other agricultural implements, were preparing to sally forth in quest of the escaped lunatic. Some carried lanterns.

"Look after Maisie for me, dad!" cried Jarvis, and hurried to the village post-office.

No children were to be seen in the one straggling street. It was known that a lunatic was at large. Everybody knew John Jarvis in Wittam, and John knew everybody. The village postmistress, who dealt in sweets and other sidelines, was just taking down a telegraphic message as he entered, one eye apprehensively on the door.

"It's for you, John!" she said. She had sold him many a penn'orth of bulls-eyes in his early youth. "Till I seed it was you coming into the shop, I was afeared it might be that lunatic!"

"Never mind about putting it in an envelope," said Jarvis.

The postmistress slipped the flimsy paper across the counter. He picked it up and read the message:

"C. due at the offices to-morrow about seven p.m."

There was no name attached. It was not required. It came from a clerk in the offices of the firm of solicitors who were dealing with the complicated business of converting Crushington's into a limited liability company.

Just for a moment Jarvis forgot Zacky, forgot the threads that slowly and patiently he was gathering together—threads reaching back into the past of the man now known as Mark Crushington.

"Good!"

The postmistress did not catch the word, but she saw the movement of his lips and the sudden clenching of his powerful hands.

Just John Jarvis, human man, who had never forgiven, never would forgive the man responsible for the agony suffered by the girl he loved. Jarvis hungry to be face to face—only for a matter of minutes—with the man whose name was represented by a C on the flimsy piece of paper into which the nails of his clenched-up hand were biting.

Mark Crushington was at last venturing back to England quietly at the call of the god Mammon. For months he had been hungry for a sight of the great business he had built up, and was now, with an [illegible] in his sordid soul, converting into cash, only [illegible] from absence how much he loved it, and realising [illegible] it was almost part of himself.

Time upon time he had only been restrained [illegible] returning from fear. He did not know how much [illegible] how little the police knew against him. He [illegible] watched English papers, and news had been forwarded [illegible] him secretly by Madame Rose. Madame Frayle [illegible] been sentenced. He had suffered agony during [illegible] trial, yet there had been no revelations, no mention of his name.

Had it all blown over? Sometimes he had said to himself "Yes"; sometimes "No."

Had there been a warrant out for his arrest, the fact would have been blazoned abroad in English and foreign papers. He had pictured his mighty business going to pieces in his absence. He had pictured the solicitors bungling in the conversion of it into a company, and had nearly gone mad. Business and [illegible] had dominated the man for years.

And the call of business had got the better of his fear. He was returning quietly, almost like a [illegible] in the night. Not to stay. The man was a coward. Madame Frayle had held her tongue, but she was alive in a prison-cell, and might take it into her head to speak at any moment. The little Rickards girl must have confided all she knew to her big, strong-limbed policeman-lover.

For months Mark Crushington had turned all this over in his mind as he travelled from place to place, controlling his business by correspondence.

Yet he was only a human moth!

He was being drawn back to the candle.

He had argued that, if anything were out against him, his solicitors or his friends, with whom he was in constant communication, must have warned him.

He was returning quietly, only for a few days, to the country and the great city from which the consequence of his passions had exiled him.

But he was hungry for a glimpse of the great premises, where he had built up his fortune.

Once again to traverse the many departments, with a quick glance here and a quick glance there, as was his wont when Louis Death was his shadow; once again to watch the men, women, and girls, his slaves, as they poured from the buildings when the day's work was done; to sit at his desk in his private office, thrilling under the thought that he was the centre, the brain, and the control of the monster enterprise he had fathered.

Such cravings like the continual pricking of spurs were driving Mark Crushington back in the teeth of his fears and better judgment. Again and again he had reviled himself and his own base desire that brought him to such a pass.

And Zacky? Was he dead—the brother of whom he had once been fond in his selfish way, yet whose sweetheart he had debauched? Zacky, whom he had last seen lying unconscious and crushed in the road on the night David Inglis fought and whipped Rupert Lang.

Crushington, once reckoned a man of blood and iron, had developed nerves, and much as Madame Frayle had done was making the bad mistake of regarding stimulants as a remedy for them.

The postmistress of Wittam, who well remembered John Jarvis as a stubbly-headed little boy, was staring at him. It was not often that his feelings found expression on his features.

"Thank you," he said at last, his grip on the telegram relaxing. "Thank you, Mrs. Bunny."

"I only hope, John," said the postmistress with a shudder and perpetrating a "bull," as her thoughts returned to the escaped lunatic, "that some of us won't wake up to-morrow morning to find ourselves murdered in our beds."

Jarvis shook his head reassuringly. He had formed his own ideas on the subject of Zacky's homicidal tendencies. They were particular, not general.

"Brother of mine," he thought, and then, "Make from Zacky."

His feelings were in hand again; his face wore the stolid expression that gave some people the impression that he must be a stupid fellow. He penciled a telegram.

"John," said the postmistress, "when they make you an inspector, you won't turn proud and forget your old friends?"

"Not likely—if it ever comes to pass." He pointed to a glass jar. "Nor the flavour of your bulls-eyes."

"Take one, John," said the postmistress, "for old times' sake!"

Jarvis did, slipped a strong, pepperminty bull into his mouth, and pushed his telegram across the counter. The address was a code one, and Mrs. Bunny could read neither head nor tail into the message itself, but when John had left, she turned to an official book, and found the telegraphic address equalled "Scotland Yard."

At the asylum they had insisted on Zacky having a bath; they had shaved him and cut his hair; condemned the clothes he was wearing at the time to be burnt, and provided him with others. Strong drink of all kinds had been denied him. They had given him wholesome food. His appearance had changed [illegible]

RESULT OF "COMIC" PARROT CONTEST.

THE prize of £5 for the best last line in this contest was awarded to W. H. BECKS, Rothwell, Northampton, for the following:

Young Sandy McStutter once thought
That a Scotch comic singer he'd make;
But when half-bricks were thrown at the stage,
Said the Parrot, beginning to shake:
"Don't have 'House Property' by 'Instalments.'"

Ten consolation gifts of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

H. E. Culham, The Wood, Sydenham Hill; W. Dunbar, 12a Portsmouth Rd., Guildford; C. H. Gough, 117 Stanhope St., St. Helens; C. E. Lingard, Binley, Leeds; R. Mallett, 102, Miskin St., Cardiff; J. S. Noble, 266 Union Grove, Aberdeen; C. W. Palmer, 16 High St., Godalming; Miss M. Power, 59 Argyle Rd., West Ealing; F. Ruleman, 27 Greenheys Lane, Greenheys, Man.; T. Russell, 12 Redhouse Cottages, Linlithgow.

Ladies only this time! "Why is a Bank Holiday like a pair of tight shoes?" ☞

better. The bloodshot streaks had gone from his eyes.

Jarvis, returning home, was reckoning up Zacky's chances of evading capture. Against him were the distinctive clothes he must have been wearing at the time of his escape and the fact that he dragged one leg badly.

But Jarvis did not take part in the man-hunt that continued through the night, the lanterns of the hunters flitting through the darkness like will-o'-the-wisps.

"I'm off first thing to-morrow morning," he said quietly when he reached the farm where his dad and Maisie awaited him, and then sat down to supper with them.

He made no mention of the telegram Mrs. Bunny had delivered him across the counter. After supper old Jarvis slipped away to make sure that barns and outhouses were well secured for the night. At least, that was his excuse.

"I know dad will take good care of you, Maisie," whispered Jarvis, very close. "I hope it's not too quiet for you here?"

The girl, who had once craved to see Paris and Monte Carlo and "life," whose feminine heart had been rejoiced at the beautiful, dainty clothes provided her when she went with Madame Rose to the Gay City, looked up into his fine, honest eyes.

In hers nothing but content, happiness, faith, and deep, abiding love.

Then a touch of the old bright Maisie that made the man's heart glad.

"John," she whispered with a little laugh, "have you been eating peppermints?"

John confessed to a bull's-eye. How Maisie came to suspect him we leave it to our readers to guess.

* * * * *

"Brother o' mine—Nell—hoop-la! So ho, boy! Steady—over!"

He looked like a phantom rider of the night, the man astride the bareback horse, a hairy-fetlocked, heavy-flanked creature, strong enough to have borne a mail-clad knight at a charge into battle. But the man astride, with halter for rein and seeming part of the animal as it rose to his cry at the five-barred gate and went over, shattering the top-bar, was Zacky.

Zacky!

Mad, yet with a scheme and a purpose in his cunning distorted brain. Like a nightmare of the night he looked, yet something of a lurid splendour about the maniac horseman on his stolen steed. What time Zacky worked on Amery's farm at Hallard's Cross it was said of him that he loved horses far better than his fellow creatures, and they still spoke of his drive in the stolen baker's cart.

He rode in a bee-line, over hedge, through copses, aim across his eyes to guard them from thorn and bramble, and sometimes he smote the steaming flank of his horse with his hand, sometimes using the halter end as a whip, but more often he called to the animal.

"So ho! Steady now!"

Over a brook—a near thing! Water sprayed up over man and beast—but over!

A dark, pitchy night! Some common instinct seemed to be guiding man and horse. But Zacky sober was another being from Zacky blind drunk, though he might be mad, and the country round for miles was known to him.

"Brother o' mine—Nell!"

He flung up a hand to the dark heavens, then brought it down with a resounding thwack. The turf thundered under hoofs as they crushed down the gorse and bracken of the deserted common.

Thud, thud, thud!

Environment changed. There to the right a copse, and the solitary keeper, on his night-round, alert for poachers and snares, heard the approaching thunder and thought some horse stampeding.

He clambered a gate, and gripped his stout stick tightly. It loomed out suddenly, but the animal was not riderless.

"Hi!"

The keeper flung out his arms.

With a shout Zacky drove his heels into the beast's sides, and the man went down sickeningly under the thudding, metal-shod hoofs, and lay horribly still.

Zacky flung up a wild laugh to the night-sky, and rode on.

On!

Till a red light winked out at him from the darkness, lurid as one of his own eyes when it was bloodshot with drink.

Mad, yet method in his madness. Unguided by compass, only by instinct and knowledge, finding his destination by a kind of dead-reckoning.

He leant forward and whispered, and the foam-flecked, sweating beast seemed to understand, slowed down into an amble, and stopped.

Zacky slipped to the ground. The red eye glared out close now. A wind had sprung up, and the telegraph wires along the top of the embankment were humming like a kind of Æolian harp.

Zacky listened for a moment, fondling the frothy muzzle of the horse that had carried him so well. He patted its heaving flank, as if expressing his gratitude.

"Well done, boy!" he whispered, and printed a kiss on its velvety muzzle. "Now get along with 'co. Gee up, boy!"

He thwacked the beast with an open hand, and the great cart-horse of Flemish breed tossed its head, sniffed the air, and then lumbered away at a leisurely trot.

Zacky, dragging one leg, reached the top of the embankment, and stared down into the railway cutting.

"That way London; that way Oxford. London for Zacky—London, where I saw ye, that night, brother o' mine—blarst you!"

He crawled down into the greater darkness of the cutting, and crouched down, staring up at the signal's red eye.

"Colour o' blood!" he muttered once. "Blood—blood!"

And he laughed to himself. Then he listened suddenly, his body stiff.

The rumble of a train, and still the signal light shone red.

"Stay that colour!" whispered Zacky. "No tricks, d'ye hear, of changing to green. That way, London—where I saw ye, brother, flesh-and-blood brother of mine, born of the same mother—said our prayers at the same knees!"

Again he appealed to the signal as if it were a living thing, not a post.

"Stay that colour—colour o' blood!"

Then, almost invisible, he crawled along, dragging one leg, to meet the oncoming train, the driver of which had already sighted the adverse light, had shut off steam, and was braking.

Buffers clanked, chains rattled. It was a goods train of many empty wagons.

Zacky crawled up into one of these, and laid himself down, flat on his back.

"Go green as soon as you like, you beggar!" he muttered.

There was a click. It was as if the signal had heard and obeyed the madman.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.
The Fight at Crushington's.

BUSINESS was in full swing at Crushington's close upon midday. The vast expanses of plate-glass displayed a hundred lures for the feminine eye. Not very far away from the great emporium, on an "island" near Regent's Circus, a newsvendor was fixing up a contents-bill on railings, the staring head-lines proclaiming the fact that a dangerous lunatic had escaped from an Oxfordshire asylum, run amok, killed a gamekeeper, and was still at large.

Shopping folk, however, whose destination was Crushington's, were too eager to be about their business to pause to purchase an evening paper.

To and fro swung the swing-doors in the hands of commissionaires and uniformed men with "Crushington's" gold-lettered on their caps. In they poured. Small wonder people were anxious to secure shares in the company being promoted.

It was in the costume department, where another woman ruled in place of Madame Rose—gone abroad, where once Maisie Rickards served, that the news first came through a few minutes before twelve, that Crushington was back.

It came like a bombshell. He was thought to be in Brazil. The telephone bell had rung, and the red-haired girl—the same red-haired girl who had once advised Maisie that if Crush. wanted to kiss her it would be advisable to let him do so—had taken the message at command of the new buyer and head of the department.

She had nearly dropped the instrument. The speaker at the other end of the wire was the manager who had controlled the business during Crushington's long absence.

"Mr. Crushington wants to see Madame Perrin."

The red-haired girl gave the message.

"Life won't be worth living again!" she whispered to a colleague as Madame Perrin, all in a flutter, hurried off to the great man's private office. "Crush. is back! Oh, dear, and we were getting along so nicely without him!"

She was a bit of a scandal-monger, the red-haired girl, and had more than once frankly regretted that Crush. had never displayed any desire to kiss her. To be kissed by Crush. as a rule spelt subsequent advancement—provided always one took it nicely.

"They say," she went on, with a wicked wink, "he's been keeping abroad for a reason. You don't remember Rickards—before your time—but you remember, I daresay, the arrest of the woman Frayle and the girl who lost her memory in Paris, and was found by detective Jarvis in Marseilles—her name was Rickards."

"Oh, I read every word of it!" said the other.

"That was our Maisie Rickards!" The red-haired girl gave another frightful wink. "I'm not the only one with ideas about that—and why Madame

(*Continued on page 176.*)

"Marriage: Before—and After."

This Plain-spoken New Work Reveals Secrets that Every Adult Should Know.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity books are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Dennison Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely, in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original, and unfearing writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before—and After" he has surpassed all his former efforts and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before—And After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy mock-modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in the most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to his readers, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and secret advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt.

The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being.

The union of a man and a woman "for better or worse" is the most important event in the life of any individual, the climax of human existence.

Upon its results depends the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands therefore the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue *after* marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

But "Marriage: Before—And After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters.

It contains the accumulated secrets of the best brains in the world on this question, secrets hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is reponsible for unto'd matrimonial misery.

It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unspeakable suffering and home-wrecking disasters.

And it helps you to avoid all these troubles.

Skilfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snares and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwary wedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and marital comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and enhanced happiness.

Whilst in another part of this book you are shown how to guide against those habits which destroy love, and those body-blighting sins of which married people know so much.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are necessarily left out. But enough remains to give you some idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from first to last in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The future of the child.—Dreadful ordeals.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early and late marriages.—Unripe parents.—What a physician says.—Disparity in ages.—Religion and marriage.—Law of choice.—Hysterical attitude in parents.—Love.—False love.—How not to be misled.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amativeness, its use and abuse.—Wrong habits.—Concealment.—After marriage.—Useful information for the married.

CHAPTER IV.—Important Physiological Facts.—Hints for those who wish to become parents.—The father's influence.—Rules for women, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people ought to read.

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The law of the Husband.—The husband's duty, etc.

CHAPTER VII.—The law of the Wife.—The wife's duty.—Marital Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book ought to be read and studied by every young man and young lady engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

Write then for this book now.

Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in so sensible, uncompromising a way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush here, but a straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, and which gives the most valuable assistance to all married couples and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their destinies into another's.

The demand for copies of this book is already enormous and the danger is that the whole edition will be sold out in a few days.

Make sure of getting your copy then by writing for it now to-day.

Fill up this coupon and post it off. By return this book will be sent you in under plain cover.

COUPON. P.W., 10.8.'11

To the Health and Vim Publishing Co.,
109 Vim House, 73 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,
I enclose 1s. 2d. Please send me post free by return one copy of '**Marriage: Before—and After.**"

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

For the best answers I will give five pairs of scissors. Mark postcards "Shoes." *(See page 180.)*

Rose left and Crush travelled. But, with his money—well, you can buy anything nowadays, silence included!"

"Rickards was ever so pretty and dainty," went on the red-haired girl. "She was engaged to Jarvis, funnily enough. Quite romantic, eh!" She tossed her head. "Not that I should have reckoned him much of a catch. I often saw him when he was waiting for her. Looked for all the world like a country bumpkin. Before your time, and then there was Death, Crushington's shadow. We all misjudged him. And Mrs. Clinton of the work-room——"

But an imperious customer interrupted. A few moments later Madame Perrin swept back into the department. Her lips were quivering.

Crushington was back. It was the first time she had set eyes on the head of the business. He had carpeted her most unmercifully.

There he sat, Mark Crushington, at his great desk in his private office, with its bell-buttons, and telephone and speaking-tubes, massive-browed, big-jawed, but a little puffy and unhealthily bloated about the face. And his eyes were rather restless under the overhanging forehead.

Yet, if only for a day, to know the joy of controlling as of old the great business of his own creation before it passed into other hands, and he sought again the greater security of some foreign country. He had reached London late on the previous night, stayed at a quiet hotel, and driven early to the premises he loved, and had gone straight to his office with his master-key.

And it had been joy to him to touch a button, summon a subordinate, and stagger and terrify him by his unexpected presence.

The clocks of London were striking twelve.

He rose up. In the old days it was his custom to traverse every department of the vast business once a day at least.

But the news was everywhere now—had spread like wildfire.

Crushington was back!

"Here he comes!"

He had entered the hosiery department; his eyes swept the place in quest of fault or omission, but today he was alone, no shadowy Death with notebook and pencil at his elbow.

He beckoned the shop-walker to him, and the man cowered.

"That girl over there?" he said. "Look at her skirt—touches the floor."

Shop-girls' skirts are supposed to hang well clear of the ground unless she happens to be the head of a department or a mannikin—then she may trail.

"See to it! Where are your eyes?"

This was the old Crushington, with an eye for the smallest detail as well as a brain to grasp the big business issues. He was going to show them—though he were only a tyrant for a day.

So in other departments.

"Crikey!" whispered the red-haired girl. "Here he comes. Eyes front, girls! 'Tention to business! My word, watch it!"

Then she glanced to another entrance, and she stared.

A man had entered. As a rule, when a man entered the costume department, he came as a squire to some dame. This man was alone, and he looked altogether out of place in the department with its wonderful gowns and Parisian models, and the elegant shop-women, and the fashionably-dressed clients.

His suit might have been made by a village tailor, and he wore a square hat such as is given to John Bull in his pictures.

The red-haired girl's eyes dilated with a sudden expression of recognition.

"Crikey!" she whispered excitedly. "It's Detective Jarvis—Maisie Rickards' Jarvis. Who's he after?"

Then she clutched the wrist of the girl next to her.

The great Crushington had stopped dead, and was staring at John Jarvis.

And then, though the word was uttered in a low, tense tone, everybody somehow heard it in the costume department:

"Swine!"

Not a delicate word, but more terrible than indelicate as it came through John Jarvis' clenched teeth.

It had the effect of a bombshell. Purchasers ceased purchasing; mannikins stood stock still. A kind of momentary paralysis seemed to have overpowered everybody in the salon.

Then a movement.

Jarvis was going straight as a die, with long strides, towards the great Mark Crushington, seeming absolutely unconscious of surroundings, everything, except that one, massive, big-bodied figure of a man.

Crushington appeared fettered by the same paralysis that fettered everyone else but the broad-shouldered, moving man with swinging arms and clenched hands.

"You dirty *swine!*"

A woman screamed hysterically; another howled "Police!"

Jarvis had struck him, and Crushington was reeling like a drunkard. "Maisie!" whispered Jarvis, struck him again, and Crushington was down on his knees.

"Stop them!" yelled Madame Perrin, and rushed to one of the entrances, wringing her hands.

"Give it him!" hissed the red-haired girl, her primitive hatred of her employer finding expression. "He deserves it all—and more!"

"Get up!"

Jarvis spat the words into Crushington's ashen, battered face.

"Be a man—no, you can't be that—but get up. I'll give you a man's chance!"

Crushington lurched to his feet, seeing red now. Primitive, mad as the proverbial mad bull. Heaven knew what thoughts rushed through his reeling brain. The shimmering colours of the salon danced and blended and blurred before his eyes. He was conscious of many women's white faces—some of the women his slaves, women he had bullied and favoured. More than one had yielded her virtue to him.

He was in the very heart of the great business that he loved next best perhaps to his own bestial self.

Crushington crouched like a bull about to rush.

Women shrank back, and the men, the few present, were enjoying themselves too much to interfere—all save one.

A shop-walker. He bore down on Jarvis from behind, meaning to do or die for his employer.

The unfortunate man gripped Jarvis by the collar to pull him back just as the latter was about to take a quick, short step—his left arm working like a piston—towards the man he had given more grace than he deserved.

Jarvis swung round.

It was magnificent. It was like lightning; the result rather than how it was done and what was done exactly was the more visible. No blow was delivered. Some sort of ju-jitsu or lift must have been exercised. There was a clatter, a down-rushing of boxes, and an outspreading and fluttering of gowns as the man disappeared on the far side of a counter, having been pitched clean across it.

Very quick, much quicker than description. Crushington had rushed before Jarvis could swing round.

Thud!

One of Crushington's leg-of-mutton fists was home!

The rattle of Jarvis' teeth was audible; so was the grunt the blow drew from him.

But he laughed; they heard him, the breathless, white-faced crowd of women and the few men.

And the next moment they heard him say "Maisie!"

Jarvis was right up against Crushington; left and right, left and right; short-armed blows, but terrible and home every time, driving the staggering, reeling, battered man backwards.

Crash!

Over went a dummy with the sixty-guinea Paris model draped upon it, and like a falling ninepin bowled over others. These lay on the floor, looking like beautifully gowned but headless women!

It was rather ghastly now—the frightful punishment being meted out to the great bull of a man, who was receiving all and giving nothing, his arms swinging like a windmill's, never getting home.

Crash!

He had fetched up against a great mirror, and mirror and stand were over, broken glass littering the floor.

Women were screaming "Murder!" now. Three commissionaires burst through the human block in one of the entrances.

They hurled themselves upon him almost simultaneously. But much as he had heaved one night in Paris when Apaches flung themselves upon him, so he heaved now, threw off the three men, and struck his last blow before they were on him again.

Mark Crushington, unrecognisable, fell back across a counter.

Three commissionaires were on Jarvis again. A couple of policemen were hurrying across the salon, littered with boxes, what looked like headless women, costly gowns, and fragments of a shattered mirror.

"That's all!" said Jarvis hoarsely, staring down at the lump of flesh and clothes on the floor. "That's all—I've done."

One of the two policemen was staring at him.

"It's Jarvis of Scotland Yard!" he whispered.

So it was officially. But it was John Jarvis, man, thinking of the girl he loved, who had meted out such terrible punishment to the great Mark Crushington.

He stood quiet as a lamb now.

"What's all this about?" asked the constable who had recognised him.

Men were bending over Crushington now. The crowd, greater than ever, pressed round.

"Teaching a swine a lesson!" said John Jarvis. "In the name of pure women—and sweethearts—and wives!"

He was no speech-maker, much more slow and clumsy of tongue than he was of brain. The words had come from him with a husky, simple intensity.

"Hear, hear!"

It was intense, yet almost ludicrous. The words had slipped from the red-haired girl.

"All right," Jarvis said to the constables, "I'll come along quietly."

(Another powerful instalment next week.)

Results of Footline Competitions

"SILLY" CONTEST.

For examples of the silliest things done by absent-minded people a prize of five shillings was offered. This was won by T. H. Bond, Sergeant-Major R.A., Evie, Orkney, for the following: "One of the silliest and most absent-minded things that ever happened to a friend of mine was this: One night, many years ago, he got into bed and soon fell asleep. He had slept perhaps for an hour, when he awoke and struck a match *to see if he had put out the candle!*"

"FIRST" CONTEST.

"Why I am glad I didn't marry my first love?" was the question asked of competitors in this contest, and the reasons considered the best of those received from the following, to whom briar pipes have been awarded:

H. Hughes, 16 Grafton St., Preston; H. Keen, 11 H[illegible] Rd., Willesden; B. K. May, 3c Vicarage Mansions, [illegible] Green, N.; J. K. Nicholson, 42 Juliet St., Newca[illegible] Tyne; E. D. Yeadon, 12 Springcliffe St., Manningha[illegible]

"MILK" CONTEST.

Ten pairs of pocket scissors were offered for the most ingenious excuses supposed to be made by milkmen to account for the watery appearance of the milk. The prizes have been awarded to the follow[illegible]

C. Engaine, 28 South St., Colchester; C. Ha[illegible] 40 Dentons Green, St. Helens; Miss G. Ha[illegible] Manthorpe Rd., Plumstead; L. D. Jennings, [illegible] Park Gardens, W.; H. Locke, 2 Barrack Hill, F[illegible] Miss E. Marr, 2 White St., Partick, Glasgow; Mr. [illegible] Middleton, 28 Parkfield Ave., Rusholme, Manc[illegible] T. J. Phillips, Bryn Melyn Cottages, Rhyding, [illegible] R. Solly, 21 Mortlock Gardens, Peckham; J. H. Wi[illegible], 9 Dunbar Rd., Upton Lane.

"POET" CONTEST.

The following five competitors have each received a watch for supplying the best answers to the question: "Why is a poet like a wastepaper basket?":

J. J. Black, 6 High St., Kirkby Stephen; [illegible] Evetts, 188 Edward St., Nuneaton; Miss E. Gr[illegible] Liverpool Terrace, Worthing; J. Latham, 18[illegible] Lane, Bootle; J. S. Noble, 266 Union Grove, Aberdeen.

"JEST" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to suggest an appropriate joke for the illustration on page 88 of our issue of July 20th. The half-guinea prize has been won by H. S. Jones, Trappe House, Simonstone, Padiham, who contributed the following:

Traveller in the Wild West: "What caused the chimney over there to bend in the middle?"

Cowboy: "Oh, I was just having a round or two with Smack Bonson. I'd driven him with his back against the chimney. I was putting him to sleep with a blow on the chin when he slipped and I missed him. That's the result."

"FLIRT" CONTEST.

Ladies were asked: "Why is a flirt like a gooseberry pie?" and five shillings has been awarded to Mrs. N. M. Blick, Marsh Leaze, Leonard-Stanley, Gloucestershire, for the winning answer, which was as follows:

"Because they both cause pains which the sufferers are chary of talking about."

"DRAW" CONTEST.

For the best drawings of "Pincher," in fifteen straight lines, five watches have been awarded to:

H. W. G. Cox, Oakdene, Feltham Rd., A[illegible] Middlesex; W. McNab, 24 Dale St., Bridgeton, Glasgow; D. Norval, 125 Kirkland St., Glasgow; S. Ta[illegible] Moore End, Spondon, Derby; W. Whatley, 124 [illegible]bery St., Swindon.

"MISTAKES" CONTEST.

In our issue dated July 27th we asked readers to point out a mistake occurring on page 10[illegible]. The error in question was one in spelling—the word "choose" in the heading of the first article being printed as "chose." To each of the senders of the first twenty-five postcards pointing this out a prize of a penknife has been awarded. The following are the winners:

K. A. Baker, 97 Leahurst Rd., Lewisham; B. Barr[illegible] 35c Brady St., Mile End Rd., E.; J. T. Beaver, [illegible] Glenthorne Rd., Walthamstow; H. Brewster, 13 [illegible] Ave., New Malden; A. Budden, 2 Holly Terr., Chesham; C. Carter, 3 Buckingham St., Fitzroy Sq., W.; W. Cattermole, 99 Belgrave Rd., Plaistow; G. Day, 2[illegible] Sandycombe Rd., Kew Gardens; E. F. Dyall, 21 North View, Hornsey; A. R. Fuller, 94 Stebondale St., Cubitt Town, Poplar; G. Goodwin, 66 Brook St., Kennington Rd.; A. Gould, 45 St. Marks St., Minories; T. Hu[illegible] 55 Chesterton Terr., Plaistow; J. Hunt, 49 Sutherland Rd., West Croydon; E. Johnson, 69 Rockingham [illegible] New Kent Rd.; E. Lawrance, 1 Kingston Rd., Leatherhead; W. Lloyd, 43 Dartrey Rd., Chelsea; E. Matthews, 11 Parma Cres., Lavender Hill; Mrs Nancarrow, 4[illegible] Burdett Ave., Westcliff-on-Sea; H. W. Newcomb[illegible] Commercial Rd., Stepney; C. Noad, 31 Thurloe S[illegible] Kensington; C. Norris, 42 Thorparch Rd., Wandsw[illegible] Rd.; V. Pratt, Eric Rd., Dagenham; W. H. Th[illegible] 5 King St., Cheapside; H. Turner, 42a Fieldhouse Rd., Balham.

Hi, there! Stop! Have you CAUGHT YOUR PAL yet? If not see page 180.

In the Brotherhood I am known as Anael the Adept

LET ME TELL
Your Fortune Free

To introduce my system of Modern Astrology or Scientific Fortune Telling throughout Great Britain, I will, for a limited time, send you, absolutely Free, a Reading of your life, also a copy of the wonderful and helpful New York Magazine of Mysteries, if you will write and tell me the date of your birth, sex, if married or single, and send me two penny stamps for return postage.

I want to tell you Free what the future holds in store for you, what to do to obtain wealth, how to know your lucky days, whether a great love is to come into your life to bless you, what the prospects are for travel, employment or speculation, how to avoid dangers, how to recognise your enemies, how to know your friends, and the probable outcome of your married life. This can all be foretold by the science of Astrology. Simply write me and I will tell you.

I am a member of a Mystic Brotherhood. I practise daily the oldest science in the world. To the marvellous astrological work of the ancient Egyptians I have added the latest scientific knowledge of the twentieth century. *Those who have sought my advice tell me that*

MY PREDICTIONS ARE MOST ACCURATE

I have a reason for thus offering you the best fruits of my skill without money and without price. I am ambitious to awaken interest in my work in Great Britain. I know that if I accurately tell your future that you will be glad to speak a kind word for me to your friends. They in return will be anxious to consult me and pay me well for what I now offer to tell you Free.

♋ ♍ ♆ ♃ TESTIMONIALS ♈ ♑ ♂ ♓

NOTE.—The following testimonials are all accompanied by photographs which show the gratitude and appreciation of these friends and patrons of mine and I have many hundreds like them.

From Mrs. I. Renshaw, Cheshire.—Many thanks for the Horoscope received along with the Magazine of Mysteries. Your reading was wonderfully correct in every particular.

From F. H. Midgley, Southport.—I received the Forecast of my life and am more than satisfied with it. I shall pay strict attention to the advice given. Accept my heartiest and sincerest wish for your success.

From Miss G. M. Watts, Surrey.—I received my Horoscope with great pleasure. My only regret is that I did not have it a few months ago, as I am sure I should have acted differently, and therefore have saved myself a great deal of sorrow and distress.

From Alexander Fraser, Edinburgh.—I now take the pleasure of thanking you for your life reading and Chart for the preceding twelve months. I cannot put into mere words the complete satisfaction which I feel that you have given me in your splendid efforts on my behalf. I find in the life reading everything you say is indeed only too true, both as to the good points in my life and the reverse.

WRITE ME TO-DAY. THIS OFFER MAY NEVER APPEAR AGAIN.

All the facts I need to guide me are your full name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) the date and place of your birth. I only ask in return that you enclose in your letter two penny stamps; with one I will post your Horoscope, with the other, a copy of The Magazine of Mysteries. Do this now and you will bless the day you saw this announcement.

Under the new Postal Regulations you can post a sealed letter to me with a penny stamp.

Anael The Adept, 649 W. 43d St., Dept. 22B, New York City, N.Y., U.S.A.

Announcement

The new *Jet-Black Rubber* Wood-Milne Heels mark a degree of durability and resilience hitherto unreached.

Wood-Milne Heels are a real necessity for every man, woman, and child, and a genuine economy for all

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

If you value satisfaction, never accept as genuine 'Wood-Milnes' any which do not bear the name

Best to let your Bootmaker fix them.

Many sizes, several shapes; also in Brown and Grey Rubber, but all unrivalled value.

FREE—ABSOLUTELY FREE! This beautiful 15-ct. Gold Filled Signet Ring Free to introduce new catalogue. Send name, address, and P.O. for 10d. for engraving initial and postage. Two-initial intertwined monogram, 1s. 1d.—SIMS & MAYER (Dept. 57), 418 to 422 Strand, London.

A WELL-DEVELOPED BUST IS A WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM. Does your figure leave nothing to be desired? If it does, it may be brought to perfection by the use of "Poudre Orientale," the most efficacious treatment for the development of the bust. It is beneficial to the health, and may be used both by the young girl and the mature woman. Surprising results are obtained. Sent post free and discreetly packed, together with full instructions, for 2/9, from Prof. EUGEN LEDER, 77 Abington Villas, Kensington, London, S.W.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS

FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS BUGS.
FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS BUGS.
TINS 1s 3d 6d 1/-

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free book and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or strict diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. Free what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., London, W.C. Established 25 years.

WINCARNIS

Is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors, for Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Nerve troubles, and for regaining strength after illness.

FITS

ALL PERSONS suffering from EPILEPSY should send Name and Address to JAMES OSBORNE Medical Pharmacy, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, who will forward full particulars (with testimonials), and on receipt of 3d. for postage a Free Trial Bottle of the most successful remedy ever discovered for this distressing malady. Sent to all parts of the world.

1D Your Headache or Your Neuralgia cured for 1d.—in Ten Minutes—a cure guaranteed or your money back—that's the Kaputine way. Safe cure—quick and sure.

1d. Means Headache Cured.

Kaputine

1 for 1d. (at Chemists, or from Kaputine, Lilley Street, Queen's Rd. Manchester) 18 for 1/-

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CURE YOUR PILES

If you suffer from Piles—if drugs fail to cure you—even if you are told by Doctors that an operation is your only remedy—send for **A FREE SAMPLE** of the wonderful specific for PILES.

Lombio
THE CERTAIN CURE Regd.

It speedily arrests bleeding, and gives **IMMEDIATE RELIEF** from the intolerable itching and pain caused by this distressing malady. By its regular use, LOMBIO soon effects a **PERMANENT CURE.**

Ask your Chemist for a Tube, Price 2s. 3d. YOU CAN TRY "LOMBIO" FREE.

FREE COUPON.

A FULL WEEK'S FREE SUPPLY WILL be sent you on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, to
L. LOMBIO DEPOT, 18 WELLS ST., OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Ask your Chemist

FOR A **FREE COPY** OF

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

VIEW COMPETITION BOOK

(2nd Series, 1911.)

This has been published in consequence of the popularity of the first Competition last summer. It contains 36 Views, for the correct location of which £10 in prizes is offered as follows:

FIRST PRIZE **£25** SECOND PRIZE **£10** THIRD PRIZE **£5**

If you have any difficulty in obtaining, or for additional copies, write, enclosing penny stamp for postage, to—"VIEWS" Proprietors, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44-50 Southwark Street, S.E.

HOVIS STILL THE BEST BREAD

The Lancet says: "Its food value is double that of bread made from ordinary Wheat flour."

PAPER-BAG COOKERY.

DAINTY DISHES.

Cooked in Paper Bags.

Egg and Bacon.

Place four or five slices of streaky bacon in a greased Papakuk bag, and cook for five minutes. Then make a couple of small holes in the upper side of the bag, and break into them two or three new laid eggs. Cook again for another four minutes, and serve on a very hot dish.

Hashed Duck.

Cut up the remains of any cold, cooked duck, put it into a buttered Papakuk bag with salt, pepper, and, if available, a wineglassful of port, the same of mushroom ketchup, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovy, and the juice of half a lemon. Fold over the ends of the bag and fasten with clips. Cook for fifty minutes.

Halibut à la Normandie.

Take one slice of halibut about an inch thick, season with salt and pepper, and roll in flour. Slice two large tomatoes and lay them on the fish.

This is the correct method of dishing up any hash.

Squeeze a little lemon juice over them, and dot with small pieces of butter. Place in a well-buttered Papakuk bag, and cook on the grid in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Whiting with Herbs.

Take two fourpenny whiting and get the fishmonger to bone them. Fill the cavity with half a teaspoonful of finely chopped shallots and parsley, season with salt and pepper to taste, and add a tiny squeeze of lemon-juice. Put into a well-greased Papakuk bag and cook for fifteen minutes. Dish up on a hot dish, pour the liquor from the fish over them, and serve at once.

Plum Cake.

Mix a pinch of salt and a dessertspoonful of baking powder with one pound of flour. Rub into this a quarter of a pound of good beef dripping,

A cake can be taken out of the bag quite easily.

add a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a pound of picked and dried currants, a quarter of an ounce of finely minced lemon peel, and half a nutmeg, grated. Make the mixture into a stiff dough with new milk, pour it into a buttered tin. Place the tin in a greased Papakuk bag, and bake for one hour.

To Use Up the Remains of any Cold Mutton.

Chop the remains of any cold mutton finely, dust it with pepper, salt, and a little sprinkling of chopped herbs. Add one large onion, finely chopped, and dust with flour. Place it in a Papakuk bag, previously well-buttered, add a couple of rashers of bacon, a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, the same amount of water, and any cold gravy which may have been left over from the meat. Cook for half an hour, and serve with mashed potatoes.

Scallop of Sweetbread.

Trim the sweetbread and cut into four pieces. Trim four large mushrooms and the same number of small tomatoes. Roll the sweetbread, and put it between the mushrooms and tomatoes. Well butter a Papakuk bag and place the sweetbread and other ingredients in the middle. Place a teaspoonful of breadcrumbs on the top. Cover with a slice of ham or bacon cut very thin. Flavour with sweet herbs, and cook on the grid in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

A PRIZE OF FIVE SHILLINGS

will be awarded to the reader who sends in the best and most economical Paper-Bag recipe received before Thursday, August 31st. All recipes must state the exact quantity of ingredients and the price. The Editor reserves the right to publish any recipes sent in. Address envelopes "Dishes," Isobel, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE IDEAL COOKERY FOR HOT WEATHER.

ALMOST all the most prominent members of the medical profession agree that the best diet for very hot weather is composed largely of vegetables and fruit, but, except amongst a few who go in extensively for a vegetarian diet, vegetables as a whole are not as popular in the average household as they should be, and the reason of this lies in the fact that up to the present they have been more or less a failure so far as the cooking is concerned.

How to Cook Vegetables.

The most accomplished cooks seem to fail when it comes to a question of preparing vegetables so that they come to the table with any of their original flavour. For some unaccountable reason they are mostly sodden, tasteless, and by no means palatable, while as often as not they are inclined to be indigestible. And this is the reason that we so seldom see vegetables served up as a course by themselves. Cooked in Papakuk bags, all this is altered, and the vegetables not only retain their flavour but are nourishing and digestible.

The New Method.

Vegetables cooked in Papakuk bags cannot become sodden because there is very little water (if any) introduced into the bag, and the vegetable cooks in its own steam, if one may describe the marvellous process in that way. All the flavour and all the nourishment is retained, and here one may say a word in praise of vegetables as a permanent course in the menu of the average British dinner—by this we mean vegetables served as a course by themselves without meat of any kind.

The Nutrition in Vegetables.

Vegetables, properly cooked, contain a very great deal of nourishment; in fact, many leading authorities contend that they are in themselves all that is required to keep one fit all the year round. But, be this as it may, one thing is certain—the food for hot weather is undoubtedly the well-cooked, daintily served vegetable.

Points to Remember when Cooking Vegetables.

Potatoes should be washed, peeled, and placed in cold water, after being cut into half or, if very large, quarters. The bag should be well greased, and the potatoes placed very wet in the bag.

Carrots should be allowed a slightly longer time when cooked in a Papakuk bag than when placed in a saucepan. They should be sliced and put in the greased bag with a very small quantity of water.

Cabbage should be washed, cut into small pieces, and placed very wet in the greased bag.

In every case the bag should be well greased on the inside before putting the vegetables in.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WEYBRIDGE.—Prick two or three holes in the upper side of the bag after putting in the food and fastening the end with three clips. This can be done with an ordinary carving fork.

VERMILLION.—(1) The best means of greasing the bag is to oil the butter, or if dripping is used, to melt it, and then apply it to the bag with a pastry brush. (2) Yes, grease both the outside and inside for stews. This insures against any possible leakage.

BACHELOR.—Glad to hear of your success which is excellent considering you never cooked anything before. I cannot say how long a hundred bags will last you—it depends upon how much cooking you do. Take one hundred and send for more when these are nearly finished The most useful sizes for you would be Nos. 2, 3, and 5.

HOW TO GET THE BAGS.

The Papakuk paper bags, which can be supplied from the offices of "Pearson's Weekly"—"Papakuk" Bag Department, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.—can be had at the following prices:

	Sizes.	Prices. 25.	50.	100.
1.	7 by 5 ins.	0s. 6d.	0s. 10d.	1s. 6d.
2.	9½ " 7½ "	0s. 7d.	1s. 1d.	2s. 0s.
3.	14½ " 10½ "	0s. 10d.	1s. 7d.	3s. 0d.
4.	20½ " 11½ "	1s. 3d.	2s. 4d.	4s. 6d.
5.	20½ " 15½ "	1s. 6d.	2s. 10d.	5s. 6d.

And twenty-five of any four different sizes will be supplied at the hundred rate. The most useful sizes, however, are No. 2 and No. 4.

All applications for bags should be accompanied by a remittance and addressed envelope. These bags are exclusively made by Messrs. Lepard & Smiths after careful experiments. The paper has been analysed by Messrs. Clayton, Beadle, & Stevens, and pronounced to be perfectly pure and free from injurious chemicals, and only white of egg and flour is used in pasting the bags.

A comprehensive little handbook, giving useful hints on paper-bag cookery, and recipes for cooking all sorts of dishes, is being prepared, and will be on sale shortly.

Suitable clips for fastening the bags can be supplied in boxes at 6d. per hundred clips.

PAPER-BAG HINTS.

A TIME-TABLE FOR "PAPAKUK" BAG COOKERY.

(Cut this calendar out and keep it by you.)

THE JOINT OR DISH.	THE TIME IT TAKES.
MEAT.	
Beef	15 minutes
Mutton	20 "
Veal or Pork	25 "
Meat Stews from 45 minutes to 60 minutes.	
FISH.	
Pair of Soles	12 minutes.
Salmon Cutlets (2)	15 "
Cod (2 slices)	15 "
Whiting...	15 "
Smoked Haddock	15 "
Bloaters or Kippers	10 "
VEGETABLES.	
Green Peas	20 minutes.
Boiled Potatoes (cut up)	20 "
Carrots (sliced)	25 "
Vegetable Marrow (stuffed)	35 to 45 "
POULTRY.	
Chicken (Roast)	20 minutes.
" (Boiled)	15 "
Pigeon from	15 "
Duck from	15 "
Pastry (puff)	30 "
Sausages	5 "
Bacon (sliced)	5 "
Eggs	3 "
Kidneys and Liver (sliced)	5 "

THINGS TO REMEMBER WHEN COOKING IN PAPAKUK BAGS.

A Wire Grid.

All food, after being put into a Papakuk bag, folded and fastened with clips, must be laid on a wire grid so that the heat may circulate freely under as well as round and over it.

The Grid

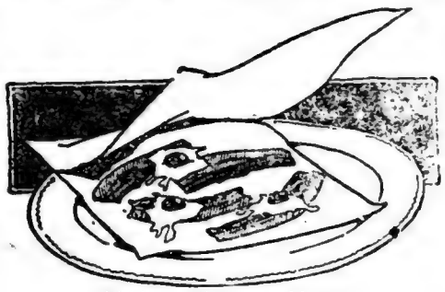
Can be made at home for the outlay of a few pence.

The Bags

Must be thoroughly greased before putting in the food. Butter, olive oil, or dripping may be used as preferred.

Joints

Do not shrink when cooked in Papakuk bags. They should be dusted with seasoned flour, have all the projecting edges carefully trimmed off, and be



Dishing up the eggs and bacon.

placed in a well-greased bag, the size being chosen to fit the joint to be cooked.

A Steak and Kidney Pudding

Can be cooked in a Papakuk bag. Well grease the bag, place a little water in the pudding which should be made in the usual way, and cook for fifty minutes.

A PRIZE OF FIVE SHILLINGS

will be awarded to the reader who sends in the best Paper-Bag Hint received before Thursday, August 31st. All hints must be [illegible] to the housewife, to whom economy is a necessity. The [illegible] the right to publish any hints sent in. Address envelopes [illegible] Isobel, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE CENSUS RETURNS.

THE outstanding feature of the Census returns which have recently been published is, as usual, the increase in the populations of the large towns. Town life, with its greater opportunities for advancement, is as attractive as ever, and, notwithstanding the competition thus promoted, there has so far been no material response to the "back to the land" movement. But signs are not wanting that life in both town and country is moving quicker than a decade or so since, and one evidence of this is in the greatly increased demand for Red Dwarf Stylographs, the well-known indelible pencils that have established themselves as the busy man's essential companion. There is no pen or stylograph just as good as the Red Dwarf; it stands alone; it always runs freely, and never gets out of order. Most Stationers sell it, always at 3/9, or it can be had direct from the sole proprietors, Kearney & Co., 47 Dale Street, Liverpool.

Every reader who sends anything acceptable for this page will receive a handsome pair of scissors.

I will send you my 5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you strong, vigorous, & self-confident in everything.

I offer you a new lease of life. It does not matter what you have tried, or whether other means have failed to cure you—My Belt of Life will not fail to do you good. It has never failed yet, even in the most obstinate cases, while in thousands of instances it has effected a complete cure.

I invite every sufferer to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5 but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

Medical Men and Hospitals recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Obesity, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, &c., &c.

My Magneto Belt of Life has cured thousands of such cases and I have overwhelming testimony to prove it.

Don't stay weak, depressed, and lacking in vigour and confidence another day; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by this new Magneto Belt of Life.

A well-known Bournemouth gentleman writes: "Your Magneto Belt is truly a Belt of Life. I suffered from the agonies of sciatica, weak back, and neuralgia for seven years. I had given up all hope of ever being well again; only those who have experienced the pains of neuralgia and sciatica know how excruciating and wearing they are. In my case they kept me in constant misery, and, together with a very weak back, took all my vitality, so that I was in bed a great part of the time. I feel certain that I should not be alive to-day if I had not met a friend who knew about your Magneto Belt. He induced me to try it, and for this I shall never be able to thank him enough. It was a veritable godsend to me, for I am now quite cured of all illness, and I am recommending the Belt to all my friends. Several have already told me that it 'gives wonderful vital strength,' and that there is 'nothing' like the Magneto as a 'pick-me-up.'"

Another correspondent writes: "I am fifty years of age, have suffered for years from rheumatism, complicated with nervousness and insomnia, which were making life an intolerable burden. Your belt is simply wonderful—it acted like a charm, the pain of the rheumatism subsiding from the first day and a calm and peaceful sleep returning by the second night; by the end of three weeks I was a sound man once more. I hope the results in my case will induce other sufferers to use this wonderful Belt."

Send P.O. for 1s. only to-day and receive belt by return of post. Address Professor AMBROSE WILSON, 27 Vulcan House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Give size waist.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

FREE HERBAL MEDICAL GUIDE (Illustrated).—Containing valuable remedies for all ailments. Write to-day.—P. W. "Herbalist," 93 Charing Cross Road, London.

ECON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

TYPEWRITING.—Novelists, story-writers, clergymen and others who require their manuscripts typewritten, should send a post-card for terms to Miss Morris, 14 Bridge Road, Hammersmith, London, W. Special reduction for long stories.

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.—A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, is "Etiquette for Men," by G. R. M. Devereux. It may be had, post free, for 1/3 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; sell or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 63 Oxford Street, London (Estab. 100 years).

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. S. Norton, 59 & 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

DYSPELLETTS Cure Dyspepsia (or refund cash). P.O. 1/-.—Dyspellette, 3 Kenton Street, London, W.C.

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/3 to A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 88 Aldersgate St., London

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CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., 42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

New Things in an Old Place

MY HOLIDAY NUMBER.

HERE is my Summer Double Number, and if it gives you as much pleasure to read as it has given me to prepare, it will be the most successful number we've yet had.

You will, of course, see that fiction forms the larger proportion of the number, for I think that at holiday times a real good story is very acceptable.

Those who like a romantic story will particularly enjoy our long complete novel, "The Crusher of Hearts," and in "The Terror in the Train," our new short serial, you will find a tale both dramatic and powerful. Then, of course, there are the short completes, each the best of its kind out of hundreds from which it was my pleasure to choose; and last, and by no means least, you will agree with me that this week's instalment of "Driven from Home" is one of the strongest we've yet had.

JUST ONE WORD MORE.

BUT before I stop recounting the various features of this Summer Double Number—which I know will appeal to you—there is one last thing I must say to you. Be sure you try "Sparklets," our new Competition, full particulars of which appear on page 150.

It is so easy. All you have to do is to make a sentence on the word "Holiday." Your sentence must have seven words, each of which must contain a letter of the word "Holiday," and, of course, should have some bearing on holidays.

Quite simple, isn't it? A few moments' thought as you stroll along the beach, or the bank of some meandering stream, should suggest no end of sentences to you, one of which may win for you a big cash prize of at least £25.

Isn't that enough to make your mouth water? Start at once on "Sparklets." A cheque for £25 would be the ideal finishing touch to a delightful summer holiday.

New readers can start our great Picture Puzzle Contest this week, for I have inserted a special coupon, and have reprinted all the pictures which have appeared up to the present, for their special benefit. You will find them on page 157.

CATCH YOUR PALS.

YOU are a new reader and don't understand what the little Catch Your Pal notices mean, scattered throughout this number? Well, it is quite simple. You have read about the Fresh Air Fund and what it is doing. I want you to help to add to the number of children who are going to be made happy. I want you to talk to your particular pal, tell him all about the Fresh Air Fund, and ask him for ninepence.

Perhaps he is hard up and cannot afford ninepence. Then ask him to give as much as he can spare. If it is only threepence it is something towards what you and I are aiming at, the happiness of a child. That's not all your task, however. When he had given his little mite; I want you to make him promise to go and catch one of his pals, to make that pal contribute something. See the idea? You start a great ball rolling, a ball that will keep on gathering size till I have done what I set out to do this year, that is beat all records for the sake of the children.

But I can't do it without the help of my pals. You are one of my pals, will you get me some more? I want ever so many, and so do the children.

Catch Your Pal before you go to bed to-night!

LOVERS AND THEIR SPARE TIME.

A. L. T. has been engaged exactly a month, and he has already had a fierce argument with his sweetheart. "Ought I to give her all my spare time?" he asks. "I don't leave my work till six o'clock, and three evenings a week I attend classes. I belong to a cricket club, and on Saturday afternoons I play for them. She doesn't object very much to the evening classes, but she say that I ought to give up my cricket club and spend the time with her. I don't see why I should do this, and yet I don't want to quarrel with her. What ought I to do?"——

In all these little quarrels of lovers, A. L. T., it is a question of give and take. I presume from your letter that you see your sweetheart at most other times when you are free. As far as Saturday afternoon is concerned, why not take her with you to watch you play cricket? Knowing that she is watching you, you should play better, and at the same time you will both feel that you are together. Compromise is always better than fighting. It is a mistake for girls to insist upon having too much of their lovers' company. You may have too much of a good thing!

THE FIRST VOYAGE IN THE AIR.

M. C. is interested in the conquest of the air. "Who invented the first real balloon?" he asks. "I have an idea that somebody made a voyage through the air over a hundred years ago, but a friend of mine says that this is not the case. Who is right?"——

You are M. C. Balloons were invented by two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier. They were Frenchmen, and in September, 1783, they sent aloft in a basket attached to a balloon a sheep, a chicken, and a duck. These were the first aerial voyagers and they reached the ground in safety. Two months later the Marquis D'Arlandes ascended in a balloon, and remained in the air for nearly half-an-hour, crossing a considerable part of Paris. In another twenty or thirty years I expect we shall all be taking aero-taxis and thinking no more of it than we do now of coming up to town by train.

WHEN THE MILK LOOKS BLUE.

WHEN the milk looks blue, so does the purchaser, and wants to know the reason why. That being so, I thought I would ask my readers in a Footline Contest for the best excuses a milkman might give for the watery condition of his milk.

According to one competitor, his milkman accounted for the appearance of the milk by the fact that "his cows were descended from the water-buffalo."

Another milkman artfully brushed the complaint aside with the flattering suggestion that "the watery-looking colour was due to the new steriliser he was using for the milk of 'special' customers," the accent being placed on the word special.

"Well, you see it was like this," a third milkman is reported to have said, "the heat being so great I put a block of ice in the churn to keep the milk cool, and I suppose it has melted."

But this reply was nothing compared with that of another incorrigible.

"Yes, mum, it do look watery," he answered, "but the grass was so dry that I had to feed the cows on water-lilies."

MY FIRST AND LOST LOVE.

FEW men marry their first love, I pointed this out in the Footlines the other week, and I asked my readers to answer the question: Why I am glad I did not marry my first sweetheart.

The replies were very varied, some were tragic, a few pathetic, and a number humorous.

Space does not allow me to quote more than one, and I think you will be interested in the following:

"I was nineteen and green," says the writer, "she was twenty-two and brainy. Another fellow came along—a man who could run a quarter of a mile in fifty seconds and give the best of them a busy time with the gloves at twelve stone ten—and I was soon an 'also ran.'

"I caught sight of the brainy one and her husband twelve months since. He was timidly handing round leaflets to a small crowd, while 'his ownest' was airing her opinions, in a rich, old, fruity voice, on 'Votes for Women.' Brain power had evidently subjugated athleticism."

Footlines results, see page 176.

GENEROUS DONORS TO THE F.A.F.

I HAVE often called your attention to the fact that every little—however little—helps the Fresh Air Fund. This week I should like to refer to and thank some generous friends of the children. First I have to acknowledge two gifts of £100 each. One is from Captain J. A. Morrison, M.P. for Nottingham, and a generous friend of the children in many other ways. The other £100 gift is anonymous, but I hope that my thanks will reach the eye of the giver through this page. Captain C. R. Tidswell has sent ten guineas, and Mr. H. Momben has collected £9 10s. 11d.

Sailors and soldiers frequently earn our thanks in these columns for their generous sympathy. The sergeants' mess of the Cameronians has collected £10 2s., and even our young soldiers, the Boy Scouts, are helping. The Canadian Contingent of Boy Scouts, over here for the King's review, have sent £5. On the sea two sums of £8 2s., each enough for a party of 200 children, have been forwarded by the passengers of the *Royal Sovereign* and also the *Koh-i-noor*. On pleasure bent, they have not forgotten the children!

Two cheques that give me great pleasure to acknowledge are £8 0s. 1d., the result of the "Cosy Corner Bazaar" at Alexandra Park, and £6, the proceeds of a garden sale at Hull. I am always glad to acknowledge this kind of subscription, for it shows that many are helping, and I want organised effort, not sometimes, but all the time.

Finally, from Ocean Island comes a cheque for £26, *via* Mrs. Anderson.

Now isn't that a generous list? Will you put your hand in your pocket? Please!

COMPETITIONS AND THE F.A.F.

THE following letter is from a Northampton reader, and refers to the F.A.F. and *Pearson's Weekly* competitions. "Now that you have generously allowed us to inclose attempts for Postcard Competitions all in one envelope and thus save postage, I should like to ask those readers who are thus saving a few halfpenny stamps on postage whether it would not be a very good idea to devote a few of these stamps to benefit the Fresh Air Fund?

"To start the ball rolling I have great pleasure in inclosing 2s. 6d. for a start, and shall in future devote the postage I save to the same cause. Why should not those readers who purchase more than one copy of *Pearson's Weekly* give their spare copies to persons who are not readers, and above all never give a copy to the same reader twice? Personally, I always make a practice of giving my spare copies to different persons each week. W. H. B."——

I think that the great majority of my readers have the same spirit as W. H. B. Now one has shown such a good lead, I expect others to follow. W. H. B. not only shows how you can do your best for the F.A.F., but also for *Pearson's Weekly*. Loyalty among readers of a great paper is the one thing an editor likes, and I am sure that no readers are more loyal than mine.

Will *you* follow W. H. B.?

F.A.F. SPECIAL DAYS.

THIS week we are able to announce another splendid list of special outings for the slum children. As you already know, £8 2s. pays for one of these parties of 200 children, with the necessary attendants. Here is the list:

July 26th, R.M.S. *Antony* Stewards' Party at Liverpool; July 27th, The A.B.L. Party; July 27th, Cambridge University Officers' Training Corps Party; July 28th, The Exiles' Party; July 31st, C. J. Wills' Party; July 31st, Mrs. C. Garden's Party; August 1st, The Russell Party; August 1st, The Coldstream Guards' Party at Birmingham; August 1st, L. Lamb's Party; August 2nd, The Island Rangers' Party; August 2nd, The Montefiore Party; August 8th, Alfred Sutro Party.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the proprietors, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, the *Daily Express*, Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers, Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of 200 with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper. Collecting forms may be had on application.

List of Fresh Air Fund Subscriptions appears on the red page opposite.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

4. All attempts must arrive not later than Thursday, August 10th.

5. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

6. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

A GOOD IDEA.—If you send your attempts in an envelope, inclose a contribution to the Fresh Air Fund. Please!

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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previously acknowledged, **£2,570 15s. 4½d.**

Well Wishers, 2s. 3d.; Reader of ROYAL, 9d.; Mrs. Webster, 9d.; Anon., 9d.; Oldham, 3s.; ame, 10s.; Mrs Howard, 9d.; Arthur Clapham, n., 9d.; J. S., 2s.; F. A., 1s.; Ethel, 1s. 6d.; u Pont de Bois, 4s.; No. 66, 1s. 6d.; Miss 10s.; H. S. Hall, £3 16s.; Sammy, 1s. 6d.; M., Miss H. Hesketh, 10s.; Sunny Jim, 1s. 6d.; e, 3s.; A. L. Mason, 10s.; H. N. F. Bethell, Boulton, 10s.; H. Riches, 1s. 6d.; A. Fox, 3s.; ell, £1; Mrs. Darbyshire, 5s.; A. C., 1s.; s. 6d.; Comic, 6d.; J. S. Goodman, 10s. 6d.; d, 1s; A. J., per G. E. Y, 2s.; G. Beilamy, Joseph, 3s. 6d.; M. E. Smith, 10s.; K. and 9d.; A. Veal, 7s. 6d.; Mrs Kemp, 2s.; Anon., thiers in Auckland, £1 1s. 6d.; Thomas 10s.; J. Musto, 9d.; Anon., 9d.; W. Gilmour, White, 1s. 6d.; G. Lewis, 9d.; Mamma, Vera, n, 2s. 3d.; Anon., 1s.; D., 1s. 6d.; M. Hodges, Tamen, 1s. 6d.; M. Humphrey, 2s. 6d.; Twin 6d.; A Scout, 9d.; E. D. Rogers, 2s. 6d.; N. s.; W. Packer, 9d.; G. Lloyd, 1s. 6d.; Miss eneux, £1; S. F. 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Grand (*P.W.*) total, **£3,085 13s. 10½d.**

Result of Tele-Quids Contest No. 10.

this contest we told how a young man, Fitzsnooks, s cutting a dash at a seaside boarding house, ned after receiving a wire, and we invited tors to suggest the wording of the telegram.

amount available for distribution this week is , half of which has been awarded to Joseph Hill, 102 Elborough Street, Southfields, for the following:

Ice-cream barrow run in. Wants baling out. Hitchins tossing for pitch. Me and kids off hopping.—Sally.

The remainder of the prize-money has been allocated at the rate of 10s. a word as follows:

£5.—Miss L. O'Neill, Portglenone, Belfast.

£4 10s.—W. Reid, Craigmore, Bexhill-on-Sea.

ING HOLIDAYS, 1911-12.		AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
ank Holiday	August 7.	6 13 20 27	3 10 17 24	1 8 15 22 29	5 12 19 26	Aug. 4 ... 8.43
Christmas Day	December 25.	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	" 5 ... 8.41
xing Day	December 26.	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	" 6 ... 8.40
od Friday	April 5.	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	" 7 ... 8.38
aster Monday	April 8.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	" 8 ... 8.37
hitsun Monday	May 27.	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	" 9 ... 8.35
		S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	" 10 ... 8.33

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£2,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants in railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a minide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

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